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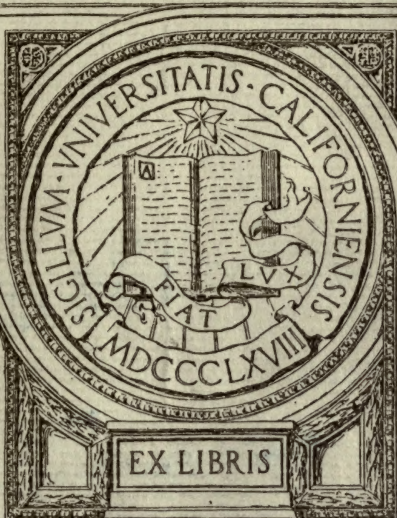
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SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES, AND COLLEGES.

BY

HENRY COPPIN, M.D.

PROFESSOR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN THE

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY E. B. BUTLER & CO.

1862.

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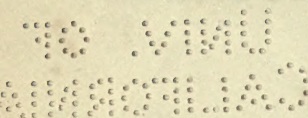
HENRY COPPÉE, LL.D.,
PRESIDENT OF THE LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

FOURTH EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:

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Such is the experience of the compiler of this volume, an experience of years in the suggestion and selection of pieces for declamation by students: and this has prompted the publication of the present volume.

To meet these wants, he offers the following as among the claims of "The Select Academic Speaker":—

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appeared before in books of this character. A very small number of old favorites have been admitted, which from their sterling merits seemed to demand this recognition.

While care has been taken to bring new pieces together, they have been selected not for this quality alone, but also for their *real merits*,—the finest efforts of oratory and the varied enunciation of true poetry are here collated, with the hope that their study and recitation will instruct and refine the student's heart.

Another aim has been to present *short* pieces: the time allotted to the individual speaker in seminaries where there are many students, is but small; and, besides, the complaint of those who have many studies to carry on connectedly, is, that the pieces ordinarily selected are too long to be easily learned during the pressure of other lessons.

On account of the brevity of the extracts, and the small but clear type in which the book is printed, a greater number of pieces, and a more numerous collection of authors, have been presented than in any similar book. Care has been taken to do justice to the great minds of all parts of our country, and as far as possible, by avoiding all sectional and sectarian bias, to fit the book for the great popular wants of education throughout the Union.

With the earnest hope that he has succeeded in his honest attempt, the compiler places his book in the hands of the instructors and students of the United States.

H. C.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, June 1860.

THE present edition of the ACADEMIC SPEAKER has been thoroughly revised, and a few new and beautiful pieces have been substituted for those which the compiler has found, by his use of the book, least adapted to the wants and tastes of his pupils. His thanks are due to the teachers who have introduced the Speaker into their institutions, and who have given their hearty commendations of it.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA,

February 1, 1865.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is not the intention of the author, to do more, in this brief introduction, than to offer a few practical remarks on the subject of Elocution, and to give a few directions to students, to guide them in the choice and declamation of the pieces contained in this volume.

Within the space allotted to such an introduction, it would be difficult to present a system of elocution, or even a concise set of rules to compass the whole subject. This is the duty and province of the professed elocutionist; and it is hoped this book may fall into the hands of many such, in order that it may meet with proper illustration and use. Such instructors agree, however, in asserting and in teaching, that nature is the basis of true elocution, and that she only needs the guiding and controlling hand of art to mature her powers. And here let it be observed, that, as good habits and gentle manners in life are obtained by long culture, beginning in our earliest youth, so elocution, which is the application of good manners to the delivery of discourse, should be commenced early in life, and made the subject of constant practice in schools and institutions of learning.

I. The first direction offered to the student is, to select his piece according to a fair estimate of his own powers. Do not attempt a difficult piece at first; begin with the simplest, and pass gradually to those which demand more thought, action, and culture.

When chosen, let the piece be read with great care, before the effort is made to memorize it. Put yourself, as far as possible, into the position of the orator or author, and attain to the spirit which animated him. By this means you find the natural emphasis, that which the thought requires, and the first great lesson which the declamation was designed to teach is already learned. With many

students the first step is to learn, parrot-like, the words of the speech, with as little regard to its meaning as though it had none, leaving the understanding and due expression of it for after consideration. This is inverting the true order, and makes it difficult to invest the unintelligible words with their real meaning afterwards.

II. It seems almost unnecessary to say that the next important step is to learn it thoroughly. But this is no truism. Leaving out of the account those who *break down*, when called upon the platform, in the middle of the speech, how many there are who betray painfully to the audience, by their lack-lustre eye, and hesitating manner, that their thoughts are not addressed to them, but are busy drawing up from the wells of memory something which needs the constant effort, and is resistant of it at the end of every period. The appearance of this should be avoided, by so thorough a memorizing as to make the matter of the speech your own.

It has been said, put yourself into the orator's place: By this is meant only to think and feel as he must have done; and then to render his thought yourself, not as he rendered it, but as it ought to be rendered. It cannot be doubted that many a school-boy does more oratorical justice to Burke or Macaulay than those speakers did to themselves.

III. Having thoroughly prepared, and intelligently appreciated the piece, the next and the true objective part of the elocution, is its *delivery*. In this comprehensive term are included the management of the *voice*; the use of the hands, the eyes, and the person, all which are included in the word *gesture*.

Of the Voice.—The general discussion of this subject is based upon a division of *voice* according to its *quality* and its *power*. By *quality* is meant the character of the voice itself—as smooth or rough, as harsh or melodious, as guttural or nasal. By *power* is meant its ability to give greater or less volume of sound, as loud or soft. Little need be said of the *quality* in this connection; by constant practice and training much may be done to correct the unpleasant characteristics—to make a harsh voice smooth, and a rough one melodious.

In speaking of the *power* of the voice, it is observed that it is of great importance to give a sufficient volume of voice to fill the hall in which the declamation is made, to be heard by the audience, without requiring an intensity of listening attention, as where the sound is barely loud enough to be heard with effort.

Articulation, or *Enunciation*.—By *articulation* is meant the clear utterance of every part of each word, so that if the *sound* be heard, the word will be also heard and understood. This is not unfrequently called *clear enunciation*. Many persons have quite enough volume of voice, but, by reason of their want of proper enunciation, especially of final consonants, they make a jumble of sounds quite as indistinct as those which are almost inaudible. Sometimes this proceeds from what is called *mouthing*: from opening the mouth too wide in speaking, and from a want of vigor and exactness in the use of the lips and tongue, as in sounding *p* and *b*, *d* and *t*, and making the distinction between them respectively. A clear enunciation frequently makes a speaker heard without much power of voice: an adjustment should be made between the two, so as not to exert the voice more than is evidently required.

Another direction is as to the *modulation* of the voice. By this something more is meant than an adaptation of the sound to the character of the thought in different sentences or clauses. As a matter of practice it is found that some persons find it very difficult to get out of a continued *monotone*, one dead level of voice, like a song all on one note; or with a slight cadence of intonation which recurs at the end of every sentence, or alternate sentence, until it becomes extremely painful to the ear, and mars the thought entirely. Others begin on a medium note, and in a long paragraph find themselves falling lower and lower, until they fall below the compass of their voice into an impracticable bass. Others, still, with fine voices, seem to lose control over them, and they run up and down the oratorical gamut like the singular sounds of a wind harp.

It must rest with professed elocutionists, with copious vocal illustrations, to teach the proper modulation of the voice, as it must necessarily vary with each piece to be declaimed.

In the consideration of the voice are also included the subjects of *accent*, *emphasis*, and *inflection*, which can only be thoroughly taught by an elocutionist. Nature, however, which dictates our *emphasis* and *inflection* in ordinary conversation, or in the earnest, unaffected speech of the common people, is the foundation of this instruction. By *accent* is meant the stress laid upon one or more syllables of a word. By *emphasis* is meant the increase of force given to a *word* by a louder sound, or by a pause upon it, to mark it as the principal word in the sentence. Sometimes there are

more emphatic words than one in a sentence, and differences of emphasis, which should be distinctly marked.

There is such a thing as *too much* emphasis; there are certain speakers who dwell upon more than half the words in a sentence, giving a sort of hammering and jerking sound, peculiarly disagreeable. It is greatly better to have too little than too much, for in the clear and well-enunciated utterance, the hearer will supply his own emphasis; but there is a just medium, which, by marking the few words of decided importance, gives great force and vigor to the expression.

By *inflection* is meant the rise or fall of the voice on a particular word, to give a certain effect. It is usual to express inflection by the grave and acute accent, thus: ` and ´. Thus, a direct question ends with the rising inflection; and the direct answer usually with the falling: "*Where have you been?*" *I have been in the country*´." But this is not universal. The nature of the question and answer, and of the circumstances, must decide the character of the inflection. A false inflection frequently alters the meaning of a sentence entirely; delicate adaptations and changes of inflection give great variety and interest to speech.

It is chiefly in poetry that young speakers are led into false emphasis and inflection, by reason of the rhythm and the rhyme, which seem to demand a sort of invariableness of *emphasis*, as at the cæsural pauses, and of *inflection*, with the rhyme. This is wrong; we should not neglect the rhythm or the recurring cadence entirely, nor should we be so bound by it as to spoil the connection and the sense.

IV. The next important topic is gesture, and here the most deplorable diffidence often seizes the young declaimer. Gesture should speak to the eye what the words do to the ear, and consequently the action of the body must harmonize with the thought which is uttered. Gesture, in its widest compass, subsidizes the whole body to give force and expression to the speech. It is not the arms and hands alone which the orator should use, but he should make the head, the eye, the muscles of the face, the shoulders, the chest, the attitude, the feet, do their important part in acting out and illustrating the spoken thought. A toss of the head betrays indifference; a contracted brow denotes displeasure; a dilated eye tells of astonishment; a distension of the nostrils evinces alarm; a curled lip betokens disdain; a compressed mouth indicates firmness; a shrug of the shoulders expresses doubt; the

chest thrown forward shows manliness; an erect bearing evinces dignity; a well-planted foot marks strength of purpose; and a frequent change of position betrays restlessness and irresolution. These, in all their possible varieties and combinations, in connection with the arms, the great levers of oratory, should be cultivated by the student who would learn the art of gesture. The errors to be avoided, are, too much action, constrained action, inappropriate action, forced action, untimely action; and the points to be cultivated, are, graceful action, illustrative action, variety, freedom, and naturalness of action: thus we should judiciously adapt the sign-language of gesture to the word-language of the lips.

The student cannot be too earnestly advised, after all that has been said, to cultivate a deliberate and poised manner. Most beginners find themselves hurrying over the pieces, with a constantly increasing momentum, which threatens destruction to all understanding of the piece. This can be avoided by deliberation.

Most of what has been said has particular reference to the declamation of prose pieces really addressed—as are the efforts of the rostrum, the pulpit, and the bar—to the persons of the hearers.

Poetry, notwithstanding its divorce from music, addresses itself to the heart of every reader; but has an indefiniteness of aim, and an impersonality, when recited before an audience. The words in a certain sense are not directly addressed by the speaker to the audience, but cast forth like a melody upon the air, and designed, like music, to claim for itself, and not him who pronounces it, the meed of praise and admiration.

Poetry requires, therefore, a less personal, less direct utterance; it should be *recited*, and not *declaimed*; the general rules of expression are, however, the same; but the tone of the voice is more nearly akin to music than ordinary speech. Let the prosody be carefully observed; give every line its proper part in the melody, but do not spoil the sense by a sing-song cadence, too commonly indulged in by beginners.

To the drama, the directions already given refer: but there is one important difference. In *oratory*, we immediately address and are concerned about the audience before us; what we say is entirely for them and to them; the orator is in the closest personal communication with those before him; and in *poetry*, the beautiful thoughts uttered in musical speech are for the behoof of the hearers; but in the drama, by a fiction of the play, each speaker is

to act unconsciously of an audience ; the other speakers are his audience, and he a part of theirs : the true aim, then, in dialogue, should be to act for your fellow actors, and neither by look or innuendo to appear to be acting *at* or *to* the audience. This is the secret of success ; and to him who bears his part in the drama most naturally, supposing it to be a real scene, is awarded the applause and praise of the audience.

And now let it be observed, that all our practice in declamation and recitation, as important as it is, is so because it is preparatory to another step of far greater importance in the drama of life. Its object is to prepare the youth to write and speak his own speeches, and to enable him to rise and make extemporaneous addresses, in his own sphere, upon topics of great and manifold interest. No educated American, in the nineteenth century, should be "unaccustomed to public speaking," or should be called on "unexpectedly," when the interests of his country, of education, of philanthropy, are at stake.

The spirit of a free people is the true spirit of oratory ; because it is natural, fearless, and earnest. American natural orators are everywhere renowned, and even the Indians, our unfortunate predecessors in this goodly land, give us, without the excellent culture of the schools, matchless models of eloquence, subsidizing nature, inventing rhetoric, and extorting our praise. This brings us to the point from which we started, viz. : that nature is the true source of the best oratory, and that art is only its handmaid and adorer. The Latin poet knew the value of this naturalness when he wrote—

• ——— Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi ;"

for that naturalness is the earnest of human sympathy, and true sympathy makes all oratory interesting and attractive.

If to this we add that culture which, based upon nature and sympathy, is only intended to develop the powers of nature to the utmost ; to detract nothing from its reality, but to give it new avenues of power and beauty, we shall do proper homage to the most expressive of the arts, at once useful and æsthetic, ELOCUTION.

In closing these introductory remarks on the subject of elocution, the compiler desires to explain the divisions which he has

made in classifying and arranging his selections. The classification is based upon general rhetorical principles. It is as follows:—

- I. DECLAMATIONS IN PROSE.
- II. RECITATIONS IN POETRY.
- III. THE DRAMA.

I. DECLAMATIONS IN PROSE.

Under the general head of *Declamations in Prose* are included extracts from all kinds of public discourse, as the subdivision will show. The first part of this subdivision is

1. *Academic and Popular*.—In this part are included such efforts as are found in special orations, in seminaries and colleges, before literary societies, in addresses on great anniversaries, in speeches before public meetings on issues other than political; in a word, this part comprises a very varied selection from occasional discourses of literary or popular interest. To these are added eloquent extracts from certain written works of the same general character, and specially adapted to be spoken to an audience.

2. *Judicial, Forensic, and Parliamentary*.—This part easily explains itself, as containing extracts from the charges of judges on the bench, the speeches of lawyers at the bar, and addresses in houses of legislation, such as the English Parliament, our own Congress, and our state legislatures.

3. *Historical, Biographical, and Descriptive*.—In this subdivision will be found extracts from historical and biographical lectures, and from written histories and biographies, with a few descriptive sketches from books of travel and cognate works. The custom so prevalent in our day of lecturing in public on such themes, offers, it is evident, a new avenue for the teacher of elocution and the compiler of such books as this volume. This subdivision has been virtually neglected in other books of this description, and has been monopolized heretofore by the *Readers* or *Reading Class-Books*.

4. *Religious, Moral, and Didactic*.—In most books of extracts for reading and speaking, this part is entirely neglected, or most inadequately supplied. The truth is, there is in amount more eloquence and rhetorical power from the pulpit than from all the other sources of oratory combined. It has been deemed proper to collect here a fair representation of pulpit orators, and as varied as possible, including numerous denominations of Christians.

II. RECITATIONS IN POETRY.

It was unnecessary under this grand division to designate many varieties. They are all included under three heads, for the sake of convenience of reference.

1. *Epic, Lyric, and Descriptive*.—This is a large and varied department, in which will be found many new pieces, unhackneyed by that constant repetition which has robbed some of the finest English pieces of their original charm.

2. *National Odes and Battle Pieces*.—This subdivision of stirring and patriotic selections, gives some idea of the enthusiasm of the human heart in all countries when called out to defend its fatherland. The author feels sure that it will be generally regarded as an interesting and distinguishing feature of this book.

3. *Wit and Humor in Verse*.—Under this title have been grouped many entirely new pieces, containing unforced wit and true humor. With two or three exceptions, the author has aimed to present what the student will not find in similar works.

III. THE DRAMA.

Although the Drama must be written in prose or poetry, and might fairly come under one of the two principal heads already mentioned in a rhetorical arrangement, for convenience and distinction it has been classified as separate from either. It has also two subdivisions.

1. *Soliloquies and Monologues*.—All the best dramas abound in passages of this nature, which, when extracted, make excellent separate speeches; but which, in such portion of the drama itself as could be placed in a work of this compass, would be too long and tedious in colloquy.

2. *Dialogues and Colloquies*.—Varied extracts from dramas, old and new, tragic and comic, are included in this part, and complete the volume. They have been chosen with great care, and with special regard to eliminating that license and immorality which have so infected the stage drama in our day. It is hoped they will give ease of colloquy to students, while at the same time they offer them a new and extensive selection from the works of English and American dramatists.

THE SELECT ACADEMIC SPEAKER.

PART I. DECLAMATIONS IN PROSE.

ACADEMIC AND POPULAR.

THE ORATOR'S ART.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THE eloquence of the college is like the discipline of a review. The art of war, we are all sensible, does not consist in manœuvres on a training-day; nor the steadfastness of the soldier in the hour of battle, in the drilling of his orderly sergeant. Yet the superior excellence of the veteran army is exemplified in nothing more forcibly than in the perfection of its discipline. It is in the heat of action, upon the field of blood, that the fortune of the day may be decided by the exactness of manual exercise; and the art of displaying a column, or directing a charge, may turn the balance of victory, and change the history of the world. The application of these observations is as direct to the art of oratory as to that of war. The exercises to which you are here accustomed are not intended merely for the display of the talents you have acquired. They are instruments put into your hands for future use. Their object is not barely to prepare you for the composition and delivery of an oration to amuse an idle hour on some public anniversary. It is to give you a *clue* for the labyrinth of legislation in the public councils; a *spear* for the conflict of judicial war in the public tribunals; a *sword* for the field of religious and moral victory in the pulpit.

From "*Lectures on Rhetoric and Oratory*," delivered at Harvard, 1808.

THE ORATOR'S GIFT.

ABBE BAUTAIN.

ART may develop and perfect the talent of a speaker, but cannot produce it. The exercises of grammar and of rhetoric will teach a person how to speak correctly and elegantly; but nothing can teach him to be eloquent, or give that eloquence which comes from the heart and goes to the heart. All the precepts and artifices on earth can but form the appearances or semblance of it. Now this true and natural eloquence which moves, persuades and transports, consists of a soul and a body, like man, whose image, glory, and word it is.

The soul of eloquence is the centre of the human soul itself, which, enlightened by the rays of an idea, or warmed and stirred by an impression, flashes or bursts forth to manifest, by some sign or other, what it feels or sees. This it is which gives movement and life to a discourse; it is like a kindled torch, or a shuddering and vibrating nerve.

The body of eloquence is the language which it requires in order to speak, and which must harmoniously clothe what it thinks or feels, as a fine shape harmonizes with the spirit which it contains. The material part of language is learnt instinctively, and practice makes us feel and seize its delicacies and shades. The understanding then, which sees rightly and conceives clearly, and the heart which feels keenly, find naturally, and without effort, the words and the arrangement of words most analogous to what is to be expressed. Hence the innate talent of eloquence, which results alike from certain intellectual and moral aptitudes, and from the physical constitution, especially from that of the senses and of the organs of the voice.

From "*The Art of Extempore Speaking.*"

THE WONDERS OF THE DAWN.

EDWARD EVERETT.

MUCH as we are indebted to our observatories for elevating our conceptions of the heavenly bodies, they present even to the unaided sight scenes of glory which words are too feeble to describe. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapt in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night,—the sky was without a cloud,—the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of

the day; the Pleiades just above the horizon shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady pointers far beneath the pole looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight become more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

From "*Address at the Inauguration of the Dudley Observatory*," 1856.

THE DUTIES OF THE HISTORIAN.

MITCHELL KING.

THE first duty of the man, who contemplates the arduous task of writing a history, would seem to be, to estimate his own strength, and ascertain how far he is, or can make himself, competent for the undertaking. To know one's self, is perhaps the most difficult part of human knowledge. Few, very few, have attained that *γνοθι σεαυτόν*—Know thyself—which the satirist says, *E cælo descendit*—came down from heaven, and was inscribed in golden letters on the portals of the temple of Delphos. It is necessary for the historian, as well as the poet, to ascertain—

quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri;

and not to take up a load which he is unable to carry. If he err greatly in this estimate, he may look in vain for success.

An accurate and comprehensive acquaintance with the events of the times of which he undertakes to write, and with the characters of the

men who acted in them, is indispensable to the historian. No pains can be too great, no research too persevering, to acquire this information. Without it, correct history cannot be written. It must be sought in every quarter in which it can be obtained; in the public archives of a people—in the repositories of individuals—in the ephemeral, in the enduring literature of the day—in the private letters—in the monuments of the age. Herodotus visited himself the places which he describes; and examined the records of the people of whom he writes, whenever they were accessible to him; and when he relates anything which he had not himself seen, or learned, from what he considered sufficient authority, he generally qualifies his narrative with an "it is said," or "they say," and leaves the reader to form his own conclusion. Thucydides lived, we know, in the midst of the interesting events which he so admirably commemorates—mingled largely in them—heard, perhaps, the very speeches which he puts in the mouths of Pericles, and of others of his contemporaries; and possessed ample means—of which he has well availed himself—for obtaining the information which he required. Polybius travelled through Gaul and Spain—followed Scipio into Africa—was present with him at the taking of Carthage—by his assistance had access to all the archives of Rome; and was indefatigable in collecting materials for the composition of that history, which, mutilated as it is, deserves to be more read and studied. Examples similar to these might be accumulated almost without end; but these may serve to show the care and industry required in collecting the information necessary for the historian.

From "A Discourse before the Georgia Historical Society."

POPULAR GOVERNMENT IN AMERICA.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

WHEN the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, the existence of South America was scarcely felt in the civilized world. The thirteen little colonies of North America habitually called themselves the "Continent." Borne down by colonial subjugation, monopoly, and bigotry, those vast regions of the south were hardly visible above the horizon. But, in our day, there hath been, as it were, a new creation. The southern hemisphere emerges from the sea. Its lofty mountains begin to lift themselves into the light of heaven; its broad and fertile plains stretch out in beauty to the eye of civilized man, and, at the mighty being of the voice of political liberty, the waters of darkness retire.

We are not propagandists. Wherever other systems are preferred, either as being thought better in themselves, or as better suited to existing condition, we leave the preference to be enjoyed. Our history

hitherto proves, however, that the popular form is practicable, and that, with wisdom and knowledge, men may govern themselves; and the duty incumbent on us is, to preserve the consistency of this cheering example, and take care that nothing may weaken its authority with the world. If, in our case, the representative system ultimately fail, popular governments must be pronounced impossible. No combination of circumstances more favorable to the experiment can ever be expected to occur. The last hopes of mankind, therefore, rest with us; and if it should be proclaimed, that our example had become an argument against the experiment, the knell of popular liberty would be sounded throughout the earth.

These are excitements to duty; but they are not suggestions of doubt. Our history and our condition, all that is gone before us, and all that surrounds us, authorize the belief, that popular governments, though subject to occasional variations, perhaps not always for the better, in form, may yet, in their general character, be as durable and permanent as other systems. We know, indeed, that, in our country, any other is impossible. The principle of free governments adheres to the American soil. It is bedded in it—immovable as its mountains.

From "*Oration at the Laying of the Corner Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument.*"

LANGUAGE AND POETRY.

J. R. INGERSOLL.

WHAT has so much adorned and characterized an age as its poetic fame? Look back through the annals of every nation that has been distinguished by the various properties of greatness, and the eye will rest with its intensest interest on those periods which the historian has been delighted to describe as the days when language was pure, and when poets were honored and renowned—the days of Pericles, of Augustus, of Elizabeth, of Louis XIV. You are familiar with the observation of Kennett, that it was a common saying, that if all arts and sciences were lost, they might be found in Virgil. His knowledge and his verse were not the less amiable for the absence of rhyme, which marked not his writings only, but those of all the classic poets. The classic language of Rome was coeval with Roman glory, which faded with the pollution of its vigorous and expressive dialect. Rome ceased to be the Mistress of the world only when she forgot to speak the Latin tongue.

"*Obliti sunt Romæ loqui lingua Latina.*"

History is not wanting in other proofs, equally authentic and memorable, of the association between the inspired efforts of poetry and national greatness, or even the essential spirit of liberty. Edward the

First ordered the Welsh Bards to be murdered, and braved the penalty of—

“Cambria’s curse and Cambria’s tears;”

as the most effectual method of extinguishing the national spirit.

From “*An Address delivered at Athens, Ga.,*” 1847.

THE GLORY OF ATHENS.

J. R. INGERSOLL.

It is with unfeigned pleasure that I exchange congratulations with yourselves, gentlemen, and with all this assembly, upon our being in the midst of Athens. Not personally in that Athens which was the light of Greece, but in another classic residence, adopting for wise purposes of emulation and resemblance a name which was once a signal for everything brilliant in arts, glorious in arms, successful in commerce, accomplished in manners, and distinguished in wit, wisdom, and elegant literature. Egypt yielded her supremacy to this, the bright inheritor of her learning. Imperial Rome, awaking from the rugged sway of military habit and authority, sent to the schools of Athenian philosophy her favorite sons, who brought back the elements of an Augustan age. All the world did homage to the light which shone from the temple of Minerva on the top of the Acropolis. The source of it has been long since extinguished; but the influences of it have not ceased to radiate during the interval of two thousand years. An example sufficiently obvious for distinct examination, connected with much that might be unbecoming, or ill adapted to the uses of modern times, affords an interesting study for the scholar, who, without the evils, may profit by many advantages in the history of the ancient metropolis. Works of art remain in imperishable grandeur for the instruction and admiration of mankind. Pagan religion and false philosophy have passed away. Objects which served in their proud supremacy to adorn them, still present in venerable ruin monuments of exploded error, and models of taste and elegance. A people, among whom deities were to be found scarcely less readily than men—who, having exhausted the fabulous calendar of the skies, erected an altar to the unknown God—have given to a remote posterity the mutilated but beautiful memorials of a delusive worship for the uses of a better faith.

From “*An Address delivered at Athens, Ga.,*” 1847.

THE TRUE INSPIRATION OF THE ORATOR.

ABBE BAUTAIN.

He who feels the importance and the danger of speaking, who has any notion of what the orator ought to be, any notion of all that he

needs to accomplish his task, the obstacles he must surmount, the difficulties he must overcome, and, on the other hand, how slight a matter suffices to overthrow or paralyze him,—he who understands all this, can well conceive also that he requires to be breathed upon from on high in order to receive the inspiration, the light, fire, which shall make his discourse living and efficacious. For all life comes from Him who is life itself, life infinite, life eternal, inexhaustible, and the life of minds more still than of bodies, since God is spirit. It is but just, therefore, to pay Him homage for what He has vouchsafed to give us, and to refer to Him at the earliest moment the fruit or glory of what we have received. This is the more fitting, because there is nothing more intoxicating than the successes of eloquence; and in the elation which its power gives, owing to a consciousness of strength, and the visible influence which one is exercising over one's fellow-creatures, one is naturally prone to exalt oneself in one's own conceit, and to ascribe to oneself, directly or indirectly, wholly or partially, the effect produced. One should beware of these temptations of pride, these illusions of vanity, which are invariably fatal to true talent.

From "*The Art of Extempore Speaking*."

THE STATESMAN'S PANOPLY.

J. Q. ADAMS.

WOULD it be an unlicensed trespass of the imagination to conceive, that on the night preceding the day of which you now commemorate the fiftieth anniversary—on the night preceding that thirtieth of April, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, when from the balcony of your city hall, the chancellor of the state of New York administered to George Washington the solemn oath, faithfully to execute the office of President of the United States, and to the best of his ability, to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States—that in the visions of the night, the guardian angel of the Father of our country had appeared before him, in the venerated form of his mother, and, to cheer and encourage him in the performance of the momentous and solemn duties that he was about to assume, had delivered to him a suit of celestial armor—a helmet, consisting of the principles of piety, of justice, of honor, of benevolence, with which from his earliest infancy he had hitherto walked through life, in the presence of all his brethren—a spear, studded with the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence—a sword, the same with which he had led the armies of his country through the war of freedom, to the summit of the triumphal arch of independence—a corselet and cuishes of long experience and habitual intercourse in peace and war with the world of mankind,

his cotemporaries of the human race, in all their stages of civilization—and last of all, the Constitution of the United States, a SHIELD embossed by heavenly hands, with the future history of his country.

Yes, gentlemen! on that shield, the CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES, was sculptured (by forms unseen, and in characters then invisible to mortal eye) the predestined and prophetic history of the one confederated people of the North American Union.

From "*The Jubilee of the Constitution*," 1839.

MOUNT EBAL AND MOUNT GERIZIM.

J. Q. ADAMS.

WHEN the children of Israel, after forty years of wanderings in the wilderness, were about to enter upon the promised land, their leader, Moses, who was not permitted to cross the Jordan with them, just before his removal from among them, commanded that when the Lord their God should have brought them into the land, they should put the curse upon Mount Ebal, and the blessing upon Mount Gerizim. This injunction was faithfully fulfilled by his successor Joshua. Immediately after they had taken possession of the land, Joshua built an altar to the Lord, of whole stones, upon Mount Ebal. And there he wrote upon the stones a copy of the law of Moses, which he had written in the presence of the children of Israel: and all Israel, and their elders and officers, and their judges, stood on the two sides of the ark of the covenant, borne by the priests and Levites, six tribes over against Mount Gerizim, and six over against Mount Ebal. And he read all the words of the law, the blessings and cursings, according to all that was written in the book of the law.

Fellow-citizens, the ark of *your* covenant is the Declaration of Independence. Your Mount Ebal is the confederacy of separate state sovereignties, and your Mount Gerizim is the Constitution of the United States. In that scene of tremendous and awful solemnity, narrated in the Holy Scriptures, there is not a curse pronounced against the people upon Mount Ebal, not a blessing promised them upon Mount Gerizim, which your posterity may not suffer or enjoy, from your and their adherence to, or departure from, the principles of the Declaration of Independence, practically interwoven in the Constitution of the United States. Lay up these principles, then, in your hearts, and in your souls—bind them for signs upon your hands, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes—teach them to your children, speaking of them when sitting in your houses, when walking by the way, when lying down and when rising up—write them upon the doorplates of your houses, and upon your gates—cling to them as to the issues of

life—adhere to them as to the cords of your eternal salvation. So may your children's children at the next return of this day of jubilee, after a full century of experience under your national Constitution, celebrate it again in the full enjoyment of all the blessings recognised by you in the commemoration of this day, and of all the blessings promised to the children of Israel upon Mount Gerizim, as the reward of obedience to the law of God.

From "*The Jubilee of the Constitution*," 1839.

EARLY ASTRONOMY.

LORD MACAULAY.

ASTRONOMY was one of the sciences which Plato exhorted his disciples to learn, but for reasons far removed from common habits of thinking. "Shall we set down astronomy," says Socrates, "among the subjects of study?" "I think so," answers his young friend Glaucon: "to know something about the seasons, about the months and the years, is of use for military purposes, as well as for agriculture and navigation." "It amuses me," says Socrates, "to see how afraid you are lest the common herd of people should accuse you of recommending useless studies." He then proceeds in that pure and magnificent diction, which, as Cicero said, Jupiter would use if Jupiter spoke Greek, to explain, that the use of astronomy is not to add to the vulgar comforts of life, but to assist in raising the mind to the contemplation of things which are to be perceived by the pure intellect alone. The knowledge of the actual motions of the heavenly bodies he considers as of little value. The appearances which make the sky beautiful at night are, he tells us, like the figures which a geometrician draws on the sand, mere examples, mere helps to feeble minds. We must get beyond them; we must neglect them; we must attain to an astronomy which is as independent of the actual stars as geometrical truth is independent of the lines of an ill-drawn diagram. This is, we imagine, very nearly, if not exactly, the astronomy which Bacon compared to the ox of Prometheus—a sleek, well-shaped hide, stuffed with rubbish, goodly to look at, but containing nothing to eat. He complained that astronomy had, to its great injury, been separated from natural philosophy, of which it was one of the noblest provinces, and annexed to the domain of mathematics. The world stood in need, he said, of a very different astronomy—of a *living astronomy*, of an astronomy which should set forth the nature, the motion, and the influences of the heavenly bodies, as they really are.

From "*Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*."

INSTALLATION SPEECH AT GLASGOW.

LORD MACAULAY.

I TRUST, that when a hundred years more have run out, this ancient college will still continue to deserve well of our country and of mankind. I trust that the installation of 1949 will be attended by a still greater assembly of students than I have the happiness now to see before me. The assemblage indeed may not meet in the place where we have met. These venerable halls may have disappeared. My successor may speak to your successors in a more stately edifice, in an edifice which, even among the magnificent buildings of the future Glasgow, will still be admired as a fine specimen of architecture which flourished in the days of the good Queen Victoria. But though the site and the walls may be new, the spirit of the institution will, I hope, be still the same. My successor will, I hope, be able to boast that the fifth century of the University has been even more glorious than the fourth. He will be able to vindicate that boast, by citing a long list of eminent men, great masters of experimental science, of ancient learning, of our native eloquence, ornaments of the senate, the pulpit, and the bar.

He will, I hope, mention with high honor some of my young friends who now hear me; and he will, I also hope, be able to add that their talents and learning were not wasted on selfish or ignoble objects, but were employed to promote the physical and moral good of their species, to extend the empire of man over the material world, to defend the cause of civil and religious liberty against tyrants and bigots, and to defend the cause of virtue and order against the enemies of all divine and human laws. I have now given utterance to a part, and a part only, of the recollections and anticipations of which on this solemn occasion my mind is full. I again thank you for the honor which you have bestowed on me; and I assure you that while I live I shall never cease to take a deep interest in the welfare and fame of the body with which, by your kindness, I have this day become connected.

From "*Critical and Miscellaneous Essays.*"

THE INFLUENCE OF BYRON.

LORD MACAULAY.

AMONG that large class of young persons whose reading is almost entirely confined to works of imagination, the popularity of Lord Byron was unbounded. They bought pictures of him, they treasured up the smallest relics of him; they learned his poems by heart, and did their best to write like him, and to look like him. Many of them practised at the glass, in the hope of catching the curl of the upper lip, and the

scowl of the brow, which appear in some of his portraits. A few discarded their neckcloths, in imitation of their great leader. For some years, the Minerva press sent forth no novel without a mysterious, unhappy, Lara-like peer. The number of hopeful under-graduates and medical students who became things of dark imaginings, on whom the freshness of the heart ceased to fall like dew, whose passions had consumed themselves to dust, and to whom the relief of tears was denied, passes all calculation. This was not the worst. There was created in the minds of many of these enthusiasts a pernicious and absurd association between intellectual power and moral depravity.

This affectation has passed away; and a few more years will destroy whatever yet remains of that magical potency which once belonged to the name of Byron. To us he is still a man, young, noble, and unhappy. To our children he will be merely a writer; and their impartial judgment will appoint his place among writers, without regard to his rank or to his private history. That his poetry will undergo a severe sifting; that much of what has been admired by his contemporaries will be rejected as worthless, we have little doubt. But we have as little doubt, that, after the closest scrutiny, there will still remain much that can only perish with the English language.

From "*Review of Moore's Life of Byron.*"

THE MIRACLES OF NATURE.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

You remember that fancy of Aristotle's, of a man who had grown to maturity in some dark distance, and was brought on a sudden into the upper air to see the sun rise. What would his wonder be, says the Philosopher, his rapt astonishment, at the sight we daily witness with indifference! With the free open sense of a child, yet with the ripe faculty of a man, his whole heart would be kindled by that sight, he would discern it well to be Godlike, his soul would fall down in worship before it. Now, just such a childlike greatness was in the primitive nations. The first Pagan Thinker among rude men, the first man that began to think, was precisely the child-man of Aristotle. Simple, open as a child, yet with the depth and strength of a man. Nature had as yet no name to him; he had not yet united under a name the infinite variety of sights, sounds, shapes, and motions, which we now collectively name Universe, Nature, or the like,—and so with a name dismiss it from us. To the wild deep-hearted man all was yet new, not veiled under names or formulas; it stood naked, flashing in on him there, beautiful, awful, unspeakable. Nature was to this man, what to the Thinker and Prophet it for ever is, *preternatural*. This green flowery rock-built earth, the trees, the mountains, rivers, many-

sounding seas; that great deep sea of azure that swims overhead; the winds sweeping through it; the black cloud fashioning itself together, now pouring out fire, now hail and rain: what *is* it? Ay, what? At bottom we do not yet know; we can never know at all. It is not by our superior insight that we escape the difficulty; it is by our superior levity, our inattention, our *want* of insight. It is by *not* thinking that we cease to wonder at it. Hardened round us, encasing wholly every notion we form, is a wrappage of traditions, hearsays, mere *words*. We call that fire of the black thunder-cloud "electricity," and lecture learnedly about it, and grind the like of it out of glass and silk; but *what* is it? What made it? Whence comes it? Whither goes it? Science has done much for us; but it is a poor science that would hide from us the great deep sacred infinitude of Nescience, whither we can never penetrate, on which all science swims as a mere superficial film. This world, after all our science and sciences, is still a miracle; wonderful, inscrutable, *magical* and more, to whosoever will *think* of it.

From "*Heroes and Hero Worship*."

MYSTERIES.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THAT great mystery of TIME, were there no other; the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean-tide, on which we and all the Universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions which *are*, and then *are not*: this is for ever very literally a miracle; a thing to strike us dumb,—for we have no word to speak about it. This Universe, ah me!—what could the wild man know of it; what can we yet know? That it is a Force, and thousandfold Complexity of Forces; a Force which is *not we*. That is all; it is not we, it is altogether different from us. Force, Force, everywhere Force; we ourselves a mysterious Force in the centre of that. "There is not a leaf rotting on the highway but has Force in it: how else could it rot?" Nay surely, to the Atheistic Thinker, if such a one were possible, it must be a miracle too, this huge illimitable whirlwind of Force, which envelops us here; never-resting whirlwind, high as Immensity, old as Eternity. What is it? God's Creation, the religious people answer; it is the Almighty God's! Atheistic science babbles poorly at it, with scientific nomenclatures, experiments and what not, as if it were a poor dead thing, to be bottled up in Leyden jars, and sold over counters; but the natural sense of man, in all times, if he will honestly apply his sense, proclaims it to be a living thing,—ah, an unspeakable, godlike thing; towards which the best attitude for us after never so much science, is awe, devout prostration and humility of soul; worship if not in words, then in silence.

From "*Heroes and Hero Worship*."

THE ORIGIN OF UNIVERSITIES.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

UNIVERSITIES are a notable, respectable product of the modern ages. Their existence, too, is modified, to the very basis of it, by the existence of books. Universities arose while there were yet no books procurable; while a man, for a single book, had to give an estate of land. That, in those circumstances, when a man had some knowledge to communicate, he should do it by gathering the learners round him, face to face, was a necessity for him. If you wanted to know what Abelard knew, you must go and listen to Abelard. Thousands, as many as thirty thousand, went to hear Abelard and that metaphysical theology of his. And now for any other teacher who had also something of his own to teach, there was a great convenience opened: so many thousands eager to learn were already assembled yonder; of all places the best place for him was that. For any third teacher it was better still; and grew ever the better, the more teachers there came. It only needed now that the king took notice of this new phenomenon; combined or agglomerated the various schools into one school; gave it edifices, privileges, encouragements, and named it *universitas*, or school of all sciences: the University of Paris, in its essential characters, was there. The model of all subsequent universities; which, down even to these days, for six centuries now, have gone on to found themselves. Such, I conceive, was the origin of universities.

From "*Heroes and Hero Worship*."

ATHEISM ABSURD.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

DIDEROT was an Atheist, then; stranger still, a proselytizing Atheist, who esteemed the creed worth earnest reiterated preaching, and enforcement with all vigor! The unhappy man had "sailed through the Universe of Worlds and found no Maker thereof; had descended to the abysses where Being no longer casts its shadow, and felt only the rain-drops trickle down; and seen only the glimmering rainbow of Creation which originated from no Sun; and heard only the everlasting storm which no one governs; and looked upwards for the DIVINE EYE, and beheld only the black, bottomless, glaring DEATH'S EYE-SOCKET:" such, with all his wide voyages, was the philosophic fortune he had realized.

Sad enough, horrible enough: yet, instead of shrieking over it, or howling and Ernulphus'-cursing over it, let us, as the more profitable method, keep our composure, and inquire a little, What possibly it may mean? The whole phenomenon, as seems to us, will explain itself

from the fact above insisted on, that Diderot was a Polemic of decided character in the Mechanical Age. With great expenditure of words and froth, in arguments as waste, wild-weltering, delirious-dismal as the chaos they would demonstrate—which arguments one now knows not whether to laugh at or to weep at, and almost does both,—have Diderot and his sect perhaps made this apparent to all who examine it: That in the French System of thought (called also the Scotch, and still familiar enough everywhere, which, for want of a better title, we have named the Mechanical), there is no room for a Divinity; that to him for whom “*intellect*, or the power of knowing and believing, is still synonymous with *logic*, or the mere power of arranging and communicating,” there is absolutely no proof discoverable of a Divinity; and such a man has nothing for it but either (if he be of half spirit, as is the frequent case) to trim despicably all his days between two opinions; or else (if he be of whole spirit) to anchor on the rock or quagmire of Atheism,—and further, should he see fit, proclaim to others that there is good riding there. So much may Diderot have demonstrated: a conclusion at which we nowise turn pale. Was it much to know that Metaphysical Speculation, by nature, whirls round in endless Maelstroms, “both creating and swallowing—itsself?” For so wonderful a self-swallowing product of the Spirit of Time, could any result to arrive at be fitter than this of the ETERNAL No? We thank Heaven that the result is finally arrived at; and so now we can look out for something other and further. But, above all things, *proof* of a God? A *probable* God! The smallest of Finites struggling to *prove* to itself (that is to say, if we consider it, to picture out and arrange as diagram, and *include* within itself) the Highest Infinite; in *which*, by hypothesis, *it* lives, and moves, and has its being! This, we conjecture, will one day seem a much more miraculous miracle than that negative result it has arrived at,—or any other result a still absurder chance might have led it to. He who, in some singular Time of the World’s History, were reduced to wander about, in stooping posture, with painfully constructed sulphur-match and farthing rushlight (as Gowkthrapple Naigeon), or smoky tar-link (as Denis Diderot), searching for the Sun, and did not find it; were *he* wonderful and his failure; or the singular Time, and its having put him on that search?

From “*Essay on Diderot.*”

THEISM AND ITS TENETS.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE second consequence seems to be that this whole current hypothesis of the Universe being “a Machine,” and then of an Architect,

who constructed it, sitting, as it were, apart, and guiding it, and *seeing* it go,—may turn out an inanity and nonentity; not much longer tenable: with which result likewise we shall, in the quietest manner, reconcile ourselves. “Think ye,” says Goethe, “that God made the Universe, and then let it run round his finger (*am Finger aufen liesse?*)” On the whole, that Metaphysical hurly-burly (of our poor, jarring, self-listening Time) ought at length to compose itself: that seeking for a God *there*, and not *here*; everywhere outwardly in physical Nature, and not inwardly in our own Soul, where alone he is to be found by us,—begins to get wearisome. Above all, that “faint possible Theism” which now forms our common English creed, cannot be too soon swept out of the world. What is the nature of that individual, who, with hysterical violence, theoretically asserts a God, perhaps a revealed Symbol and Worship of God; and, for the rest, in thought, word, and conduct, meet with him where you will, is found living as if his theory were some polite figure of speech, and his theoretical God a mere distant Simulacrum, with whom he, for his part, had nothing further to do? Fool! The ETERNAL is no Simulacrum; God is not only There, but Here, or nowhere, in that life-breath of thine, in that act and thought of thine,—and thou wert wise to look to it. If there is no God, as the fool hath said in his heart, then live on with thy decencies, and lip-homages, and inward Greed, and falsehood, and all the hollow cunningly-devised halfness that recommends thee to the Mammon of this world: if there *is* a God, we say, look to it! But, in either case, what art thou? The Atheist is false; yet is there, as we see, a fraction of truth in him: he is true compared with thee; thou, unhappy mortal, livest wholly in a lie, art wholly a lie.

From “*Essay on Diderot.*”

KINGS’ DESIRES.

LORD BACON.

It is a miserable state of mind to have few things to desire, and many things to fear; and yet that commonly is the case with kings, who being at the highest, want matter of desire, which makes their minds more languishing, and have many representations of perils and shadows, which make their minds the less clear: and this is one reason also of that effect which the Scripture speaketh of, “That the king’s heart is inscrutable;” for multitude of jealousies, and lack of some predominant desire, that should marshal and put in order all the rest, maketh any man’s heart hard to find or sound. Hence it comes likewise, that princes many times make themselves desires, and set their hearts upon toys; sometimes upon a building; sometimes upon erect-

ing of an Order; sometimes upon the advancing of a person; sometimes upon obtaining excellency in some art, or feat of the hand—as Nero for playing on the harp; Domitian for certainty of the hand with the arrow; Commodus for playing at fence; Caracalla for driving chariots; and the like. This seemeth incredible unto those that know not the principle, that the mind of man is more cheered and refreshed by profiting in small things, than by standing at a stay in great. We see also that kings that have been fortunate conquerors in their first years, it being not possible for them to go forward infinitely, but that they must have some check or arrest in their fortunes, turn in their latter years to be superstitious and melancholy; as did Alexander the Great, Dioclesian, and in our memory Charles V., and others; for he that is used to go forward, and findeth a stop, falleth out of his own favor, and is not the thing he was.

From "*Essays*."

STUDIES.

LORD BACON.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness, and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for, expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need of a great memory; if he

confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

From "*Essays*."

BEAUTY AND UTILITY.

WIELAND.

SOCRATES exhorts the painter and the sculptor to unite the beautiful and the agreeable with the useful; as he encourages the pantomimic dancer to ennoble the pleasure that his heart may be capable of giving, and to delight the heart at the same time with the senses. According to the same principle, he must desire every laborer who occupies himself about something necessary, to unite the useful as much as possible with the beautiful. But to allow no value for beauty, except where it is useful, is a confusion of ideas.

Beauty and grace are undoubtedly united by nature itself with the useful; but they are not, therefore, desirable because they are useful; but because, from the nature of man, he enjoys a pure pleasure in their contemplation—a pleasure precisely similar to that which the contemplation of virtue gives; a necessity as imperative for man as a reasonable being, as food, clothing, and a habitation are for him as an animal.

I say for him as an animal, because he has much in common with all or most other animals. But neither these animal wants, nor the capability and desire to satisfy them, make him a man. While he procures his food, builds himself a nest, takes to himself a mate, leads his young, fights with any other who would deprive him of his food, or take possession of his nest; in all this he acts, so far as it is merely corporal, as an animal. Merely through the skill and manner in which, as a man, he performs all these animal-like acts (where not reduced to and retained in an animal state by external compulsory causes), does he distinguish and elevate himself above all other animals, and evince his human nature. For this animal that calls itself man, and this only, has an inborn feeling for beauty and order, has a heart disposed to social communication, to compassion and sympathy, and to an infinite variety of pleasing and beautiful feelings; has a strong tendency to imitate and create, and labors incessantly to improve whatever it has invented or formed.

All these peculiarities together separate him essentially from the other animals, render him their lord and master, place earth and ocean in his power, and lead him step by step so high through the nearly illimitable elevation of his capacity for art, that he is at length in a

condition to remodel nature itself, and from the materials it affords him to create a new, and, for his peculiar purpose, a more perfectly adjusted world.

From "*Criticism upon Balzore.*"

ENGLISH VALOR.

DR. JOHNSON.

By those who have compared the military genius of the English with that of the French nation, it is remarked, that *the French officers will always lead, if the soldiers will follow*; and that *the English soldiers will always follow, if their officers will lead*.

In all pointed sentences, some degree of accuracy must be sacrificed to conciseness: and, in this comparison, our officers seem to lose what our soldiers gain. I know not any reason for supposing that the English officers are less willing than the French to lead; but it is, I think, universally allowed that the English soldiers are more willing to follow. Our nation may boast, beyond any other people in the world, of a kind of epidemic bravery, diffused equally through all its ranks. We can show a peasantry of heroes, and fill our armies with clowns, whose courage may vie with that of their general.

Whence then is the courage of the English vulgar? It proceeds, in my opinion, from that dissolution of dependence, which obliges every man to regard his own character. While every man is fed by his own hands, he has no need of any servile arts; he may always have wages for his labor; and is no less necessary to his employer than his employer is to him. While he looks for no protection from others, he is naturally roused to be his own protector; and having nothing to abate his esteem of himself, he consequently aspires to the esteem of others. Thus every man that crowds our streets is a man of honor, disdainful of obligation, impatient of reproach, and desirous of extending his reputation among those of his own rank; and as courage is in most frequent use, the fame of courage is most eagerly pursued. From this neglect of subordination I do not deny that some inconveniences may from time to time proceed: the power of the law does not always sufficiently supply the want of reverence, or maintain the proper distinction between different ranks; but good and evil will grow up in this world together; and they who complain in peace of the insolence of the populace, must remember that their insolence in peace is bravery in war.

From "*Political Tracts.*"

TRUTH.

LORD BACON.

THE first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense, the last was the light of reason, and his Sabbath work, ever since, is the illumination of his Spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter, or chaos, then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet, that beautified the sect, that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well, "It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tost upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below;" so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business, it will be acknowledged, even by those that practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold or silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it; for these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious; and therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace, and such an odious charge, "If it be well weighed, to say, that a man lieth, is as much as to say that he is brave towards God, and a coward towards man; for a lie faces God, and shrinks from man." Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men: it being foretold, that when "Christ cometh," he shall not "find faith upon earth."

From "*Essays*."

MENTAL AND MORAL GREATNESS.

DR. STEVENS.

BEHIND the high altar, in the cathedral of Cologne, is a costly shrine, in which are placed the silver-gilt coffins of three kings. The skulls of these kings are crowned with golden diadems, studded with jewels,

and inscribed with their names written in rubies. This is political greatness—a skull crowned with gold—a name written in rubies. Touching comment on the mock greatness and the fleeting glory of kings and statesmen!

And is not moral greatness superior to this? Is not a crown of glory around brows that never die better than a diadem of gold upon a fleshless skull? Is not a name, written with the finger of God in the book of life, better than a name written over the shrine of our bones with rubies? Yet, with all this contest, sense wrestles with faith—and the flesh generally gains the mastery over the spirit, forgetting “that the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.”

Mental greatness is nobler than martial or political greatness. There is something sublime in beholding the struggles and achievements of a great mind. To see it silently gather to itself new energies—new forces—and with these to make new onsets in the dominion of thought, seeking to rule, an intellectual king, over its realms. These sights are grand, whether we behold them in the philosopher, fathoming the depths of mind—in the geologist, quarrying out science from the rock and the fossil—or in the chemist, deducing the laws of life and death from the crucible and the laboratory; whether we see them in the artist, busied in the magnificent creations of the chisel and the pencil—in the poet, entering into the treasure-houses of imagination, and stringing those rosaries of thought, the jewelled epic and the sparkling song—or in the astronomer, soaring to the planets, measuring their paths—weighing their masses, and calling them by their names. But after all, what is it? A few systems—a few poems—a few discoveries—the writing of a few names in rubies—and that is all of mental greatness!

From “*Discourse on Washington's Birth-Day*,” 1846.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.

CALVIN COLTON.

THE social and political results of such a road, such a universal path, will be as important and notable as any yet recorded in history. The people of Asia and of Europe will thus be introduced to each other, and made neighbors and friends; whereas now they are almost total strangers. Universal liberty will receive a new stimulus from this great construction. America, the land of the free, will then be in the centre of the world; and it will diffuse the blessings of freedom to the continents and nations that gird it round. It will teach them the lessons which it has learned. It will inspire them to greater things by its example. It will control the universal public opinion of the world

by its superior intelligence. Such is to be the future of America. It is to rise in importance in the eyes of the nations. It will be the greatest of empires. Upon us the ends of the world will come. England will no longer be the first maritime power of the world. The old Queen of the Atlantic will be surpassed in beauty, freshness, and power, by her young daughter, who is soon to be crowned Queen of the greater Pacific. The star of empire, which takes its way westward, is about to stand still over the great and vigorous young republic, which the American citizen is proud to call his native land.

From "*Discourse before the American Geographical Society*," 1855.

THE EXILE'S HOPE.

VICTOR HUGO.

You are wrung with grief, but you have courage and faith. You do well, my friends. Courage, then! Courage! more than ever! As I have already said, it grows more evident, from day to day, that, at this instant, France and England have left to them but one path, one outlet of safety—the emancipation of the peoples—the insurrection in mass of the prostrate nationalities—the REVOLUTION! Sublime alternative! It is grand that safety has become identified with justice. It is in this that Providence breaks forth in splendor. Ay, have courage, more than ever. In the hour of utmost peril Danton exclaimed, "Daring! daring! and yet more daring!" In adversity we should cry out, "Hope! hope! and still more hope!" Friends and brothers! the great republic, the democratic, social, and free republic, will, ere long, blaze out in magnificence again; for it is the office of the empire to give it a new birth, as it is the office of the night to usher in the day. These men of tyranny and misery will disappear. Their time to stay is now counted by quick minutes. They are backing to the edge of the abyss, and we, who are already in the gulf, can see their heels that quiver already beyond the borders of the precipice. Oh, exiles! I call forth in testimony the hemlock the Socrates have drank; the Golgothas the Christs have climbed; the Jerichos the Joshuas have caused to crumble. I summon up in testimony the baths of blood taken by the Thraseas; the faggots whence John Huss, and those of this world like him, have cried, the swan will yet be born! I summon in testimony these seas that beat around us, and which the Columbases have passed beyond; I call upon yonder stars which shine above us, and which the Galileos have questioned, to bear witness, exiles and brethren, that liberty can never die: she is immortal, and, exiles, Truth is eternal!

Progress is the very stride of God.

Then let those who weep be comforted! and those who tremble, if

any such there be among us, be assured. Humanity ignores self murder, and God lays not aside his omnipotent control.

No, the peoples shall not for ever grope in darkness, knowing not what hour has been reached in science, what hour in philosophy, what hour in art, what hour in human mind, and, with their eyes fixed upon despotism, that black dial of gloom on which the double needle, at once sword and sceptre, for ever motionless, for ever marks Midnight.

From "*Speech on the Anniversary of the French Revolution*," 1848.

GOLDEN GRAIN.

EDWARD EVERETT.

GOLD, while it is gold, is good for little or nothing. You can neither eat it, nor drink it, nor smoke it. You can neither wear it, nor burn it as fuel, nor build a house with it; it is really useless till you exchange it for consumable, perishable goods; and the more plentiful it is the less its exchangeable value. Far different the case with our Atlantic gold; it does not perish when consumed, but, by a nobler alchemy than that of Paracelsus, is transmuted in consumption to a higher life. "Perish in consumption," did the old miser say? "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened *except* it die." The burning pen of inspiration, ranging heaven and earth for a similitude, to convey to our poor minds some not inadequate idea of the mighty doctrine of the resurrection, can find no symbol so expressive as "bare grain, it may chance of wheat or some other grain." To-day a senseless plant, to-morrow it is human bone and muscle, vein and artery, sinew and nerve; beating pulse, heaving lungs, toiling, ah, sometimes, overtoiling brain. Last June, it sucked from the cold breast of the earth the watery nourishment of its distending sap-vessels; and now it clothes the manly form with warm, cordial flesh; quivers and thrills with the five-fold mystery of sense; purveys and ministers to the higher mystery of thought. Heaped up in your granaries this week, the next it will strike in the stalwart arm, and glow in the blushing cheek, and flash in the beaming eye; till we learn at last to realize that the slender stalk, which we have seen shaken by the summer breeze, bending in the corn-field under the yellow burden of harvest, is indeed the "staff of life," which, since the world began, has supported the toiling and struggling myriads of humanity on the mighty pilgrimage of being.

From "*Speech before U. S. Agricultural Society*," 1854.

THE NEW OLYMPIAD.

MORTON McMICHAEL.

BUT, Mr. President, on a new continent, under a new dispensation, and a new polity—professors of a purer creed, possessors of a surer heritage—we have to-day commemorated a new Olympiad. From all parts of a republic, mightier in its infancy than Athens in its prime, there have crowded earnest candidates for the honors, valiant strugglers for the prizes you have had to bestow. Nor have the statue and temple been wanting. Beneath the dome of your capitol we have marked the placid dignity of our Pater Patriæ, whose deeds and whose virtues shall survive in the affections of distant generations, when the old mythology, father-god and all, with all its vanities and vices, has sunk into utter oblivion. From the foot of a neighboring eminence, we have gazed on the simple column which crowns the spot consecrated by the blood of the primitive martyrs of American freedom—a column which, simple though it be, is dearer in the associations which cluster around it, than any hoary pile, no matter how venerable in its antiquity, nobler than any modern trophy,

“Built with the riches of a spoiled world.”

And, Mr. President, whatever of pride the cultivated Greek may have felt in contemplating the master-piece of Grecian skill—whatever of reverence the pious Greek may have felt in contemplating the master deity of the Grecian Pantheon—we, who are now assembled from the north and the south, from the east and the west, have felt a loftier pride, a holier reverence than ever Olympian statue or Olympian temple inspired; as, filled with the solemn memories of the past, and jubilant hopes of the future, we have stood before the marble form of our own Washington, or beside the granite monument that records the story of Bunker Hill.

From “*Speech at Boston, before U. S. Agricultural Society,*” 1854.

THE PRESERVATION OF THE UNION.

EDWARD EVERETT.

SHALL we permit this curiously compacted body politic, the nicest adjustment of human wisdom, to go to pieces? Will we blast this beautiful symmetric form; paralyze this powerful arm of public strength; smite with imbecility this great National Intellect? Where, sir, O where, will be the flag of the United States? Where our rapidly increasing influence in the family of nations? Already they are rejoicing in our divisions. The last foreign journal which I have read, dwells upon our political condition as something that “will

compel us to keep the peace with the powers of Europe," and that means, to take the law from them in our international relations.

I meant to have spoken of the wreck of that magnificent and mutually-beneficial commercial intercourse which now exists between the producing and manufacturing states;—of the hostile tariffs in time of peace and the habitually-recurring border wars, by which it will be annihilated. I meant to have said a word of the Navy of the United States; and the rich inheritance of its common glories. Shall we give up this? The memory of our Fathers—of those happy days when the men of the North and South stood together for the country, on hard-fought fields; when the South sent her Washington to Massachusetts, and New England sent her Greene to Carolina—is all this forgotten? "Is all the counsel that we two have shared;" all the joint labors to found this great Republic;—is this "all forgot?" and will we permit this last great experiment of Confederate Republicanism, to become a proverb and a by-word to the Nations? No, fellow-citizens—no, a thousand times no! This glorious Union shall not perish! Precious legacy of our Fathers, it shall go down, honored and cherished, to our children. Generations unborn shall enjoy its privileges as we have done; and if we leave them poor in all besides, we will transmit to them the boundless wealth of its blessings!

From "*Speech at Faneuil Hall*," 1859.

THE SONS OF GEORGIA.

BISHOP ELLIOT.

FOR the first time in her history, may Georgia now look for a *native population*—a population born upon her soil and loving her because they call her mother. Not that those who have emigrated into her do not love her—many of her most faithful and devoted public servants come within this category—but nothing can replace the peculiar feeling which man sucks in with his mother's milk for the spot where first he breathed the air of Heaven. Those who have come into her may feel themselves identified with her, so that her interest is their interest, but, strive as they may, they cannot acquire that enthusiastic love—made up of moral sentiment and youthful association—which springs out of an identity as well of lineage, as of pursuit. The Greeks expressed this feeling when they gloried in being "*αυτοχθονες*," sons of the soil, and felt that a stain upon their country was a stain upon a mother's reputation, and a reproach to her an insult that went to their hearts as to the hearts of children. This is what Georgia, for years to come, should especially cultivate—this feeling of *homebred affection*—the saying of her sons, "This is my own, my native land," and not only say-

ing it, but living it in thought and word and action. It has been impossible for her hitherto to have possessed it in her length and breadth, but now she may, and now she will, and it must give her an impulse that shall show her sister States that she is "as a giant awaking out of sleep." Let her sons but lock their shields together, and nothing can impede her progress to greatness!

From "*Address before the Georgia Historical Society*," 1844.

THE SCULPTOR'S ART.

HENRY REED.

WHAT has been done by one branch of art for the memory of Washington, is shown by the standard portrait of him by Stuart, but for the purest sublimities which art can teach, we turn to the more ideal and imaginative work of the sculptor. I remember having seen Greenough's statue of Washington, as it is placed facing the Capitol, for the first time in the early morn of a bright spring day. There was no trivial noise—no intrusive criticism to disturb the solemn impression it is fitted to give. The eye seemed to reject all sensations save what came from the unclouded sky and from the spotless marble—a harmony rather than a contrast, and the things of earth had no part in it. In that ideal portraiture the moral of the character—the history of the life in its marvellous integrity and with its perfect consummation, was visible—the one hand laying down, as if at his country's feet, the sheathed sword, and the other pointing to the sky. There was nothing between the finger of that uplifted arm and the highest heavens; and as the imagination of the spectator was thus carried upward, you could not but feel that no cloud of mortal passion had ever dimmed the glory of the character here idealized in marble, and that that soul had risen above the strife of self-will and the tumult of human frailties, into the serene atmosphere of duty and of Christian heroism. Thus is it that the sculptor's genius has its triumph; and casting away the self-hurtful temper of narrow and disputatious criticism, we may render thoughtful gratitude to the moral beauty and power of art.

From "*Address before Philadelphia Art Union*," 1849.

THE GREAT MOUNTAINS.

JOHN RUSKIN.

INFERIOR hills ordinarily interrupt, in some degree, the richness of the valleys at their feet; the gray downs of southern England, and treeless coteaux of central France, and gray swells of Scottish moor, whatever peculiar charm they may possess in themselves, are at least

destitute of those which belong to the woods and fields of the Lowlands. But the great mountains *lift* the lowlands *on their sides*. Let the reader imagine, first, the appearance of the most varied plain of some richly cultivated country ; let him imagine it dark with graceful woods, and soft with deepest pastures ; let him fill the space of it, to the utmost horizon, with innumerable and changeful incidents of scenery and life ; leading pleasant streamlets through its meadows, strewing clusters of cottages beside their banks, tracing sweet footpaths through its avenues, and animating its fields with happy flocks, and slow wandering spots of cattle ; and when he has wearied himself with endless imagining, and left no space without some loveliness of its own, let him conceive all this great plain, with its infinite treasures of natural beauty and happy human life, gathered up in God's hands from one edge of the horizon to the other, like a woven garment ; and shaken into deep falling folds, as the robes droop from a king's shoulders ; all its bright rivers leaping into cataracts along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant against its slopes, as a rider rears himself back when his horse plunges ; and all its villages nestling themselves into the new windings of its glens ; and all its pastures thrown into steep waves of greensward, dashed with dew along the edges of their folds, and sweeping down into endless slopes, with a cloud here and there lying quietly, half on the grass, half in the air ; and he will have as yet, in all this lifted world, only the foundation of one of the great Alps. And whatever is lovely in the lowland scenery becomes lovelier in this change : the trees which grew heavily and stiffly from the level line of plain assume strange curves of strength and grace as they bend themselves against the mountain side ; they breathe more freely, and toss their branches more carelessly as each climbs higher, looking to the clear light above the topmost leaves of its brother tree ; the flowers which on the arable plain fell before the plough, now find out for themselves unapproachable places, where year by year they gather into happier fellowship, and fear no evil ; and the streams which in the level land crept in dark eddies by unwholesome banks, now move in showers of silver, and are clothed with rainbows, and bring health and life wherever the glance of their waves can reach.

From "*Modern Painters*."

THE STUDENT'S DUTIES.

JAMES WALKER, D. D.

THE spirits of the sainted dead, who consecrated this school of the prophets to Christ and the Church, hover over us now. In that presence remember what you owe to your parents and friends, whose affections and pride, whose very life, are bound up with the hope of your

well-doing. Remember what you owe to your country. If there is not wisdom enough, if there is not moderation enough, in the educated classes, to restrain the heats of party,—the violence, the inconsideration, the injustice on all sides,—our best hopes are in imminent peril. What is wanted is, not that a man should be indifferent to the evils in the country, but that he should deal with them in the spirit of one who loves his country. Remember what you owe to God. All the distinctions of birth, and wealth, and intellect will pass away: what will endure for ever of your labors here, is the earnest purpose to fulfil the high vocation of the Christian scholar. “This also we humbly and earnestly beg, that human things may not prejudice such as are divine; neither that from the unlocking of the gates of sense, and the kindling of a greater natural light, anything of incredulity, or intellectual night, may arise in our minds towards divine mysteries. But rather, that by our mind, thoroughly cleansed and purged from fancy and vanities, and yet subject and perfectly given up to the Divine Oracles, there may be given unto faith the things that are faith’s.”

From “*Inaugural Address at Harvard.*”

CALVERT AND THE MARYLAND CHARTER.

WILLIAM GEORGE READ.

FROM Jamestown, Calvert turned towards the unoccupied territory, which borders the majestic Chesapeake, to the north of the Potomac. The enterprise of Smith and others had already partially explored it, and disclosed its extent, fertility, and beauty. No European settlement had as yet been established there; and the rights of the British crown, as recognised in the international law of Europe, to countries occupied only by savages, had been revested by the cancelling of the old Virginia charter. State policy, therefore, as well as regard for Calvert, whose moderation and sincerity seem to have conciliated universal esteem, dictated compliance with his petition for a grant; of which the terms were left to be adjusted by himself. The charter of Maryland, the undoubted production of his pen, is the fair and lasting monument of his wisdom and his virtues. His military exploit may be lost in the blinding blaze of England’s martial glory; his sacrifices to conviction may be merged in those of her myriad martyrs; but his charter shall endure on our statute book, so long as the blue firmament of the American flag shall sparkle with the brilliant beams of the Maryland star!

From “*An Oration on the Anniversary of the Settlement of Maryland,*” 1842.

THE FINITE AND THE INFINITE.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

LET men lift their vast reflectors or refractors to the skies, and detect new planets in their hiding-places. Let them waylay the fugitive comets in their flight, and compel them to disclose the precise period of their orbits, and to give bonds for their punctual return. Let them drag out reluctant satellites from "their habitual concealments." Let them resolve the unresolvable nebulæ of Orion or Andromeda. They need not fear. The sky will not fall, nor a single star be shaken from its sphere.

Let them perfect and elaborate their marvellous processes for making the light and the lightning their ministers, for putting "a pencil of rays" into the hand of art, and providing tongues of fire for the communication of intelligence. Let them foretell the path of the whirlwind, and calculate the orbit of the storm. Let them hang out their gigantic pendulums, and make the earth do the work of describing and measuring her own motions. Let them annihilate human pain, and literally "charm ache with air, and agony with *ether*." The blessing of God will attend all their toils, and the gratitude of man will await all their triumphs.

Let them dig down into the bowels of the earth. Let them rive asunder the massive rocks, and unfold the history of creation as it lies written on the pages of their piled-up strata. Let them gather up the fossil fragments of a lost Fauna, reproducing the ancient forms which inhabited the land or the seas, bringing them together, bone to his bone, till Leviathan and Behemoth stand before us in bodily presence and in their full proportions, and we almost tremble lest these dry bones should live again! Let them put nature to the rack, and torture her, in all her forms, to the betrayal of her inmost secrets and confidences. They need not forbear. The foundations of the round world have been laid so strong that they cannot be moved.

But let them not think by searching to find out God. Let them not dream of understanding the Almighty to perfection. Let them not dare to apply their tests and solvents, their modes of analysis or their terms of definition, to the secrets of the spiritual kingdom. Let them spare the foundations of faith. Let them be satisfied with what is revealed of the mysteries of the Divine Nature. Let them not break through the bounds to gaze after the Invisible,—lest the day come when they shall be ready to cry to the mountains, Fall on us, and to the hills, Cover us!

From "*Address before the Alumni of Harvard*," 1852

FLORENCE AND ITS TREASURES.

EDWARD EVERETT.

THERE is much, in every way, in the city of Florence to excite the curiosity, to kindle the imagination, and to gratify the taste. Sheltered on the north by the vine-clad hills of Fiesole, whose Cyclopean walls carry back the antiquary to ages before the Roman, before the Etruscan power, the flowery city (Firenza) covers the sunny banks of the Arno with its stately palaces. Dark and frowning piles of mediæval structures, a majestic dome the prototype of St. Peter's, basilicas which enshrine the ashes of some of the mightiest of the dead, the stone where Dante stood to gaze on the *campanile*, the house of Michael Angelo still occupied by a descendant of his lineage and name; his hammer, his chisel, his dividers, his manuscript poems, all as if he had left them but yesterday; airy bridges which seem not so much to rest on the earth as to hover over the waters they span; the loveliest creations of ancient art, rescued from the grave of ages again to "enchant the world;" the breathing marbles of Michael Angelo, the glowing canvas of Raphael and Titian; museums filled with medals and coins of every age from Cyrus the Younger, and gems and amulets and vases from the sepulchres of Egyptian Pharaohs coeval with Joseph, and Etruscan Lucumons that swayed Italy before the Romans; libraries stored with the choicest texts of ancient literature; gardens of rose and orange and pomegranate and myrtle; the very air you breathe languid with music and perfume—such is Florence.

But among all its fascinations addressed to the sense, the memory, and the heart, there was none to which I more frequently gave a meditative hour during a year's residence, than to the spot where Galileo Galilei sleeps beneath the marble floor of Santa Croce; no building on which I gazed with greater reverence, than I did upon the modest mansion at Arcetri, villa at once and prison, in which that venerable sage, by command of the Inquisition, passed the sad closing years of his life.

From "*Discourse at Albany*," 1856.

TOLERANT CHRISTIANITY THE LAW OF THE LAND.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

GENERAL principles and public policy are sometimes established by constitutional provisions, sometimes by legislative enactments, sometimes by judicial decisions, and sometimes by general consent. But how, or when it may be established, there is nothing that we look for with more certainty than this general principle, that Christianity is part of the law of the land. This was the case among the Puritans of

England, the Episcopalians of the Southern States, the Pennsylvania Quakers, the Baptists, the mass of the followers of Whitfield and Wesley, and the Presbyterians—all—all brought and all adopted this great truth—and all have sustained it. And where there is any religious sentiment amongst men at all, this sentiment incorporates itself with the law. *Everything declares it!* The massive Cathedral of the Catholic; the Episcopalian Church, with its lofty spire pointing heavenward; the plain temple of the Quaker; the log church of the hardy pioneer of the wilderness; the mementos and memorials around and about us—the graveyards—their tombstones and epitaphs—their silent vaults—their mouldering contents—all attest it. *The dead prove it as well as the living!* The generation that is gone before speak to it, and pronounce it from the tomb! We feel it! All, all, proclaim that Christianity—general, tolerant Christianity—Christianity independent of sects and parties—that Christianity to which the sword and the faggot are unknown—general, tolerant Christianity, is the law of the land!

From "*An Argument in favor of Religious Instruction*," 1844.

THE OBSTACLES TO CHRISTIANITY.

STEPHEN COLWELL.

WE believe that the outward manifestations of Christianity do not keep up with the circumstances of the age in which we live, nor with its intelligence; and, above all, they do not correspond to the opportunities and privileges of the land in which we live. In every age since the Christian era, and in every country, there have been circumstances, external or internal, in the condition of the people, which have prevented the free expansion and proper growth of Christianity. Sometimes it has been a defective ecclesiastical system, sometimes the repressive character of the temporal governments and the superstition or improper education of the people; but now at this day and in this country, the Christian—whether statesman, man of science, or philosopher—may look in what direction and pursue what line of inquiry, religious or social, he pleases, when he is considering how he can most promote the interests of Christianity and the temporal well-being of his fellow-men.

From "*The Position of Christianity in the United States*."

CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

WILLIAM C. RIVES.

COURAGE, gentlemen, exerted in a good cause and sustained by right principles, is one of the noblest attributes of humanity. The adversaries of Christianity, from Celsus down to Hume, have sought to assail it by imputing to it a want of courage as a necessary consequence of its doctrines of humility and forbearance. Strange that one of its champions, and in other respects one of its ablest champions, should sanction the unjust reproach by exhibiting the same misconceived view of the holy cause he defends! Humility before God is the highest boldness towards man. Christ himself, while inculcating the fear of God, solemnly warns his disciples, whom again he calls *friends*, to discard all fear of man: "I say unto you, my friends, be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do; but I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: Fear Him which, after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, fear him." A religion which teaches its followers to regard all temporal possessions, even the most cherished, as of but little worth compared with the great interests of eternity—to "count life itself as not dear, so that they may *finish* their course with joy"—which holds out its high rewards in another and never-ending life—which enjoins everything to be done and suffered for conscience' sake: such a religion must needs be the parent and nurse of the loftiest courage in whatever cause is sanctified by a sense of duty.

From "*Discourse before the Young Men's Christian Association at Richmond,*" 1855.

THE DEMON OF SPECULATION.

DR. BOARDMAN.

THE demon of speculation has seized not upon the mercantile, but the railroad interest of the country; and found or *made* willing instruments for the achievement of his purposes. When the probe came to be applied, one corporation after another was discovered to be a stupendous engine of fraud. Moving

"In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders,"

they had carried on a scheme of swindling which astonished by its vastness, as much as it shocked by its atrocity. Individuals were swindled. Banks were swindled. Municipal corporations were swindled. Lies were spoken with the same complacency as though they had been truth. Spurious certificates of stock; fictitious vouchers;

made-up schedules of liabilities and assets ; statements which, however true in one sense, were false in the sense in which it was known they would be understood ; oaths emasculated by mental reservations ; the whole machinery of which these things form a part, was put in requisition, and plied with consummate tact and vigor. And when at length the bubbles burst, and the gulfs were laid open into which deluded capitalists and helpless widows had been casting their money, all confidence was at an end. Credit, the most sensitive of all creations in the realm of commerce, locked up its coffers and double-bolted them. The funds which *you*, gentlemen, should have had for your legitimate traffic, had been usurped by others for reckless speculation or were now placed beyond your reach for safe-keeping. And the whole force of this Titanic villany came down with a terrific crash upon *your* ranks, who had had so little agency in nurturing it. What wonder if some should have been swept away by the avalanche ! The only marvel is, that its ravages have been so restricted.

From "*Address before the Merchants' Fund*," 1855.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE CLASSICS.

JOSEPH STORY.

A LANGUAGE may be built up without the aid of any foreign materials, and be at once flexible for speech and graceful for composition ; the literature of a nation may be splendid and instructive, full of interest and beauty in thought and in diction, which has no kindred with classical learning ; in the vast stream of time, it may run its own current unstained by the admixture of surrounding languages ; it may realize the ancient fable, "*Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam* ;" it may retain its own flavor, and its own bitter saltiness, too. But I do deny that such a national literature does in fact exist, in modern Europe, in that community of nations of which we form a part, and to whose fortunes and pursuits in literature and arts we are bound by all our habits, and feelings, and interests. There is not a single nation from the north to the south of Europe, from the bleak shores of the Baltic to the bright plains of immortal Italy, whose literature is not imbedded in the very elements of classical learning. The literature of England is, in an emphatic sense, the production of her scholars,—of men who have cultivated letters in her universities, and colleges, and grammar-schools,—of men who thought any life too short, chiefly because it left some relic of antiquity unmastered, and any other fame humble, because it faded in the presence of Roman and Grecian genius. He who studies English literature without the lights of classical learning, loses half the charms of its sentiments and style, of its force and feel-

ings, of its delicate touches, of its delightful allusions, of its illustrative associations. Who that reads the poetry of Gray does not feel that it is the refinement of classical taste which gives such inexpressible vividness and transparency to his diction? Who that reads the concentrated sense and melodious versification of Dryden and Pope, does not perceive in them the disciples of the old school, whose genius was inflamed by the heroic verse, the terse satire, and the playful wit of antiquity? Who that meditates over the strains of Milton does not feel that he drank deep

—— At "Siloa's brook, that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God;"

that the fires of his magnificent mind were lighted by coals from ancient altars?

From "*Address at Harvard*," 1826.

MODERN AUTHORSHIP.

JOSEPH STORY.

AUTHORS no longer depend upon the smiles of a favored few. The patronage of the great is no longer submissively entreated or exultingly proclaimed. Their patrons are the public: their readers are the civilized world. They address themselves not to the present generation alone, but aspire to instruct posterity. No blushing dedications seek an easy passport to fame, or flatter the perilous condescension of pride. No illuminated letters flourish on the silky page, asking admission to the courtly drawing-room. Authors are no longer the humble companions or dependants of the nobility; but they constitute the chosen ornaments of society, and are welcomed to the gay circles of fashion and the palaces of princes. Theirs is no longer an unthriftly vocation, closely allied to penury; but an elevated profession, maintaining its thousands in lucrative pursuits. It is not with them as it was in the days of Milton, whose immortal "*Paradise Lost*" drew five sterling pounds, with a contingent of five more, from the reluctant bookseller.

My lord Coke would hardly find good authority, in our day, for his provoking commentary on the memorable statute of the fourth Henry, which declares that "none henceforth shall use to multiply gold or silver, or use the craft of multiplication;" in which he gravely enumerates five classes of beggars, ending the catalogue, in his own quaint phraseology, with "poetasters," and repeating, for the benefit of young apprentices of the law, the sad admonition,

"Sæpe pater dixit, Studium, quid inutile tentas?
Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes."

From "*Address at Harvard*," 1826.

THE Demeanor OF BOOKS.

JOHN MILTON.

It is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves, as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth: and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life.

From "*Areopagitica*."

NATIONAL VIGOR.

JOHN MILTON.

As in a body when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital, but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is; so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, by casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs, and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, des-

timed to become great and honorable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

From "*Areopagitica*."

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

GEORGE P. MARSH.

OF all countries known in history, the North American republic is most conspicuously marked by the fusion, or rather the absence of rank and social distinctions, by community of interests, by incessant and all-pervading intercommunication, by the universal diffusion of education, and the abundant facilities of access, not only to the periodical conduits, but to the permanent reservoirs of knowledge. The condition of England is in all these respects closely assimilated to that of the United States; and not only the methods, but the instruments, of popular instruction are fast becoming the same in both; and there is a growing conviction among the wise of the two great empires, that the highest interests of both will be promoted by reciprocal good-will and unrestricted intercourse, perilled by jealousies and estrangement.

Favored, then, by the mighty elective affinities, the powerful harmonic attractions, which subsist between the Americans and the Englishmen as brothers of one blood, one speech, one faith, we may reasonably hope that the Anglican tongue on both sides of the Atlantic, as it grows in flexibility, comprehensiveness, expression, wealth, will also more and more clearly manifest the organic unity of its branches, and that national jealousies, material rivalries, narrow interests, will not disjoin and shatter that great instrument of social advancement, which God made one, as he made one the spirit of the nations that use it.

From "*Lectures on the English Language*."

DEGREES OF IMAGINATION.

LEIGH HUNT.

THERE are different kinds and degrees of imagination, some of them necessary to the formation of every true poet, and all of them possessed by the greatest. Perhaps they may be enumerated as follows:—First,

that which presents to the mind any object or circumstance in every-day life; as when we imagine a man holding a sword, or looking out of a window;—second, that which presents real, but not every-day circumstances; as King Alfred tending the loaves, or Sir Philip Sidney giving up the water to the dying soldier;—third, that which combines character, and events directly imitated from real life, with imitative realities of its own invention; as the probable parts of the histories of Priam and Macbeth, or what may be called natural fiction as distinguished from supernatural;—fourth, that which conjures up things and events not to be found in nature; as Homer's gods, and Shakspeare's witches, enchanted horses and spears, Ariosto's hippogriff, &c.;—fifth, that which, in order to illustrate or aggravate one image, introduces another; sometimes in simile, as when Homer compares Apollo descending in his wrath at noon-day to the coming of night-time; sometimes in metaphor, or simile comprised in a word, as in Milton's "*motes that people the sunbeams*;" sometimes in concentrating into a word the main history of any person or thing, past or even future, as in the "*starry Galileo*" of Byron, and that ghastly foregone conclusion of the epithet "*murdered*" applied to the yet living victim in Keats's story from Boccaccio—

So the two brothers and their *murdered* man
Rode towards fair Florence;—

sometimes in the attribution of a certain representative quality which makes one circumstance stand for others; as in Milton's grey-fly winding its "*sultry horn*," which epithet contains the heat of a summer's day;—sixth, that which reverses this process, and makes a variety of circumstances take color from one, like nature seen with jaundiced or glad eyes, or under the influence of storm or sunshine; as when in Lycidas, or the Greek pastoral poets, the flowers and the flocks are made to sympathize with a man's death; or, in the Italian poet, the river flowing by the sleeping Angelica seems talking of love—

Parea che l'erba le fiorisse intorno,
E d'amor ragionasse quella riva!—

Orlando Innamorato, Canto iii.

or in the voluptuous homage paid to the sleeping Imogen by the very light in the chamber, and the reaction of her own beauty upon itself; or in the "*witch element*" of the tragedy of Macbeth and the May-day night of Faust;—seventh, and last, that which by a single expression, apparently of the vaguest kind, not only meets but surpasses in its effect the extremest force of the most particular description.

From "*Imagination and Fancy*."

THE CATARACT OF NIAGARA.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

WE arrived at the brink of the cataract, which had before announced itself by a terrible roar. It is formed by the river Niagara, which unites Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. The height of the fall is one hundred and forty-four feet; from Lake Erie to the precipice the descent is quite rapid; and at the moment of the fall, it is less a river than a sea, whose whelming torrents press together as if into the hungry mouth of a great gulf. The cataract is divided into two branches, and is bent like a horse-shoe. Between the two falls is a small island, which hangs with all its trees over the chaos of waters. The volume of the river which is precipitated at the south, is rounded into a vast cylinder, and then unrolls itself into a sheet of snow, shining in the sunlight with every variety of color. That which falls at the east descends in a frightful shadow; one might fancy a column of water from the ancient deluge. A thousand rainbows curve and mingle in the abyss. The wave, as it strikes the quivering rock, is thrown back in whirlwinds of foam, which rise higher than the forest, like the smoke of a vast furnace. Pines, chestnuts, rocks cut into fantastic forms, are the decorations of the scene. Eagles, borne along by the current of air, descend whirling into the bottom of the gulf; where also are often found the broken carcases of elks and bears.

Translated from "*Le Génie du Christianisme*."

ITALY.

HORACE BINNEY WALLACE.

AN era is it in the history of any man, when for the first time he crosses the Alps. A sympathy is touched and developed, that shall vibrate and expand for ever. Upon that soil, we learn that Imagination and Sentiment are the Italian elements of our nature. All things seem ideal, poetic, visionary. Splendors that the northern world knows only by half-heavenly flashes that fade before they can be felt, here are natural and permanent. From the valleys and plains of Italy the lustre of summer is never wholly withdrawn, and winter seems but a tardier spring. Elsewhere we have glimpses of her life in conservatories, and when we enter the guarded retreats where orange-trees and olives and myrtles are garnered up as creating around them a kind of sacred soul-life, we say, "This is like Italy." Its atmosphere is fragrance, its soil is beauty, its canopy a glory unimaginable. Its air is a prism to turn the common light into enchantment. What melodies of color,—violet, rose, purple,—roll along its steeps! Yet the true fascination of Italy

is of the soul; and the features of the scene enjoy our devotion on account of the Spirit that looks out from them, and which they typify.

It is the clime of Art,—the temple of the sacrament of the material transfigured into the spiritual,—of the perpetual marriage of the formal with the divine. Life, thought, passion, manners, all things, partake of an æsthetic quality. An ethereal stream of ideal sentiment seems to float over the land and refract all perceptions, feelings, and objects into beautiful outlines and hues.

It is the land of Antiquity, the school of History, the home of the Past. No time is recorded when Italy stood not foremost in the annals; a scene where great things were thought and wrought. Etruscan, Roman, Pontifical, these civilizations have succeeded one another, and no later one has effaced the vestiges of that which preceded it. All now dwell together; and the face of the land is as a self-registering chronicle of all that has been felt and done upon its surface. Here, under the calm, grave eye of the Venerable Past, the Present moves modestly, and with self-distrust. Here you may stand in the religious presence of the Older Day, and imbibe a temper which is more than wisdom. The active, the striving, the destructive, we leave behind when we cross the mountains. Existence here is moral, consultative, intellectual. It seems like an Elysium, where life is fancied, and interests notional; the blissful future state of an existence gone by, where shadowy forms rehearse in silent show the deeds that once resounded, or elsewhere resound. It is a land where all is ruin; but where ruin itself is more splendid, more permanent, and more vital than the freshest perfections of other countries.

From "Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe."

THE NEW WORLD AND THE OLD.

ARNOLD GUYOT.

THE comparison we have made between the Old World and the New, and the detailed study of the first, have enabled us, I think, to determine its true character, the character assigned to it by its physical nature. The character it owes to its more oceanic position, to the abundance of the waters, to a more tropical situation, to a more fertile soil, is the marked preponderance of vegetable life over animal life. A vigorous vegetation, abundant rather than delicate, immense forests, a soil everywhere irrigated, everywhere productive—these are the wealth of America. Nature has given her all the raw materials with liberality; has lavished upon her all useful gifts.

But our globe would be incomplete, if this element were alone represented, if this were the only world that existed. One of the two worlds

is by no means a repetition of the other ; for the Author of all things is too rich in his conceptions ever to repeat himself in his works.

We know already a good number of the physical characteristics of the Old World, an unknown world to us no more. Nevertheless, it is well to recall them here, in order to group them in a single picture, and to deduce from them the essential and characteristic feature which distinguishes it from America.

The number of the continents, double that of the New World, their grouping in a more compact and solid mass, make it already and pre-eminently the continental world. It is a mighty oak, with stout and sturdy trunk, while America is the slender and flexible palm-tree, so dear to this continent. The Old World—if it is allowable to employ here comparisons of this nature—calls to mind the square and solid figure of man ; America the lithe shape and delicate form of woman.

If America is distinguished by the simplicity of its interior structure, and by the consequent unity of character, the Old World, on the contrary, presents the variety of structure carried to its utmost limits. While America, as we have seen, is constructed upon one and the same plan in the two continents, the Old World has at least three, as many as its separate masses ; one for Asia and Europe, one for Africa, a third for Australia ; for, in spite of their resemblance in certain general features, common to them, as the law of the reliefs has taught us, each of these three continents has none the less its special structure, which is not the same in Australia as in Africa, nor in Africa as in Asia-Europe.

The great mass of Asia-Europe, which may be well called a single continent, of a triangular form, whose western point is Europe—Asia-Europe, by itself, forms already the pendant of the two Americas. Like the New World, it is divided into two parts by a long ridge of heights, of mountain chains, and of table lands, forming a line of the highest elevations, and the axis of this continent ; the Himmalaya, the Hindo-Khu, the Caucasus, the Alps, the Pyrenees, are analogous to the long American Cordilleras.

This ridge also divides the Old World into two unequal parts, but is not placed on one of the edges of the continents, as in America. It is only a little out of the centre, so that it divides the whole surface into two opposite slopes, unequal certainly, but the narrower is nevertheless considerable. The northern slope is more vast : it contains all the great plains of the north, but it is less favored by the climate, and by the forms of the soil. The southern slope is less extended, but it enjoys a more beautiful climate ; nature is richer there ; it is more indented, more variously moulded ; it possesses all those fine peninsulas, the two Indies, Arabia, Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, Spain, which form the wealth of Asia and Europe. Figure to yourselves the coasts of the Pacific, furnished with a series of peninsulas of this description, and you will

have an idea of the augmentation of wealth that would result to America from such an addition.

From "*The Earth and Man.*"

VATHEK IN THE HALL OF EBLIS.

WILLIAM BECKFORD.

A VOICE announced to the caliph, Nouronihar, the four princes, and the princess, the awful and irrevocable decree. Their hearts immediately took fire, and they, at once, lost the most precious gift of heaven—HOPE. These unhappy beings recoiled, with looks of the most furious distraction. Vathek beheld in the eyes of Nouronihar nothing but rage and vengeance; nor could she discern aught in his, but aversion and despair. The two princes who were friends, and, till that moment, had preserved their attachment, shrunk back, gnashing their teeth with mutual and unchangeable hatred. Kalilah and his sister made reciprocal gestures of imprecation; all testified their horror for each other by the most ghastly convulsions, and screams that could not be smothered. All severally plunged themselves into the accursed multitude, there to wander in an eternity of unabating anguish.

Such was, and such should be, the punishment of unrestrained passions and atrocious deeds! Such shall be the chastisement of that blind curiosity, which would transgress those bounds the wisdom of the Creator has prescribed to human knowledge; and such the dreadful disappointment of that restless ambition, which, aiming at discoveries reserved for beings of a supernatural order, perceives not, through its infatuated pride, that the condition of man upon earth is to be—humble and ignorant.

Thus the caliph Vathek, who, for the sake of empty pomp and forbidden power, had sullied himself with a thousand crimes, became a prey to grief without end, and remorse without mitigation; whilst the humble, the despised Gulchenrouz passed whole ages in undisturbed tranquillity, and in the pure happiness of childhood.

From "*Vathek.*"

THE DRAMATIC AGE.

HENRY REED.

THE large luminary of Spenser's imagination had scarce mounted high enough above the horizon to kindle all it touched, when there arose the still more glorious shape of Shakspeare's genius, radiant like Milton's seraph—"another morn risen on mid-noon." This was the wonderful dramatic era in English letters. Within about fifty years, beginning in the latter part of the sixteenth century, there was a con-

course of dramatic authors, the like of which is seen nowhere else in literary history. The central figure is Shakspeare, towering above them all; but there were there Ben Jonson, and Beaumont, and Fletcher, and Ford, and a multitude of whom a poet has said,—

“They stood around
The throne of Shakspeare, sturdy, but unclean.”

It is scarce possible, it seems to me, to mistake that this abundant development of dramatic poetry was characteristic of times distinguished by the admirable union of action and contemplation in many of the illustrious men who flourished then; for instance, Sir Philip Sydney devoting himself to the effort of raising English poetry to its true estate, kindling his heart with the old ballads, or drawing the gentle Spenser forth from the hermitage of his modesty; at the same time sharing in affairs of state, in knights' deeds of arms, and on the field of battle meeting an early death, memorable with its last deed of charity, when, putting away the cup of water from his own lips, burning with the thirst of a bleeding death, he gave it to a wounded soldier with the words, “Thy necessity is yet greater than mine:” or Raleigh preserving his love of letters throughout his whole varied career, at court, in camp, or tempest-tost in his adventures on the ocean. It seems to me that an age thus characterized by the combination of thought and deed in its representative men, had its most congenial literature in the drama—that form of poetry which Lord Bacon has described as “history made visible.”

From “*English Literature.*”

CULTURE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

HENRY REED.

WE are living at a period when the language has attained a high degree of excellence, both in prose and verse,—when it has developed largely, for all the uses of language, its power and its beauty. It is one of the noblest languages that the earth has ever sounded with; it is our endowment, our inheritance, our trust. It associates us with the wise and good of olden times, and it couples us with the kindred peoples of many distant regions. It is our duty, therefore, to cultivate, to cherish, and to keep it from corruption. Especially is this a duty for us, who are spreading that language over such vast territory; and not only that, but having such growing facilities of intercommunication, that the language is perpetually speeding from one portion of the land to another with wondrous rapidity, equally favorable to the diffusion of either purity or corruption of speech, but, certainly, calculated to break down narrow and false provincialisms of speech.

In the culture and preservation of a language, there are two principles, deep-seated in the philosophy of language, which should be borne in mind. One is, that every *living* language has a power of growth, of expansion, of development; in other words, its *life*—that which makes it a *living* language, having within itself a power to supply the growing wants and improvements of a living people that uses it. If, by any system of rules, restraint is put on this genuine and healthful freedom, on this genial movement, the native vigor of the language is weakened.

From "*English Literature*."

BYRON'S TOMB.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

BYRON's tomb is in an old gray country church, venerable with the lapse of centuries. He lies buried beneath the pavement, at one end of the principal aisle. A light falls on the spot through the stained glass of a gothic window, and a tablet on the adjacent wall announces the family vault of the Byrons. It had been the wayward intention of the poet to be entombed, with his faithful dog, in the monument erected by him in the garden of Newstead Abbey. His executors showed better judgment and feeling, in consigning his ashes to the family sepulchre, to mingle with those of his mother and his kindred. Here,

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!"

How nearly did his dying hour realize the wish made by him but a few years previously in one of his fitful moods of melancholy and misanthropy:—

"When time, or soon or late, shall bring
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
Oblivion! may thy languid wing
Wave gently o'er my dying bed!"

No band of friends or heirs be there,
To weep or wish the coming blow:
No maiden with dishevelled hair,
To feel, or feign decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,
With no officious mourners near;
I would not mar one hour of mirth,
Nor startle friendship with a fear."

He died among strangers ; in a foreign land, without a kindred hand to close his eyes, yet he did not die unwept. With all his faults, and errors, and passions, and caprices, he had the gift of attaching his humble dependants warmly to him. One of them, a poor Greek, accompanied his remains to England, and followed them to the grave. I am told that, during the ceremony, he stood holding on by a pew in an agony of grief, and, when all was over, seemed as if he would have gone down into the tomb with the body of his master. A nature that could inspire such attachments must have been generous and beneficent.

From "*Newstead Abbey*."

ADDRESS OF NICIAS TO HIS TROOPS.

THUCYDIDES.

ATHENIANS, I must remind you that you left behind you no more such ships in your docks, nor so fine a body of heavy-armed troops ; and that, if anything else befall you but victory, your enemies here will immediately sail thither, and those of our countrymen who are left behind there will be unable to defend themselves against both their opponents on the spot and those who will join them ; and thus, at the same time, you who are here will be at the mercy of the Syracusans (and you know with what feelings you came against them), and those who are there at home at that of the Lacedæmonians. Being brought then to this one struggle for both parties, fight bravely now, if you ever did ; and reflect, both individually and collectively, that those of you who will now be on board your ships represent both the army and the navy of the Athenians, all that is left of your country, and the great name of Athens : in behalf of which, whatever be the point in which one man excels another, either in science or courage, on no other occasion could he better display it, so as both to benefit himself and to contribute to the preservation of all.

From "*The Peloponnesian War*."

COMMON THINGS IMPORTANT.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

SCHOLARS must condescend to deal with common thoughts, with common words, with common topics ;—or rather, they must learn to consider nothing as common or unclean which may contribute to the welfare of man, the safety of the republic, or the glory of God. It is theirs, by their efforts in the pulpit or at the bar, in the lecture-room, or the legislative hall, at the meetings of select societies, or at the grander gatherings of popular masses, in the columns of daily papers,

in the pages of periodical reviews or magazines, or through the scattered leaves of the occasional tract or pamphlet, to keep a strong, steady current of sound, rational, enlightened sentiment always in circulation through the community. Let them remember that false doctrines will not wait to be corrected by ponderous folios or cumbersome quartos. The thin pamphlet, the meagre tract, the occasional address, the weekly sermon, the daily leader,—these are the great instruments of shaping and moulding the destinies of our country. In them, the scholarship of the country must manifest itself. In them, the patriotism of the country must exhibit itself. In them, the morality and religion of the country must assert itself. “The word in season,”—that word of which Solomon understood the beauty and the value, when he likened it to apples of gold in pictures of silver,—it is that which is to arrest error, rebuke falsehood, confirm faith, kindle patriotism, commend morality and religion, purify public opinion, and preserve the State.

From “*Address before the Alumni of Harvard*,” 1852.

THE PHYSICIAN'S DUTY AND RESPONSIBILITY.

DR. J. W. FRANCIS.

Who that has kept vigils at the couch of genius, and marked the wayward flickerings of its sacred fire, made yet more ethereal by disease, or seen beauty grow almost supernatural in the embrace of pain, has not felt his mission to be holy as well as responsible? And when a voice that has thrilled millions is hushed, or a mind upon which rest the cares of a nation is prostrated, who has not realized how intimately the healing art is knit into the vast and complex web of human society? Let not that be thought a light office which summons us to minister, as apostles of science, to the greatest exigencies of life; to cheer the soul under the acute sufferings of maternity, and alleviate the decay of nature; to watch over the glimmering dawn and the fading twilight of existence; to stand beside the mother, whose sobs are hushed that the departure of her first-born may be undisturbed; and be oracles at the bedside of the revered minister of holy truth, the halo of whose piety softens, on his brow, the lines of mortal agony. What a mastery of self, what requisites, mental and corporeal, are demanded in him who is the observer of scenes like these, whose sympathies are awakened to services such as are befitting the mighty crisis, and whose talents are efficiently enlisted for the triumphant accomplishment of his devout trust! The advent of such an ambassador, when his calling is duly understood, must awaken the heart to its profoundest depths, and cannot be inoperative upon minds of intellectual and moral culture.

From “*Discourse before the New York Academy of Medicine*.”

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

JOEL R. POINSETT.

A LIBERAL and enlightened Englishman, foreseeing the benefits which would result to science throughout the world, by its successful cultivation in the vast and extensive field offered by these states and territories, with enlarged views and praiseworthy philanthropy, has bequeathed a fund to be employed for the sacred purposes of increasing and diffusing knowledge among men. This bequest will enable the government to afford all necessary protection to the promotion of science and the useful arts, without the exercise of any doubtful power, by the application of the annual interest of this fund to the establishment of an observatory, the erection of suitable buildings to contain the collections, and for lecture-rooms, the purchase of books and instruments, and the salaries of professors and curators. Specimens of natural history are rapidly accumulating. The exploring expedition has already sent home a large collection, which remains packed away in boxes in a room belonging to the Philadelphia Museum, generously loaned by the company for that purpose; and we may anticipate from the ability and well-known zeal of the naturalists who accompanied it by order of government, that the squadron itself, shortly expected, will return richly freighted with objects of natural history.

From "*A Discourse at Washington*," 1840.

THE FIRST PREDICTED ECLIPSE.

O. M. MITCHELL.

To predict an eclipse of the sun, the astronomer must sweep forward, from new moon to new moon, until he finds some new *moon* which should occur, while the moon was in the act of crossing from one side to the other of the sun's track. This certainly was possible. He knew the exact period from new moon to new moon, and from one crossing of the ecliptic to another. With eager eye he seizes the moon's place in the heavens, and her age, and rapidly computes where she will be at her next change. He finds the new moon occurring far from the sun's track; he runs round another revolution; the place of the new moon falls closer to the sun's path, and the next yet closer, until, reaching forward with piercing intellectual vigor, he at last finds a new moon which occurs precisely at the computed time of her passage across the sun's track. Here he makes his stand, and on the day of the occurrence of that new moon, he announces to the startled inhabitants of the world that the sun shall expire in dark eclipse. Bold prediction!—Mysterious prophet! with what scorn must the unthinking world have received this solemn declaration! How slowly do the moons

roll away, and with what intense anxiety does the stern philosopher await the coming of that day which should crown him with victory, or dash him to the ground in ruin and disgrace! Time to him moves on leaden wings; day after day, and at last hour after hour, roll heavily away. The last night is gone—the moon has disappeared from his eagle gaze in her approach to the sun, and the dawn of the eventful day breaks in beauty on a slumbering world.

This daring man, stern in his faith, climbs alone to his rocky home, and greets the sun as he rises and mounts the heavens, scattering brightness and glory in his path. Beneath him is spread out the populous city, already teeming with life and activity. The busy morning hum rises on the still air, and reaches the watching place of the solitary astronomer. The thousands below him, unconscious of his intense anxiety, buoyant with life, joyously pursue their rounds of business, their cycles of amusement. The sun slowly climbs the heavens, round and bright and full-orbed. The lone tenant of the mountain-top almost begins to waver in the sternness of his faith, as the morning hours roll away. But the time of his triumph, long delayed, at length begins to dawn; a pale and sickly hue creeps over the face of nature. The sun has reached his highest point, but his splendor is dimmed, his light is feeble. At last it comes!—Blackness is eating away his round disc,—onward with slow but steady pace the dark veil moves, blacker than a thousand nights,—the gloom deepens,—the ghastly hue of death covers the universe,—the last ray is gone, and horror reigns. A wail of terror fills the murky air,—the clangor of brazen trumpets resounds,—an agony of despair dashes the stricken millions to the ground, while that lone man, erect on his rocky summit, with arms outstretched to heaven, pours forth the grateful gushings of his heart to God who had crowned his efforts with triumphant victory. Search the records of our race, and point me, if you can, to a scene more grand, more beautiful. It is to me the proudest victory that genius ever won. It was the conquering of nature, of ignorance, of superstition, of terror, all at a single blow, and that blow struck by a single arm. And now do you demand the name of this wonderful man? Alas! what a lesson of the instability of earthly fame are we taught in this simple recital. He who had raised himself immeasurably above his race,—who must have been regarded by his fellows as little less than a god, who had inscribed his fame on the very heavens, and had written it in the sun, with a “pen of iron, and the point of a diamond,” even this one has perished from the earth—name, age, country, are all swept into oblivion, but his proud achievement stands. The monument reared to his honor stands, and although the touch of time has effaced the lettering of his name, it is powerless, and cannot destroy the fruits of his victory.

From “*Planetary and Stellar Worlds.*”

KEPLER'S DISCOVERY OF THE THIRD LAW.

O. M. MITCHEL

GUIDED by some kind angel or spirit whose sympathy had been touched by the unwearied zeal of the mortal, Kepler returned to his former computations, and, with a heaving breast and throbbing heart, he detects the numerical error in his work, and commences anew. The square of Jupiter's period is to the square of Saturn's period as the cube of Jupiter's distance is to some fourth term, which Kepler hoped and prayed might prove to be the cube of Saturn's distance. With trembling hand, he sweeps through the maze of figures; the fourth term is obtained; he compares it with the cube of Saturn's distance. They are the same!—He could scarcely believe his own senses. He feared some demon mocked him. He ran over the work again and again—he tried the proportion, the square of Jupiter's period to the square of Mars' period as the cube of Jupiter's distance to a fourth term, which he found to be the cube of the distance of Mars—till finally full conviction burst upon his mind: he had won the goal, the struggle of seventeen long years was ended, God was vindicated, and the philosopher, in the wild excitement of his glorious triumph, exclaims:—

“Nothing holds me. I will indulge my sacred fury! If you forgive me, I rejoice; if you are angry, I can bear it. The die is cast. The book is written, to be read either now, or by posterity, I care not which. It may well wait a century for a reader, since God has waited six thousand years for an observer!”

More than two hundred years have rolled away since Kepler announced his great discoveries. Science has marched forward with swift and resistless energy. The secrets of the universe have been yielded up under the inquisitorial investigations of god-like intellect. The domain of the mind has been extended wider and wider. One planet after another has been added to our system; even the profound abyss which separates us from the fixed stars has been passed, and thousands of rolling suns have been descried swiftly flying or majestically sweeping through the thronged regions of space. But the laws of Kepler bind them all:—satellite and primary—planet and sun—sun and system,—all with one accord proclaim, in silent majesty, the triumph of the hero philosopher.

From “*Planetary and Stellar Worlds.*”

THE TREATY OF SHACKAMAXON.

HENRY D. GILPIN.

THE treaty of Shackamaxon—"the treaty not sworn to and never broken"—is the beacon-spot in the history of Pennsylvania, most conspicuous in her early annals. At the dawn of every people's history, there seems to be some characteristic incident for ever remembered and cherished. The legend of Athens never ceased to keep in lively remembrance the promise of protection, given by the Goddess of wisdom, intelligence and courage, on the rude rock beneath which the future city was to grow, and the olive-tree that she planted there, as the token of her promise, was guarded and encircled with monuments of art, taste, and beauty, which still, even in their ruins, win the admiration of the world. The laws inspired by Egeria at her sequestered fountain, which were to form from a band of robbers the mighty Roman race; the league framed by the three bold spirits of Switzerland, in the sequestered Alpine meadow of Grutli; the charter of liberty extorted from their perfidious sovereign, by the armed barons of England, on the island of Runnymede, are events of national story that have loomed out more largely as time has rolled on; and, with us, the first memorable treaty of Penn has become more revered with each succeeding year, as having founded the government under which we live, on the corner-stones of justice and peace.

From "Address before the Pennsylvania Historical Society," 1857.

THE SETTLEMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

HENRY D. GILPIN.

IF the foundation and settlement of Pennsylvania were planned and accomplished upon a system so benignant and just, alike to the red man and the emigrant, as to elicit the praise and wonder of the age, to what was it due but to his promises, made in advance and never swerved from, of just and gentle dealings towards the one, and, to the other, that they should "be governed by laws of their own making, so that they might be a free, and, if they would, a sober and industrious people," possessing "all that good and free men could reasonably desire for the security and improvement of their own happiness"? "Let the Lord," he said, "guide me by His wisdom to honor His name, and to serve His truth and people, so that an example and a standard may be set up to the nations."

If the constitution of our state, now and always, has declared that no right of conscience, and no form or mode of religious worship, shall be controlled or interfered with, and requires, in offices of the highest trust, no religious qualification but a belief in the existence of the

Supreme Being, and His power to punish or reward our actions, we proudly remember that this glorious principle is foremost in the earliest of our laws, voluntarily proclaimed by Penn before he left the shores of England; and that he, among all legislators, was the first to guarantee, by the enactments of his civil code, the full enjoyment of this Christian liberty to every one living in his province, "who should confess and acknowledge one Almighty God to be the creator, upholder, and ruler of the world."

From "*Address before the Pennsylvania Historical Society*," 1857.

CANOVA'S TRIUMPH.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

SOME years ago the entire Church of St. Peter's was lighted up on Thursday and Friday evenings of Holy Week, by one huge brazen cross, studded with lamps, and hung below the dome.

The play of light and shadow, in bold masses, edged bluffly one by another, through the aisles, was splendid beyond description. Now it is certain that Canova designed the beautiful monument of Rezzonico (Clement XIII.), its fine lions and reclining genius, with an eye, most particularly, to the effect upon it of this religious illumination. He had it carefully covered till the first of these evenings, and exposed it to view under the influence of this unusual light. I well remember its splendid effect under such circumstances; and can imagine the general delight upon its first exhibition. Indeed, so anxious was Canova himself to try the experiment fairly, that he employed his friend, Cav. D'Este, from whom I have the account, to procure for him a disguise. "My friends," he observed, "are sure to praise the monument; and my enemies are sure to find fault with it. I will go among the people and hear their opinions." After vain attempts to dissuade him, the costume of a very poor priest was procured, and he was soon so disguised as to defy detection. D'Este saw him thread his way through the admiring crowd, and listen to the judgment of every little knot, till he stood by the group in which the senator Rezzonico, nephew to the Pope, was asking, "Where is Canova, that we may congratulate with him," eyeing, at the same time, askance, the dilapidated sacristan, as he thought him, who was almost intruding upon them. But Canova was not discovered, and returned home satisfied, having received sentence of approval from an unpacked and unprejudiced jury.

From "*Lectures at Rome*."

DEVOTION TO SCIENCE.

AUGUSTIN THIERRY.

IF, as I delight in thinking, the interest of science is counted in the number of great national interests, I have given my country all that the soldier, mutilated on the field of battle, gives her. Whatever may be the fate of my labors, this example, I hope, will not be lost. I would wish it to serve to combat the species of moral weakness which is the disease of our present generation; to bring back into the straight road of life some of those enervated souls that complain of wanting faith, that know not what to do, and seek everywhere, without finding it, an object of worship and admiration. Why say, with so much bitterness, that in the world, constituted as it is, there is no air for all lungs, no employment for all minds? Is not calm and serious study there? And is not that a refuge, a hope, a field within the reach of all of us? With it, evil days are passed over without their weight being felt; every one can make his own destiny; every one employ his life nobly. This is what I have done, and would do again, if I had to recommence my career; I would choose that which has brought me where I am. Blind, and suffering without hope, and almost without intermission, I may give this testimony, which from me will not appear suspicious: there is something in the world better than sensual enjoyments, better than fortune, better than health itself; it is devotion to science.

From "*Autobiographical Preface.*"

EUROPEAN NAMES IN AMERICA.

AUGUSTIN THIERRY.

THE District of Columbia is the seat of the chief congress, and contains the palace in which the members of the congress assemble. This palace has been called by the ancient name of the Capitol. It is not, like the Capitol of Rome, built on an immovable rock; but its destiny is far more certain. Liberty presides over it, instead of the fickle god of war; and the tide of the vengeance of the people will never need to rise against it.

We cannot see, without emotion, on the map of that free country, the names of cities borrowed from all the countries of Europe, the names of Paris, Rome, Lisbon, and even that of Athens. All European countries have furnished their share to that happy population, as if to prove to the world that liberty belongs to all, and is the peculiar property of none. The exiles of each country have, like the fugitives of Troy, attached the beloved name of the home of their childhood to the name of their old age. America is the common asylum of us all. From whatever part of the Old World we steer, we shall not be strangers

in the New ; we shall there meet with our language, our fellow-countrymen, and our brethren. If, what destiny will doubtless not permit to occur, the barbarism of ancient times prevailed against modern Europe ; if those who gave the communes the name of execrable, and who still threaten war against us in the names of their ancestors, the enemies of ours, were to triumph over reason and us, we should have a redress which our ancestors had not ; the sea is free, and there is a free world beyond it. We should breathe there with ease, we should brace up our minds there, and we should rally there our strength.

Nos manet Oceanus circumvagus ; arva beata
Petamus arva.

From "*Essays*."

THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

GUIZOT.

CIVILIZATION is still in its infancy. How distant is the human mind from the perfection to which it may attain—from the perfection for which it was created ! How incapable are we of grasping the whole future destiny of man ! Let any one even descend into his own mind—let him picture there the highest point of perfection to which man, to which society may attain, that he can conceive, that he can hope ;—let him then contrast this picture with the present state of the world, and he will feel assured that society and civilization are still in their childhood : that however great the distance they have advanced, that which they have before them is incomparably, is infinitely greater. This, however, should not lessen the pleasure with which we contemplate our present condition. When you have run over with me the great epochs of civilization during the last fifteen centuries, you will see, up to our time, how painful, how stormy, has been the condition of man ; how hard has been his lot, not only outwardly as regards society, but internally, as regards the intellectual man. For fifteen centuries the human mind has suffered as much as the human race. You will see that it is only lately that the human mind, perhaps for the first time, has arrived, imperfect though its condition still be, to a state where some peace, some harmony, some freedom is found. The same holds with regard to society—its immense progress is evident—the condition of man, compared with what it has been, is easy and just. In thinking of our ancestors we may almost apply to ourselves the verses of Lucretius :—

"Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem."

Without any great degree of pride we may, as Sthenelas is made

to do in Homer, *Ἡμεῖς τοὶ πατέρων μεγ' ἀμεινονες εὐχομεθ' εἶναι*, "Return thanks to God that we are infinitely better than our fathers."

From "*History of Civilization*."

THE PILGRIMS OF NEW ENGLAND.

S. S. PRENTISS.

How proudly can we compare their conduct with that of the adventurers of other nations who preceded them! How did the Spaniard colonize? Let Mexico, Peru, and Hispaniola answer. He followed in the train of the great Discoverer, like a devouring pestilence. His cry was gold! gold!! gold!!! Never in the history of the world had the *sacra fames auri* exhibited itself with such fearful intensity. His imagination maddened with visions of sudden and boundless wealth, clad in mail, he leaped upon the New World, an armed robber. In greedy haste he grasped the sparkling sand, then cast it down with curses, when he found the glittering grains were not of gold.

Pitiless as the blood-hound by his side, he plunged into the primeval forests, crossed rivers, lakes, and mountains, and penetrated to the very heart of the continent. No region, however rich in soil, delicious in climate, or luxuriant in production, could tempt his stay. In vain the soft breeze of the tropics, laden with aromatic fragrance, wooed him to rest; in vain the smiling valleys, covered with spontaneous fruits and flowers, invited him to peaceful quiet. His search was still for gold: the accursed hunger could not be appeased. The simple natives gazed upon him in superstitious wonder, and worshipped him as a god; and he proved to them a god, but an infernal one—terrible, cruel, and remorseless. With bloody hands he tore the ornaments from their persons, and the shrines from their altars: he tortured them to discover hidden treasure, and slew them that he might search, even in their wretched throats, for concealed gold. Well might the miserable Indians imagine that a race of evil deities had come among them, more bloody and relentless than those who presided over their own sanguinary rites.

Now let us turn to the pilgrims. They, too, were tempted; and had they yielded to the temptation, how different might have been the destinies of this continent—how different must have been our own! Previous to their undertaking, the Old World was filled with strange and wonderful accounts of the new. The unbounded wealth, drawn by the Spaniards from Mexico and South America, seemed to afford rational support for the wildest assertions. Each succeeding adventurer, returning from his voyage, added to the Arabian tales a still more extravagant story. At length Sir Walter Raleigh, the most

accomplished and distinguished of all those bold voyagers, announced to the world his discovery of the province of Guiana, and its magnificent capital, the far-famed city of El Dorado. We smile now at his account of the "great and golden city," and "the mighty, rich, and beautiful empire." We can hardly imagine that any one could have believed, for a moment, in their existence. At that day, however, the whole matter was received with the most implicit faith.

The pilgrims were urged, in leaving Holland, to seek this charming country, and plant their colony among its Arcadian bowers. Well might the poor wanderers cast a longing glance towards its happy valleys, which seemed to invite to pious contemplation and peaceful labor. Well might the green grass, the pleasant groves, the tame deer, and the singing birds allure them to that smiling land beneath the equinoctial line. But while they doubted not the existence of this wondrous region, they resisted its tempting charms. They had resolved to vindicate, at the same time, their patriotism and their principles—to add dominion to their native land, and to demonstrate to the world the practicability of civil and religious liberty. After full discussion and mature deliberation, they determined that their great objects could be best accomplished by a settlement on some portion of the northern continent, which would hold out no temptation to cupidity—no inducement to persecution. Putting aside, then, all considerations of wealth and ease, they addressed themselves with high resolution to the accomplishment of their noble purpose. In the language of the historian, "trusting to God and themselves," they embarked upon their perilous enterprise.

From "Address at New Orleans."

THE VALUE OF THE UNION.

S. S. PRENTISS.

WE cannot do with less than the whole Union; to us it admits of no division. In the veins of our children flows northern and southern blood; how shall it be separated; who shall put asunder the best affections of the heart, the noblest instincts of our nature? We love the land of our adoption, so do we that of our birth. Let us ever be true to both; and always exert ourselves in maintaining the unity of our country, the integrity of the Republic.

Accursed, then, be the hand put forth to loosen the golden cord of Union; thrice accursed the traitorous lips, whether of northern fanatic or southern demagogue, which shall propose its severance. But no! the Union cannot be dissolved; its fortunes are too brilliant to be marred; its destinies too powerful to be resisted. Here will be their greatest triumph, their most mighty development. And when, a cen-

ture hence, this Crescent City shall have filled her golden horns ; when, within her broad-armed port, shall be gathered the products of the industry of a hundred millions of freemen ; when galleries of art and halls of learning shall have made classic this mart of trade ; then may the sons of the Pilgrims, still wandering from the bleak hills of the north, stand upon the banks of the great river, and exclaim with mingled pride and wonder, Lo ! this is our country : when did the world ever witness so rich and magnificent a city—so great and glorious a Republic !

From "*Address at New Orleans.*"

ENGLISH OPINIONS OF FRANCE.

DR. DURBIN.

IN forming an opinion of the moral state of France, we should first endeavor to divest ourselves of any unreasonable prejudice imbibed from English statements. Knowing, as we do, how steadily and systematically the character and institutions of America are misrepresented by English travellers, and how readily their extravagant statements are credited by their countrymen, we should be the more inclined to distrust their observations in regard to France, their ancient rival and hereditary enemy. English travellers, in general, can do justice to no country ; least of all to France. For ages the English feeling towards France has fluctuated between fear and contempt ; but for the last half century her politics have been regarded with dread and her irreligion with horror by the islanders. Accordingly, their pictures of the moral condition of France are, in general, deeply shaded. True, the violence and crime of the Revolution warranted the darkest coloring ; but France under the Revolution and France under Louis Philippe are two different states of society. The demoralizing effects of the Revolution are, to be sure, yet visible ; the society of France may be said as yet to be only in its forming state ; but yet he must be blind indeed who cannot see in the vast increase of trade and manufactures, in the increased attention to agriculture and the arts of peace, new elements at work to purify the moral atmosphere. Within a certain limit, such will be their tendency ; and that tendency is already perceptible.

From "*Observations in Europe.*"

NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

DR. DURBIN.

THE crowning interest of this magnificent establishment (The Invalides) is the tomb of NAPOLEON, in the chapel of St. Jerome. In reaching the chapel, we had to cross the body of the church, under the dome.

Some of us forgot to take off our hats on entering the rotunda, until two of the old warriors, standing as sentinels at the tomb, a hundred and fifty feet off, reminded us of our negligence in a quick, loud tone. Of course, we obeyed. Hastening across to the chapel, we approached the iron grating that cuts off access to the sarcophagus, and stood within a few feet of the ashes of the hero. I felt a sensation of awe such as I had never before experienced in presence of the living, or among the remains of the dead. Upon the marble lay his crown, his sword, and the hat which had pressed his manly brows at Eylau. On the top of a marble pyramid, at the head of the tomb, some fifteen feet in height, is the majestic eagle of France, with wings outspread, as if looking for the resurrection of the mighty man beneath. The chapel of the tomb is richly hung in velvet, and a dim, cold light comes through the ground-glass windows above. We held our voices in the great man's resting-place. Many came while we were there, but none who did not gaze with reverence on the tomb of him who had broken up the despotic institutions of a thousand years, and changed the face of Europe and the world.

From "*Observations in Europe.*"

MAN'S IMMORTALITY.

WILLIAM PROUT.

What is to become of man? Is the being who, surveying nature, recognises to a certain extent, the great scheme of the universe; but who sees infinitely more which he does *not* comprehend, and which he ardently desires to know;—is he to perish like a mere brute—all his knowledge useless; all his most earnest wishes ungratified? How are we to reconcile such a fate with the wisdom—the goodness—the impartial justice—so strikingly displayed throughout the world by its Creator? Is it consistent with any one of these attributes, thus to raise hopes in a dependent being, which are never to be realized? thus to lift, as it were, a corner of the veil—to show this being a glimpse of the splendor beyond—and after all to annihilate him? With the character and attributes of the benevolent Author of the universe, as deduced from His works, such conceptions are absolutely incompatible. The question then recurs—What is to become of man? That he is mortal, like his fellow-creatures, sad experience teaches him; but does he, like them, die *entirely*? Is there no part of him, that, surviving the general wreck, is reserved for a higher destiny? Can that, within man, which reasons like his immortal Creator—which sees and acknowledges His wisdom, and approves of His designs, be mortal like the rest? Is it probable, nay, is it possible, that what can thus comprehend the operations of an immortal Agent, *Is not itself immortal?*

Thus has reasoned man in all ages ; and his desires and his feelings, his hopes and his fears, have all conspired with his reason, to strengthen the conviction, that there is something within him which *cannot die* : that he is destined, in short, for a future state of existence, where his nature will be exalted, and his knowledge perfected ; and where the GREAT DESIGN of his Creator, commenced and left imperfect here below, WILL BE COMPLETED.

From "*Bridgewater Treatises.*"

THE STONE AGE.

WALTER SCOTT.

THE most important memorials of the stone age are the graves, called Cromlechs and Giants' Chambers. The former vary much in size and shape, the long cromlechs being generally from sixty to a hundred, but sometimes reaching even four hundred feet in length, by from sixteen to forty feet in breadth, while the circular cromlechs are much smaller. All, however, have the same character, as they appear to have had the same destination. Each cromlech consists of several large flat stones arranged edgewise on a mound of earth, and capped by a huge fragment of rock, often from thirty to forty feet in circumference, thus forming a sepulchral chamber, wherein the bodies of the dead were placed, mostly in a sitting posture, with their backs to the wall.

The giants' chamber differs from the cromlech in being somewhat larger, in having a long passage of stone leading to the interior, and from the whole being covered with a mound of earth forming a tumulus. Some of these tumuli also contain two chambers with separate entrances.

Skeletons of unburnt bodies, implements of stone and flint, amber beads, various ornaments, and earthenware vases, have been found in all these tombs ; which are not only interesting, as showing the degree of civilization attained by the people, but from indicating that they possessed ideas of a future state, as they buried by the warrior's side weapons and various articles thought necessary to him in another existence. This custom is general amongst savage tribes even at the present day, while in all parts of the world nations in an unenlightened and barbarous condition have been found to sacrifice the friends or servants of their deceased chiefs, in order that they might be properly attended on their entrance into the next world. Such might have been the case in Scandinavia, and would at once account satisfactorily for the fact of the cromlechs and giants' chambers containing several skeletons.

The ornaments of the stone period, seen in the museum, are of the

simplest kind ; the most precious amongst them consisting of pieces of amber pierced, and doubtless worn as beads ; some of these are rough, others formed like hammer-heads or axes.

The people of the "stone age" were not confined to Southern Scandinavia, for cromlechs are found along the north-west and west coasts of Europe, the southern shores of the Baltic, in Ireland and Britain, all having similar contents to those of Denmark. But in Norway and the north of Sweden, this kind of tomb does not exist, although implements and weapons of stone are found in those countries, as well as in Southern Europe, and even in the tumuli of the Mississippi valley in North America. Some of the implements discovered in the latter, especially the flint knives, bear an exact resemblance to those of Denmark ; but we cannot infer from this circumstance alone, that the same race inhabited these widely-separated countries ; for nations the farthest removed from each other, with the same wants, and their faculties in a like state of development, arrive at similar results in their first feeble essays at art, of which the close similarity between the Scandinavian and New Zealand productions in stone afford another striking example. It may, however, be reasonably presumed that the southern coast of the Baltic, Hanover, the north of Holland, England, and Ireland, where the cromlechs are found, were inhabited by the same race as that of the stone age in Denmark.

PENN AND LYCURGUS.

G. C. VERPLANCK.

PENN arrived in Pennsylvania, in October, 1682. As he was wont, according to the taste of the age and of his sect, to allegorize natural occurrences, he might have found in the soft serenity of the season in which he landed, an apt emblem of those happy and useful days he was to pass in America. The rest of his life, like the other parts of the year in this climate, was vexed with many fierce and sudden varieties of change, but the period of his administration in America, was destined to be, like the American autumn, mild, calm, bright, and abounding in rich fruits.

Here, his genius seemed to expand, as if to fit itself for a grander scene of action ; while his benevolence grew warmer amid "the sweet quiet of these parts," to use his own beautiful language, "freed from the troublesome and anxious solicitations, hurries, and perplexities of woful Europe." In all outward things he was well satisfied, and he had no desire left, but that of doing good. "The land," said he, "is rich, the air clear and sweet, the springs plentiful, and provisions good

and easy to come at: in fine, here is what an Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob would be well contented with; and service enough for God, for the fields are here white for harvest."

The history of man does not furnish any more interesting scene, nor one calling up finer associations or more generous sympathies, than the first conference of William Penn and his followers with the savage chiefs; when, to recur again to his own inimitable words, "they met on the broad pathway of good faith and good-will, so that no advantage was taken on either side, but all was openness, brotherhood, and love."

Montesquieu, with his usual brilliant and ambitious originality, has styled Penn the modern Lycurgus. Paradoxical as this strange association of names may at first appear, there is one marked point of resemblance between the Spartan and the Pennsylvanian legislator; widely as they differed in the character of their institutions, and the ultimate ends of their ambition.

It is the peculiar glory of these two, above all the other legislators of mankind, to have possessed that self-balanced and confident energy of mind, which could enable them to disregard all considerations of temporary expediency and private interest, and to make every part of their system harmonize in perfect unison with those leading principles which were to pervade, animate, and govern every portion of the state.

From "*Address before New York Historical Society.*"

THE SPREAD OF KNOWLEDGE.

CHANNING.

Books are now placed within reach of all. Works, once too costly except for the opulent, are now to be found on the laborer's shelf. Genius sends its light into cottages. The great names of literature have become household words among the crowd. Every party, religious or political, scatters its sheets on all the winds. We may lament, and too justly, the small comparative benefit as yet accomplished by this agency; but this ought not to surprise or discourage us. In our present state of improvement, books of little worth, deficient in taste and judgment, and ministering to men's prejudices and passions, will almost certainly be circulated too freely. Men are never very wise and select in the exercise of a new power. Mistake, error, is the discipline through which we advance. It is an undoubted fact, that, silently, books of a higher order are taking place of the worthless. Happily, the instability of the human mind works sometimes for good as well as evil; men grow tired at length even of amusements.

The remarks now made on literature might be extended to the fine

arts. In these we see, too, the tendency to universality. It is said that the spirit of the great artists has died out; but the taste for their works is spreading. By the improvements of engraving, and the invention of casts, the genius of the great masters is going abroad. Their conceptions are no longer pent up in galleries open to but few, but meet us in our homes, and are the household pleasures of millions. Works, designed for the halls and eyes of emperors, popes, and nobles, find their way, in no poor representations, into humble dwellings, and sometimes give a consciousness of kindred powers to the child of poverty. The art of drawing, which lies at the foundation of most of the fine arts, and is the best education of the eye for nature, is becoming a branch of common education.

Thus we see, in the intellectual movements of our times, the tendency to expansion, to universality; and this must continue. It is not an accident, or an inexplicable result, or a violence on nature; it is founded in eternal truth. Every mind was made for growth, for knowledge; and its nature is sinned against when it is doomed to ignorance. Every being is intended to acquaint himself with God and his works, and to perform wisely and disinterestedly the duties of life. Accordingly, when we see the multitude of men beginning to thirst for knowledge, for intellectual action, for something more than animal life, we see the great design of Nature about to be accomplished; and society, having received this impulse, will never rest till it shall have taken such a form as will place within every man's reach the means of intellectual culture. This is the revolution to which we are tending: and without this, all outward political changes would be but children's play, leaving the great work of society yet to be done.

From "*Essays*."

THE HEAVENS PROCLAIM THE DEITY.

O. M. MITCHEL.

WOULD you gather some idea of the *eternity* past of God's existence, go to the astronomer, and bid him lead you with him in one of his walks through space; and, as he sweeps outward from object to object, from universe to universe, remember that the light from those filmy stains on the deep pure blue of heaven, now falling on your eye, has been traversing space for a million of years. Would you gather some knowledge of the *omnipotence* of God, weigh the earth on which we dwell, then count the millions of its inhabitants that have come and gone for the last six thousand years. Unite their strength into one arm, and test its power in an effort to move this earth. It could not stir it a single foot in a thousand years; and yet under the omnipotent

hand of God, not a minute passes that it does not fly for more than a thousand miles. But this is a mere atom;—the most insignificant point among his innumerable worlds. At his bidding, every planet, and satellite, and comet, and the sun himself, fly onward in their appointed courses. His single arm guides the millions of sweeping suns, and around His throne circles the great constellation of unnumbered universes.

Would you comprehend the idea of the *omniscience* of God, remember that the highest pinnacle of knowledge reached by the whole human race, by the combined efforts of its brightest intellects, has enabled the astronomer to compute approximately the perturbations of the planetary worlds. He has predicted roughly the return of half a score of comets. But God has computed the mutual perturbations of millions of suns, and planets, and comets, and worlds, without number, through the ages that are passed, and throughout the ages which are yet to come, not approximately, but with perfect and absolute precision. The universe is in motion,—system rising above system, cluster above cluster, nebula above nebula,—all majestically sweeping around under the providence of God, who alone knows the end from the beginning, and before whose glory and power all intelligent beings, whether in heaven or on earth, should bow with humility and awe.

Would you gain some idea of the *wisdom* of God, look to the admirable adjustments of the magnificent retinue of planets and satellites which sweep around the sun. Every globe has been weighed and poised, every orbit has been measured and bent to its beautiful form. All is changing, but the laws fixed by the wisdom of God, though they permit the rocking to and fro of the system, never introduce disorder, or lead to destruction. All is perfect and harmonious, and the music of the spheres that burn and roll around our sun is echoed by that of ten millions of moving worlds, that sing and shine around the bright suns that reign above.

From "*Planetary and Stellar Worlds.*"

THE FRANKS.

AUGUSTIN THIERRY.

IN 1810, I was finishing my studies at the College of Blois, when a copy of "*Les Martyrs*," brought from without, circulated through the college. It was a great event for those amongst us who already felt a love of the beautiful and of glory. We quarrelled for the book; it was arranged that each one should have it by turns, and mine fell on a holiday, at the hour of going out walking. That day I pretended to have hurt my foot, and remained alone at home. I read, or rather devoured the pages, seated before my desk in a vaulted room, which

was our school-room, and the aspect of which appeared to me grand and imposing. I at first felt a vague delight, my imagination was dazzled; but when I came to the recital of Eudore, that living history of the declining empire, a more active and reflecting interest attached me to the picture of the Eternal City, of the court of a Roman emperor, the march of a Roman army in the marshes of Batavia, and its encounter with an army of Franks.

I had read in the history of France, used by the scholars of the military college, and our classical book, "*The Franks, or French, already masters of Tournay, and the banks of the Escaut, had extended their conquests as far as Somme. . . . Clovis, son of King Childéric, ascended the throne 481, and by his victories strengthened the foundations of the French monarchy.*" All my archæology of the middle ages consisted in these sentences, and some others of the same kind, which I had learned by heart. *French, throne, monarchy*, were to me the beginning and end, the groundwork and the form of our national history. Nothing had given me any notion of M. de Chateaubriand's terrible Franks, *clothed in the skins of bears, seals, and wild boars, and of the camp guarded by leathern boats, and chariots drawn by huge oxen, of the army placed in the form of a triangle, in which could be distinguished nothing but a forest of javelins, of wild beasts' skins, and half-naked bodies.*" As the dramatic contrast between the savage warrior and the civilized soldier gradually developed itself, I was more and more deeply struck; the impression made on me by the war-song of the Franks was something electrical. I left the place where I was seated, and marching from one end of the room to the other, repeated aloud, and making my steps ring on the pavement:—

"Pharamond! Pharamond! we have fought with the sword.

"We have hurled the battle-axe with two blades; sweat ran from the brow of the warriors, and trickled down their arms. The eagles and birds with yellow feet uttered screams of joy; the crows swam in the blood of the dead; all ocean was but a wound. The virgins have long wept.

"Pharamond! Pharamond! we have fought with the sword.

"Our fathers fell in battle, all the vultures moaned at it: our fathers satiated them with carnage. Let us choose wives whose milk shall be blood, and shall fill with valor the hearts of our sons. Pharamond, the song of the bard is ended, the hours of life are passing away; we will smile when we must die.

"Thus sang forty thousand barbarians. The riders raised and lowered their white shields in cadence; and at each burden, they struck their iron-clad chests with the iron of their javelins."

From "*Preface to Récit des Temps Mérovingiens.*"

THE HOUSE OF REFUGE.

JOHN SERGEANT.

THE philanthropist and the statesman may here concur. He who desires the welfare of all mankind, and he who only seeks to arrange the movement of a community so as to produce security and peace, will equally find his purpose promoted. And even the most rigid economist, looking only to the pecuniary cost (if any such there be), will have nothing to object. The expense of maintaining a refuge is not greater than the expense of maintaining a jail. The amount required to support its inmates is less than the cost of an equal number in prison. And if, enlarging his view, he recollects, that those who begin their days in a jail, most commonly become a burden for life, subsisted by the public while in, and by plunder when out; whereas the refuge, working a reform, enables them to support themselves, and to contribute something to the general expenses of society; that the one enlarges the sources of crime, and swells the streams that flow from it, and the other seeks to diminish the fountain of iniquity, and dry up its noxious issues; he will be convinced that a just economy walks hand in hand with charity and policy.

If at this moment you should see a destitute and helpless child approaching the brink of a precipice, and know that its ignorant steps would in a few moments lead it to destruction, would you not reach forth your hand to save it? Many are on their way to that yawning monster, a jail, which devours all that is sound and healthful in their nature, and fills the vacant space with corruption. Will you not, from your abundance, give something to save them from imminent ruin, and yourselves from the infliction you must suffer from them, or will you allow the mischief to spread and grow till some other hand shall check it?

It was said of an eminent heathen sage, that he brought philosophy from the clouds, and fixed her abode among men. The Christian's philosophy comes from heaven, brought by no mortal hands, but freely given to man for his own benefit and guidance. It teaches us that charity is like unto the duty enjoined by the "first and great commandment."

From "*Address in Philadelphia*," 1828.

THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.

G. C. VERPLANCK.

AFTER having beaten down and broken for ever the colossal power of the Spanish monarchy, the Dutch republic continued, for nearly a century, to hold the balance of European politics with a strong and

steady hand ; and when the rest of the continent crouched under the menaces, and the English court was bought by the gold of France, she stood alone and undaunted, defending the liberties of the world with a perseverance and self-devotion never surpassed by any nation. During the same period she had served the cause of freedom and reason, in another and much more effectual manner, by breaking down the old aristocratic contempt for the mercantile character ; and her merchants, while they amazed the world by an exhibition of the wonderful effects of capital and credit, directed by sagacity and enterprise, and operating on a vaster scale, than had ever before been seen, shamed the poor prejudices of their age out of countenance by a high-minded and punctilious honesty, before which, the more lax commercial morality of their degenerate descendants in this country should stand rebuked.

It was about this same remarkable period of her history, that Holland produced many of the most illustrious men of modern Europe. There are no greater names, in politics and arms, than Barneveldt and Dewitt, than Tromp and De Ruyter, than Prince Maurice and the Williams of Orange—none more conspicuous in letters and philosophy than those of Erasmus, Grotius, and Boerhave. In physical and mathematical science, with the single exception of the discoveries of Newton, nearly as much was done in Holland as in all the rest of Europe besides. It was there that were invented the most important and useful instruments of Natural Philosophy ; the telescope, by Jansen ; the microscope and the thermometer, by Drebell ; the pendulum, in its application to clocks and as a standard of measure, by Huyghens ; and the Leyden Phial, by Cuneus and Muschenbroek. The Medical School of Leyden, in the time of Boerhave and his immediate successors, was what that of Edinburgh has since become. In ancient literature, the scholars of Holland effected all that learning and industry could accomplish, and prepared the way for that very ingenious and philosophical investigation of the principles of language which has since been so successfully cultivated in the Dutch Universities. Her jurists were the expounders of public and of civil law to the continent, and the theologians of the whole protestant world entered into the controversies of the Dutch divines, and had ranked themselves, on either side, under the banners of Gomar and Arminius.

From "Address before New York Historical Society."

THE USE OF KNOWLEDGE.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

WHOSOEVER shall try to cultivate a wider field, and follow, from day to day, as humbly we have striven here to do, the constant progress of every science, careful ever to note the influence which it exercises on

his more sacred knowledge, shall have therein such pure joy, and such growing comfort, as the disappointing eagerness of mere human learning may not supply. Such a one I know not unto whom to liken, save to one who unites an enthusiastic love of Nature's charms, to a sufficient acquaintance with her laws, and spends his days in a garden of the choicest-bloom. And here he seeth one gorgeous flower, that has unclasped all its beauty to the glorious sun; and there another is just about to disclose its modester blossom, not yet fully unfolded; and beside them, there is one only in the hand-stem, giving but slender promise of much display; and yet he waiteth patiently, well knowing that the law is fixed whereby it too shall pay, in due season, its tribute to the light and heat that feed it. Even so, the other doth likewise behold one science after the other, when its appointed hour is come, and its ripening influences have prevailed, unclothe some form which shall add to the varied harmony of universal truth, which shall recompense, to the full, the genial power that hath given it life, and, however barren it may have seemed at first, produce something that may adorn the temple and altar of God's worship.

And if he carefully register his own convictions, and add them to the collections already formed, of various, converging proofs, he assuredly will have accomplished the noblest end for which man may live and acquire learning, his own improvement, and the benefit of his kind. For, as an old and wise poet has written, after a wiser saint:—

“The chief use then in man of that he knowes,
Is his paines-taking for the good of all,
Not fleshly weeping for our own made woes,
Not laughing from a melancholy gall,
Not hating from a soul that overflows
With bitterness breathed out from inward thrall;
But sweetly rather to ease, loose, or binde,
As need requires, this fraile fallen human kinde.”

From “*Lectures on Science and Religion*.”

ENGLISH PRISONS.

SYDNEY SMITH

IN this age of charity and of prison improvement, there is one aid to prisoners which appears to be wholly overlooked; and that is, the means of regulating their defence, and providing them witnesses for their trial. A man is tried for murder, or for house-breaking, or robbery, without a single shilling in his pocket. The nonsensical and capricious institutions of the English law, prevent him from engaging counsel to speak in his defence, if he had the wealth of Croesus; but he has no money to employ even an attorney, or to procure a single witness, or to

take out a subpoena. The judge, we are told, is his counsel;—this is sufficiently absurd; but it is not pretended that the judge is his witness. He solemnly declares that he has three or four witnesses who could give a completely different color to the transaction;—but they are sixty or seventy miles distant, working for their daily bread, and have no money for such a journey, nor for the expense of a residence of some days in an assize town. They do not know even the time of the assize, nor the modes of tendering their evidence if they could come. When everything is so well marshalled against him on the opposite side, it would be singular if an innocent man, with such an absence of all means of defending himself, should not occasionally be hanged or transported: and accordingly we believe that such things have happened. Let any man, immediately previous to the assizes, visit the prisoners for trial, and see the many wretches who are to answer to the most serious accusations, without one penny to defend themselves. If it appeared probable, upon inquiry, that these poor creatures had important evidence, which they could not bring into court for want of money, would it not be a wise application of compassionate funds to give them this fair chance of establishing their innocence?—It seems to us no bad *finale* of the pious labors of those who guard the poor from ill-treatment during their imprisonment, to take care that they are not unjustly hanged at the expiration of the term.

From "*Reviews*," 1821.

IRELAND AND GRATTAN.

SYDNEY SMITH.

THANK God that all is not profligacy and corruption in the history of that devoted people—and that the name of Irishman does not always carry with it the idea of the oppressor or the oppressed—the plunderer or the plundered—the tyrant or the slave. Great men hallow a whole people, and lift up all who live in their time. What Irishman does not feel proud that he has lived in the days of GRATTAN? who has not turned to him for comfort, from the false friends and open enemies of Ireland? who did not remember him in the days of its burnings and wastings and murders? No government ever dismayed him—the world could not bribe him—he thought only of Ireland—lived for no other object—dedicated to her his beautiful fancy, his elegant wit, his manly courage, and all the splendor of his astonishing eloquence. He was so born and so gifted, that poetry, forensic skill, elegant literature, and all the highest attainments of human genius, were within his reach; but he thought the noblest occupation of a man was to make other men happy and free; and in that straight line he went on for fifty years, without one side-look, without one yielding thought, without one motive

in his heart which he might not have laid open to the view of God and man. He is gone!—but there is not a single day of his honest life of which every good Irishman would not be more proud, than of the whole political existence of his countrymen—the annual deserters and betrayers of their native land.

From "*Reviews*," 1821.

RAPID PROGRESS IN AGRICULTURE.

W. M. MEREDITH.

THE advance is going on. We shall step from improvement to improvement, until agriculture, like the other sciences, will necessarily have had its day. A little explanation will make this obvious. Our chemists have analyzed both the plants, and the animals, and the earth. We are no longer in the dark. For instance, we will suppose there is some individual whose backbone wants a little stiffening—an uncommon case in this quarter, sir. Chemistry tells him that he wants a particular quantity of phosphate of lime, I think. How does he get it? Why, sir, you have to take that phosphate of lime and put it in the earth; then you sow the wheat; then you take it out of the earth, and it must pass through a variety of processes—reaping, threshing, grinding, &c.; you have your machines working away at it by steam—(I acknowledge that you have reduced already all the peasantry of your country to one engineer, and a stoker for each farm, so that a man with his eyes shut cannot tell whether he is on a farm or a steam-boat)—you must put the phosphate of lime in the ground and coax it out with wheat, and reap it, and thresh it, and grind it, knead it, bake it, and then cut it into slices and put in your mouth.

The next great inventor,—I hope it may not be you, sir, because I think immortality of that kind is not what you desire—will look to saving all these intermediate processes of labor, and putting the phosphate of lime right into the man's mouth. Like Columbus with the egg, the simplicity of the thing will be so great, that everybody will wonder that it was not thought of sooner. In medicine we have acted upon this principle for centuries. When the doctor wants to administer a little mineral of some sort, some calomel, or magnesia, or anything of that kind, he does not go about planting seed, and reaping a crop, and then making it into bread, but he gives it to you at once; he pops it right down your throat; he thrusts the magnesia right into your gullet, and it will do what it was intended to do. Now, sir, they will apply that to food. I am rather conservative; I do not enter into these questions of progress; I go for things as they are, and I am content to be fed as we have been. Therefore, I hope it will be some

remote successor of yours who will preside at a banquet of this kind. The first course will be a phosphate of lime and carbonate of magnesia; there will be a side dish of super-phosphate of iron, and a sort of *omelette soufflé* of gluten.

From "*Speech before United States Agricultural Society.*"

THE WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

ANONYMOUS.

Who ever gazed upon the broad sea without emotion? whether seen in stern majesty, hoary with the tempest, rolling its giant waves upon the rocks, and dashing with resistless fury some gallant bark on an iron-bound coast; or sleeping beneath the silver moon, its broad bosom broken but by a gentle ripple, just enough to reflect a long line of light, a path of gold upon a pavement of sapphire; who has looked upon the sea without feeling that it has power? Perhaps there is no earthly object, not even the cloud-cleaving mountains of an alpine country, so sublime as the sea in its severe and marked simplicity. Standing on some promontory, whence the eye roams far out from the unbounded ocean, the soul expands, and we conceive a nobler idea of the majesty of that God, who holdeth "the waters in the hollow of his hand." But it is only when on a long voyage, climbing, day after day, to the giddy elevation of the masthead, one still discerns nothing in the wide circumference but the same boundless wastes of waters, that the mind grasps anything approaching an adequate idea of the grandeur of the ocean.

Mailed and glittering creatures of strange form suddenly appear, play a moment in our sight, and, with the velocity of thought, vanish into the boundless depths. The very birds that we see in the wide wastes are mysterious; we wonder whence they come, whither they go, how they sleep, homeless and shelterless as they seem to be. The breeze, so fickle in its visitings, rises and dies away; "but thou knowest not whence it cometh and whither it goeth;" the night wind moaning by, soothes the watchful helmsman with gentle sounds, that suggest to him the whisperings of unseen spirits; or the tempest, shrieking and groaning among the cordage, turns him pale with the anticipation of a watery grave.

ASPECTS OF THE OECAN.

ANONYMOUS.

THE ocean is never perfectly at rest; even between the tropics, in what are called the calm latitudes, where the impatient seaman, for weeks together, looks wistfully but vainly for the welcome breeze to

waft his vessel onwards, which, like that of the "Ancient Mariner," is almost as

"idle as a painted ship,
Upon a painted ocean;"

even here the smooth and glittering surface is not entirely at rest; for long gentle undulations, which cause the taper mast to describe lines and angles upon the sky, are sufficiently perceptible to tantalize the mariner with the thought that the breeze, which mocks his desires, is blowing freshly and gallantly elsewhere.

The ocean is the highway of commerce. God seems wisely and graciously to have ordained that man should not be independent, but under perpetual obligation to his fellow-man, and that distant countries should ever maintain a mutually beneficial dependence on each other. He might have made every land produce every necessary and comfort of life in ample supply for its own population; the result of the separation has been, generally, an easy means of exchanging home for foreign productions, which constitutes commerce.

It is lamentably true that the evil passions of men have often perverted the facilities of communication for purposes of destruction, yet the sober verdict of mankind has for the most part been, that the substantial blessings of friendly commerce are preferable to martial glory. And the transport of goods of considerable bulk and weight, or of such as are of a very perishable nature, would be so difficult by land as very materially to increase their cost; while land communication between countries, tens of thousands of miles apart, would be attended with difficulties so great as to be practicably insurmountable.

FAREWELL TO THE ARMY AT FONTAINEBLEAU, 1814.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

SOLDIERS! receive my adieu. During twenty years that we have lived together, I am satisfied with you. I have always found you in the paths of glory. All the powers of Europe have armed against me. Some of my generals have betrayed their trust and France. My country herself has wished another destiny: with you, and the other brave men who have remained true to me, I could have maintained a civil war: but France would have been unhappy.

Be faithful to your new king. Be submissive to your new generals; and do not abandon our dear country. Mourn not my fortunes. I shall be happy while I am sure of your happiness. I might have died; but if I have consented to live, it is still to serve your glory; I shall record now the great deeds which we have done together.

Bring me the eagle standard ; let me press it to my heart. Farewell, my children ; my hearty wishes go with you. Preserve me in your memories.

CHARLEMAGNE.

MONTESQUIEU.

CHARLEMAGNE made such an adjustment in the orders of the state, that they were fairly counterbalanced, and that he remained master. They were all united by the power of his genius. The empire was sustained by the greatness of its chief ; the prince was great, but the man greater. He made admirable laws. He did more : he caused them to be carried out. One sees, in the laws of this prince, a spirit of foresight which understands everything, and a power which leads everything in its train ; all pretexts for eluding duty are done away, all negligences punished, abuses reformed or prevented. He knew how to punish ; he knew better how to pardon. Vast in his plans, simple in execution, no one has ever had more completely the art of doing the greater things with ease, the most difficult with promptness.

Unceasingly he travelled over his vast empire, aiding with his powerful hand its weaker parts. He played with dangers, and especially those which almost always try great conquerors,—I mean conspiracies. He was extremely frugal and temperate ; his disposition was mild, his manners simple ; he loved to mix in the society of his court : if he had his besetting sins, a prince who always governs alone, and who passes his life in the severe toils of government, may, for these reasons, find some palliation for his faults.

Original Translation.

PROCLAMATION TO THE ARMY OF ITALY.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

SOLDIERS : You have, in fifteen days, gained six victories, taken twenty standards, fifty pieces of cannon, numerous strongholds, and conquered the richest part of Piedmont ; you have made fifteen thousand prisoners ; and killed or wounded more than ten thousand men.

But, I must not dissemble with you ; you have as yet done nothing, since there remains still much to be done. Neither Turin nor Milan are yours.

You were stripped of everything at the beginning of the campaign ; you are to-day abundantly provided. The magazines taken from our enemies are numerous. The artillery has arrived. The country has a right to expect great things of you. Will you justify its expectation ? The greatest obstacles doubtless have already been surmounted ; but

you have yet battles to fight, towns to take, rivers to cross. Is there among you one whose courage begins to fail? is there one who would prefer to return upon the summits of the Alps and Apennines, to bear patiently the insults of a slavish soldiery? No! there is none such among the victors of Montenotte, Millesimo, Diego, and Mondovi.

You are all fired with the wish to bear afar the glory of the French people; you all desire to humiliate those proud kings who dared to think of putting us in fetters; you all wish to dictate a glorious peace which shall indemnify France for the immense sacrifices she has made. You all wish, on going back to your village homes, to be able to say with pride: "*I was of the conquering army of Italy.*"

WASHINGTON.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

It is the custom of your board, and a noble one it is, to deck the cup of the gay with the garland of the great; and surely, even in the eyes of its deity, his grape is not the less lovely when glowing beneath the foliage of the palm-tree and the myrtle.—Allow me to add one flower to the chaplet, which, though it sprang in America, is no exotic. Virtue planted it, and it is naturalized everywhere. I see you anticipate me—I see you concur with me, that it matters very little what immediate spot may be the birth-place of such a man as WASHINGTON. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him; the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances no doubt there were; splendid exemplifications of some single qualification. Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely *chef d'œuvre* of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master. As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels,

that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage! a conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command.—Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him, whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created?

“How shall we rank thee upon glory’s page,
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage;
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
Far less than all thou hast foreborne to be!”

Such, sir, is the testimony of one not to be accused of partiality in his estimate of America. Happy, proud America! the lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!

From “*Speech at Dinas Island.*”

THE INAUGURATION OF THE MONUMENT TO HENRY CLAY.

JOHN TYLER.

I FRANKLY confess that I did not anticipate the call you have made upon me. I came prepared, if opportunity was given, to say a few words of the distinguished man whose memory you have, as far as marble could do it, immortalized; but, in speaking of him, I shall, of necessity, speak of the Union. I came up to witness the proceedings of to-day. It is a great spectacle, that of inaugurating the statue of one who has passed away from earth; it is the eternizing his name as far as marble can accomplish it; it is the rescuing from the tomb those features which were immovable in their day and generation. To do this on those grounds, and under the shadow of your Capitol, which is hallowed by great events and great names—and this, too, in advance of similar tributes to the heroes and statesmen of other days, who drew their sustenance from Virginia’s maternal breast, and made their names illustrious—is no ordinary event; and yet it is right. It is right to reclaim the resemblance, while it may be done, of one of Virginia’s sons, who in early life left the old homestead for a new one in the West, under the nursing care of her eldest daughter. It may be

said, after the manner of the inscription on the tomb of the Mantuan Swain, Virginia gave him birth; Kentucky gave him a grave; the United States furnished him a theatre for his labors. I trust the day is not distant when those public grounds will exhibit to our admiring people the risen features of a grand host of departed patriots, each after its own way, to be a silent but forcible monitor of that immortality of form which succeeds a life of high and honorable action.

From "Speech at Richmond on the inauguration of Clay Monument."

THE GREAT MERITS OF HENRY CLAY.

JOHN TYLER.

THE details of Mr. Clay's life have been eloquently given by the accomplished orator of the day. It is not because I admired him as a man, as a leader in debate, as an orator of immense powers, that I am here to-day. No, it is because in my heart I believe that he has a title to a monument for an act of broad and unselfish patriotism in the course of his career which, standing by itself, I have not hesitated at all times, and in all places when it was suitable to say, entitled him not only to a monument of brass or marble, but to one in the hearts of his countrymen. The brow of the Roman citizen who had saved the life of another in battle, was encircled by an oaken wreath. What badge of distinction is proud enough for him who saves his country from civil war? Ask the parent who enfolds his little children and the companion of all his hopes and trials and triumphs in life, in his arms, at the horrible spectre of civil broil which threatens with grim aspect to enter his heretofore peaceful dwelling—ask the lone and widowed mother as she flies to the rock and desert with her infant strained to her breast and concealed from view by the tresses of her streaming hair—ask brave and stalwart men as they take their position in opposing ranks to shed each other's blood—ask one, ask all, what monument he deserves who drives away this horrible spectre of civil war, and restores his country to peace and confidence. Nay, more—ask the lovers of freedom all over the world what is the measure of gratitude for the man who saves that glorious banner, without a star shorn of its dazzling lustre—the herald, if so preserved, of ultimate freedom to mankind, from being torn and destroyed in the bloody arena of strife and battle. It was because, in my innermost heart, I believe Henry Clay did this, that I am here to-day.

From "Speech at Richmond on the inauguration of Clay Monument."

ENGLISH CULTURE.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

BEFORE many years are passed, there will be in Great Britain and the United States of America, sixty, seventy, or eighty millions of free people. May we not hope that these kindred nations—each speaking the English language—each deriving its pedigree of liberty from a common ancestry—each inheriting the English Bible—each reading Shakspeare and Milton—each divided into many denominations of Christians, but each allowing complete liberty of worship—will unite in the glorious task of peaceful conquest and bloodless victory? At least let us indulge in this high hope. If we do not arrive at, or even approximate to, perfection, we may look at least to uninterrupted progress towards a far better social organization than any we have yet enjoyed. I have spoken to you of those times of civilization when either the Christian religion was unknown; or being known, it was contemned, cast aside, and neglected. Let us hope that there is a period arriving when we may see realized those beautiful and powerful words of a great poet:—

“Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is reason to the soul; and as on high,
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here, so reason’s glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day’s bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
So pale grows reason at religion’s sight,
So dies and so dissolves in supernatural light.”

To each one of us—to you, young men of the united kingdom more especially—belongs a portion of the noble task of speeding our country on her great and glorious way, by walking steadfastly in the full light of such truths as we already possess, and by hastening the noonday brightness of such as are only dawning. Let it not be the reproach of any one of us, that, born in a land where the laws acknowledge that thought and speech are free, we have yet ever lent the helping hand of custom, folly, or intolerance to extinguish one spark of that Divine flame which we call the soul, or ever turned away from a righteous and peaceable endeavor to loosen the fetters that still bind it throughout the world.

From “*Lecture before the Young Men’s Christian Association of London.*”

THE EGOTISTICAL TALKER.

J. B. OWEN.

THE egotist is an Alexander Selkirk without the solitude. The etymology of an egotist may be rendered thus: "One of those gluttonous parts of speech that gulp down every substantive in the social grammar into its personal pronoun, condensing all the tenses, moods, and voices of other people's verbs, into a first person singular of its own. Example: 'I myself saw it with my own eyes, and nobody else but me, I say.'"

He whose staple conversation is his own panegyric, forgets that everybody isn't as interested as himself in his alleged achievements. Society resents as a trespass upon its common rights, the inflated eulogy which seems to think no topic so attractive as itself; and retaliates by a reprisal couched in the familiar formula: "We would buy him at our price, and sell him at his own."

He has made a gross blunder somewhere (perhaps is always at it) who provokes such a "quotation." This vanity of "*mihi quidem videtur*" is sometimes, as with Cicero, associated with a genius too conscious of its own gifts to be sufficiently sensible of others. His inventions won't always bear testing. His great acquaintances, whose cards cover his table, thick as medals on the breast of Wellington, commemorative of so many social conquests, are not all genuine deposits of their owners. Eggs are not always laid in the nest where they are hatched.

"I was to dine with the Admiral," said such a one, to a brother officer, as they met in the street; "but I've so many cards for to-night, I can't go."

"I received the same invitation," said his friend; "and I'll apologize for you."

"Don't trouble yourself; pray don't——"

"I must, if you don't come; for the admiral's invitation, you know, is like royalty's—a command."

"Don't mention my name."

"I certainly must," said his friend, as they shook hands to separate.

"I say," at length stammered out the hero of a hundred cards, "don't say a word about me; I—I had a hint to stay away."

"A hint; how so?"

"*I wasn't invited.*"

"No!" said his friend, "not invited! Well, I said I had received the same invitation, for *neither was I*; but I wanted to see how it lay between us."

From "Lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association."

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.

W. E. CHANNING.

BEAUTY is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it, cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noble feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner Artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and it seems to me to be most important to those conditions, where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications, which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

From "*Self-culture*."

BOOKS.

W. E. CHANNING.

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds, and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am. No matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the Sacred Writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

FROM "*Self-culture*."

JUDICIAL, FORENSIC, AND PARLIAMENTARY.

IMPRESSMENT OF AMERICAN SAILORS.

HENRY CLAY.

IF Great Britain desires a mark, by which she can know her own subjects, let her give them an ear-mark. The colors that float from the mast-head should be the credentials of our seamen. There is no safety to us, and the gentlemen have shown it, but in the rule that all who sail under the flag (not being enemies), are protected by the flag. It is impossible that this country should ever abandon the gallant tars, who have won for us such splendid trophies. Let me suppose that the Genius of Columbia should visit one of them in his oppressor's prison, and attempt to reconcile him to his forlorn and wretched condition. She would say to him, in the language of gentlemen on the other side: "Great Britain intends you no harm; she did not mean to impress you, but one of her own subjects; having taken you by mistake, I will remonstrate, and try to prevail upon her, by peaceable means, to release you, but I cannot, my son, fight for you." If he did not consider this mere mockery, the poor tar would address her judgment and say, "You owe me, my country, protection; I owe you, in return, obedience. I am no British subject, I am a native of old Massachusetts, where live my aged father, my wife, my children. I have faithfully discharged my duty. Will you refuse to do yours?" Appealing to her passions, he would continue: "I lost this eye in fighting under Truxtun, with the *Insurgente*; I got this scar before Tripoli; I broke this leg on board the *Constitution*, when the *Guerriere* struck." If she remained still unmoved, he would break out, in the accents of mingled distress and despair:—

Hard, hard is my fate! once I freedom enjoyed,

Was as happy as happy could be!

Oh! how hard is my fate, how galling these chains!

I will not imagine the dreadful catastrophe to which he would be driven by an abandonment of him to his oppressor. It will not be, it cannot be, that his country will refuse him protection.

From "*Speech on New Army Bill.*"

ABUSE OF NAPOLEON.

HENRY CLAY.

THROUGHOUT the period I have been speaking of, the opposition has been distinguished, amidst all its veerings and changes, by another inflexible feature, the application to Bonaparte of every vile and opprobrious epithet, our language, copious as it is in terms of vituperation, affords. He has been compared to every hideous monster and beast, from that mentioned in the Revelations, down to the most insignificant quadruped. He has been called the scourge of mankind, the destroyer of Europe, and the great robber, the infidel, the modern Attila, and heaven knows by what other names. Really, gentlemen remind me of an obscure lady, in a city not very far off, who also took it into her head, in conversation with an accomplished French gentleman, to talk of the affairs of Europe. She too spoke of the destruction of the balance of power, stormed and raged about the insatiable ambition of the emperor; called him the curse of mankind, the destroyer of Europe. The Frenchman listened to her with perfect patience, and when she had ceased, said to her, with ineffable politeness: "Madam, it would give my master, the emperor, infinite pain, if he knew how hardly you thought of him." Sir, gentlemen appear to me to forget that they stand on American soil; that they are not in the British House of Commons, but in the chamber of the House of Representatives of the United States; that we have nothing to do with the affairs of Europe, the partition of territory and sovereignty there, except so far as these things affect the interests of our own country. Gentlemen transform themselves into the Burkes, Chathams, and Pitts of another country, and forgetting from honest zeal the interests of America, engage with European sensibility in the discussion of European interests. If gentlemen ask me, whether I do not view with regret and horror the concentration of such vast power in the hands of Bonaparte—I reply that I do. I regret to see the emperor of China holding such immense sway over the fortunes of millions of our species. I regret to see Great Britain possessing so uncontrolled a command over all the waters of our globe. If I had the ability to distribute among the nations of Europe their several portions of power and of sovereignty, I would say that Holland should be resuscitated, and given the weight she enjoyed in the days of her De Witts. I would confine France within her natural boundaries, the Alps, Pyrenees, and the Rhine, and make her a secondary naval power only. I would abridge the British maritime power, raise Prussia and Austria to their original condition, and preserve the integrity of the Empire of Russia. But these are speculations. I look at the political transactions of Europe, with the single exception of their possible bearing upon us, as I do at the history of other countries, or other times. I do not survey them with half the

interest that I do the movements in South America. Our political relation with them is much less important than it is supposed to be. I have no fears of French or English subjugation. If we are united, we are too powerful for the mightiest nation in Europe, or all Europe combined. If we are separated and torn asunder, we shall become an easy prey to the weakest of them. In the latter dreadful contingency, our country will not be worth preserving.

From "*Speech on New Army Bill.*"

REPLY TO JOHN RANDOLPH.

HENRY CLAY.

SIR, I am growing old. I have had some little measure of experience in public life, and the result of that experience has brought me to this conclusion, that when business, of whatever nature, is to be transacted in a deliberative assembly, or in private life, courtesy, forbearance, and moderation, are best calculated to bring it to a successful conclusion. Sir, my age admonishes me to abstain from involving myself in personal difficulties; would to God that I could say, I am also restrained by higher motives. I certainly never sought any collision with the gentleman from Virginia. My situation at this time is peculiar, if it be nothing else, and might, I should think, dissuade, at least, a generous heart from any wish to draw me into circumstances of personal altercation. I have experienced this magnanimity from some quarters of the House. But I regret, that from others it appears to have no such consideration. The gentleman from Virginia was pleased to say, that in one point at least he coincided with me—in an humble estimate of my grammatical and philological acquirements. I know my deficiencies. I was born to no proud patrimonial estate; from my father I inherited only infancy, ignorance, and indigence. I feel my defects; but, so far as my situation in early life is concerned, I may, without presumption, say they are more my misfortune than my fault. But, however I regret my want of ability to furnish to the gentleman a better specimen of powers of verbal criticism, I will venture to say, it is not greater than the disappointment of this committee as to the strength of his argument.

From "*Speech in the House of Representatives,*" 1824.

THE BUILDING OF NATIONAL ROADS.

HENRY CLAY.

Of all the powers bestowed on this government, I think none are more clearly vested than that to regulate the distribution of the intelligence, private and official, of the country; to regulate the distribution

of its commerce; and to regulate the distribution of the physical force of the Union. In the execution of the high and solemn trust which these beneficial powers imply, we must look to the great ends which the framers of our admirable constitution had in view. We must reject, as wholly incompatible with their enlightened and beneficent intentions, that construction of these powers which would resuscitate all the debility and inefficiency of the ancient confederacy. In the vicissitudes of human affairs, who can foresee all the possible cases in which it may be necessary to apply the public force, within or without the Union? This government is charged with the use of it to repel invasions, to suppress insurrections, to enforce the laws of the Union; in short, for all the unknown and undefinable purposes of war, foreign or intestine, wherever and however it may rage. During its existence may not government, for its effectual prosecution, order a road to be made, or a canal to be cut, to relieve, for example, an exposed point of the Union? If, when the emergency comes, there is a power to provide for it, that power must exist in the constitution, and not in the emergency. A wise, precautionary, and parental policy, anticipating danger, will beforehand provide for the hour of need. Roads and canals are in the nature of fortifications, since, if not the deposits of military resources, they enable you to bring into rapid action the military resources of the country, whatever they may be. They are better than any fortifications, because they serve the double purposes of peace and war. They dispense, in a great degree, with fortifications, since they have all the effect of that concentration at which fortifications aim. I appeal from the precepts of the President to the practice of the President. While he denies to Congress the power in question, he does not scruple, upon his sole authority, as numerous instances in the statute book will testify, to order, at pleasure, the opening of roads by the military, and then come here to ask us to pay for them. Nay, more, sir; a subordinate, but highly respectable officer of the executive government, I believe, would not hesitate to provide a boat or cause a bridge to be erected over an inconsiderable stream, to insure the regular transportation of the mail. And it happens to be within my personal knowledge that the head of the post-office department, as a prompt and vigilant officer should do, has recently despatched an agent to ascertain the causes of the late frequent vexatious failures of the great northern mail, and to inquire if a provision of a boat or bridge over certain small streams in Maryland, which have produced them, would not prevent their recurrence.

From "*Speech in the House of Representatives*," 1824.

ADDRESS TO LAFAYETTE.

HENRY CLAY.

DURING all the recent convulsions of Europe, amid, as after the dispersion of, every political storm, the people of the United States have beheld you, true to your old principles, firm and erect, cheering and animating with your well-known voice, the votaries of liberty, its faithful and fearless champion, ready to shed the last drop of that blood which here you so freely and nobly spilled, in the same holy cause.

The vain wish has been sometimes indulged, that Providence would allow the patriot, after death, to return to his country, and to contemplate the intermediate changes which had taken place; to view the forests felled, the cities built, the mountains levelled, the canals cut, the highways constructed, the progress of the arts, the advancement of learning, and the increase of population. General, your present visit to the United States is a realization of the consoling object of that wish. You are in the midst of posterity. Everywhere, you must have been struck with the great changes, physical and moral, which have occurred since you left us. Even this very city, bearing a venerated name, alike endeared to you and to us, has since emerged from the forest which then covered its site. In one respect you behold us unaltered, and this is in the sentiment of continued devotion to liberty, and of ardent affection and profound gratitude to your departed friend, the Father of his country, and to you, and to your illustrious associates in the field and in the cabinet, for the multiplied blessings which surround us, and for the very privilege of addressing you which I now exercise. This sentiment, now fondly cherished by more than ten millions of people, will be transmitted, with unabated vigor, down the tide of time, through the countless millions who are destined to inhabit this continent, to the latest posterity.

From "*Speech in the House of Representatives*," 1824.

THE JURYMAN'S DUTY.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

GENTLEMEN,—Your whole concern should be to do your duty, and leave consequences to take care of themselves. You will receive the law from the court. Your verdict, it is true, may endanger the prisoner's life; but then, it is to save other lives. If the prisoner's guilt has been shown and proved, beyond all reasonable doubt, you will convict him. If such reasonable doubts of guilt still remain, you will acquit him. You are the judges of the whole case. You owe a duty to the public, as well as to the prisoner at the bar. You cannot presume to be wiser than the law. Your duty is a plain, straightforward

one. Doubtless, we would all judge him in mercy. Towards him, as an individual, the law inculcates no hostility; but towards him, if proved to be a murderer, the law, and the oaths you have taken, and public justice, demand that you do your duty.

With consciences satisfied with the discharge of duty, no consequences can harm you. There is no evil that we cannot either face or fly from, but the consciousness of duty disregarded.

A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning and dwell in the utmost parts of the seas, duty performed, or duty violated, is still with us, for our happiness, or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity, which lies yet farther onward—we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty, to pain us wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it.

From "*Argument in Knapp's Trial*," 1830.

THE MURDERER'S SELF-BETRAYAL.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

AN! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy

or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions, from without, begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed, there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

From "*Argument in Knapp's Trial*," 1830.

THE MURDERER'S PLAN.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

LET me ask your attention, then, in the first place, to those appearances on the morning after the murder, which have a tendency to show, that it was done in pursuance of a preconcerted plan of operation. What are they? A man was found murdered in his bed. No stranger had done the deed—no one unacquainted with the house had done it. It was apparent, that somebody from within had opened, and somebody from without had entered. There had been there, obviously and certainly, concert and co-operation. The inmates of the house were not alarmed when the murder was perpetrated. The assassin had entered, without any riot, or any violence. He had found the way prepared before him. The house had been previously opened. The window was unbarred, from within, and its fastening unscrewed. There was a lock on the door of the chamber, in which Mr. White slept, but the key was gone. It had been taken away, and secreted. The footsteps of the murderer were visible, out-doors, tending toward the window. The plank by which he entered the window, still remained. The road he pursued had been thus prepared for him. The victim was slain, and the murderer had escaped. Everything indicated that somebody from within had co-operated with somebody from without. Everything proclaimed that some of the inmates, or somebody having access to the house, had had a hand in the murder. On the face of the circumstances, it was apparent, therefore, that this was a premeditated, concerted, conspired murder. Who, then, were the conspirators? If not now found out, we are still groping in the dark, and the whole tragedy is still a mystery.

From "*Argument in Knapp's Trial*," 1830.

THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

WE know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that, which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself, can carry information of the events we commemorate, where it has not already gone; and that no structure, which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial. But our object is, by this edifice to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution. Human beings are composed not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart. Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it for ever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit, which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must for ever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish, that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event, to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last

object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

From "*Address at Laying of Corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument*," 1825.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

THE gentleman from Virginia is at a loss to account for what he calls our hatred to England. He asks how can we hate the country of Locke, of Newton, Hampden, and Chatham; a country having the same language and customs with ourselves, and descending from a common ancestry. Sir, the laws of human affections are steady and uniform. If we have so much to attach us to that country, potent indeed must be the cause which has overpowered it. Yes, there is a cause strong enough; not in that occult courtly affection which he has supposed to be entertained for France; but it is to be found in continued and unprovoked insult and injury—a cause so manifest, that the gentleman from Virginia had to exert much ingenuity to overlook it. But the gentleman, in his eager admiration of that country, has not been sufficiently guarded in his argument. Has he reflected on the cause of that admiration? Has he examined the reasons of our high regard for her Chatham? It is his ardent patriotism, the heroic courage of his mind, that could not brook the least insult or injury offered to his country, but thought that her interest and honor ought to be vindicated at every hazard and expense. I hope, when we are called upon to admire, we shall also be asked to imitate. I hope the gentleman does not wish a monopoly of those great virtues for England.

From "*Speech in the House of Representatives*," 1811.

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

IN reviewing the ground over which I have passed, it will be apparent that the question in controversy involves that most deeply important of all political questions, whether ours is a federal or a consolidated government;—a question, on the decision of which depend, as I solemnly believe, the liberty of the people, their happiness, and the place which we are destined to hold in the moral and intellectual scale of nations. Never was there a controversy in which more important consequences were involved; not excepting that between Persia and Greece, decided by the battles of Marathon, Platea, and Salamis—

which gave ascendancy to the genius of Europe over that of Asia—and which, in its consequences, has continued to affect the destiny of so large a portion of the world even to this day. There are often close analogies between events apparently very remote, which are strikingly illustrated in this case. In the great contest between Greece and Persia, between European and Asiatic polity and civilization, the very question between the federal and consolidated form of government was involved. The Asiatic governments, from the remotest time, with some exceptions on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, have been based on the principle of consolidation, which considers the whole community as but a unit, and consolidates its powers in a central point. The opposite principle has prevailed in Europe—Greece, throughout all her states, was based on a federal system. All were united in one common but loose bond, and the governments of the several states partook, for the most part, of a complex organization, which distributed political power among different members of the community. The same principles prevailed in ancient Italy; and, if we turn to the Teutonic race, our great ancestors—the race which occupies the first place in power, civilization, and science, and which possesses the largest and the fairest part of Europe—we shall find that their governments were based on federal organization.

From "Speech on the Force Bill," 1833.

THE ROMAN SYSTEM.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

It is a well-known fact, that, from the expulsion of the Tarquins to the time of the establishment of the tribunitian power, the government fell into a state of the greatest disorder and distraction, and, I may add, corruption. How did this happen? The explanation will throw important light on the subject under consideration. The community was divided into two parts—the Patricians and the Plebeians; with the power of the state principally in the hands of the former, without adequate checks to protect the rights of the latter. The result was as might be expected. The patricians converted the powers of the government into the means of making money, to enrich themselves and their dependants. They, in a word, had their American system, growing out of the peculiar character of the government and condition of the country. This requires explanation. At that period, according to the laws of nations, when one nation conquered another, the lands of the vanquished belonged to the victor; and, according to the Roman law, the lands thus acquired were divided into two parts—one allotted to the poorer class of the people, and the other assigned to the use of the treasury—of which the patricians had the distribution and administra-

tion. The patricians abused their power by withholding from the plebeians that which ought to have been allotted to them, and by converting to their own use that which ought to have gone to the treasury. In a word, they took to themselves the entire spoils of victory, and had thus the most powerful motive to keep the state perpetually involved in war, to the utter impoverishment and oppression of the plebeians. After resisting the abuse of power by all peaceable means, and the oppression becoming intolerable, the plebeians, at last, withdrew from the city—they, in a word, seceded; and to induce them to reunite, the patricians conceded to them, as the means of protecting their separate interests, the very power which I contend is necessary to protect the rights of the States, but which is now represented as necessarily leading to disunion. *

From "*Speech on the Force Bill*," 1833.

THE ROMAN SYSTEM—*Continued.*

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

THE patricians granted to the plebeians the right of choosing three tribunes from among themselves, whose persons should be sacred, and who should have the right of interposing their veto, not only against the passage of laws, but even against their execution—a power which those who take a shallow insight into human nature would pronounce inconsistent with the strength and unity of the state, if not utterly impracticable; yet so far from this being the effect, from that day the genius of Rome became ascendant, and victory followed her steps till she had established an almost universal dominion. How can a result so contrary to all anticipation be explained? The explanation appears to me to be simple. No measure or movement could be adopted without the concurring assent of both the patricians and plebeians, and each thus became dependent on the other; and, of consequence, the desire and objects of neither could be effected without the concurrence of the other. To obtain this concurrence, each was compelled to consult the good-will of the other, and to elevate to office, not those only who might have the confidence of the order to which they belonged, but also that of the other. The result was, that men possessing those qualities which would naturally command confidence—moderation, wisdom, justice, and patriotism—were elevated to office; and the weight of their authority and the prudence of their counsel, combined with that spirit of unanimity necessarily resulting from the concurring assent of the two orders, furnish the real explanation of the power of the Roman state, and of that extraordinary wisdom, moderation, and firmness which in so remarkable a degree characterized her public men. I might illustrate the truth of the position which I have laid down by

a reference to the history of all free states, ancient and modern, distinguished for their power and patriotism, and conclusively show, not only that there was not one which had not some contrivance, under some form, by which the concurring assent of the different portions of the community was made necessary in the action of government, but also that the virtue, patriotism, and strength of the state were in direct proportion to the perfection of the means of securing such assent.

From "*Speech on the Force Bill*," 1833.

REPLY TO THE CHARGE OF ÆSCHINES.

DEMOSTHENES.

HAD Æschines confined his charge to the subject of the prosecution, I too would have proceeded at once to my justification of the decree. But since he has wasted no fewer words in the discussion of other matters, in most of them calumniating me, I deem it both necessary and just, men of Athens, to begin by shortly adverting to these points, that none of you may be induced by extraneous arguments to shut your ears against my defence to the indictment.

To all his scandalous abuse of my private life, observe my plain and honest answer. If you know me to be such as he alleged—for I have lived nowhere else but among you—let not my voice be heard, however transcendent my statesmanship! Rise up this instant and condemn me! But if, in your opinion and judgment, I am far better and of better descent than my adversary; if (to speak without offence) I am not inferior, I or mine, to any respectable citizen; then give no credit to him for his other statements—it is plain they were all equally fictions—but to me let the same good-will, which you have uniformly exhibited upon many former trials, be manifested now. With all your malice, Æschines, it was very simple to suppose that I should turn from the discussion of measures and policy to notice your scandal. I will do no such thing: I am not so crazed. Your lies and calumnies about my political life I will examine forthwith; for that loose ribaldry I shall have a word hereafter, if the jury desire to hear it.

From "*Oration on the Crown*."

THE COMMONWEALTH AND ITS AMBASSADORS.

DEMOSTHENES.

Now let me contrast what the Athenian commonwealth has gained by the peace, and what the Athenian ambassadors; and see if the commonwealth and these men themselves have fared alike. To the com-

monwealth the result has been, that she has relinquished all her possessions and all her allies, and has sworn to Philip, that should any one else interfere ever to preserve them, you will prevent it, and will regard the person who wishes to restore them to you as an adversary and a foe, the person who has deprived you of them as an ally and a friend. These are the terms which Æschines the defendant supported, and his coadjutor Philocrates proposed; and when I prevailed on the first day and had persuaded you to confirm the resolution of your allies, and to summon Philip's ambassadors, the defendant drove it off to the following day, and persuaded you to adopt the decree of Philocrates, in which these clauses, and many others yet more shameful, are contained. To the state then such consequences have resulted from the peace:—consequences more disgraceful could not easily be found: but what to the ambassadors who caused them? I pass by all the other matters which you have seen—houses—timber—grain; but in the territory of our ruined allies they have estates and farms of large extent, bringing in to Philocrates an income of a talent, to Æschines here thirty minas. Is it not shocking and dreadful, O Athenians, that the misfortunes of your allies have become a source of revenue to your ambassadors; that the same peace has to the country which sent them proved to be destruction of allies, cession of dominions, disgrace instead of honor, while to the ambassadors, who wrought these mischiefs to the country, it has produced revenues, resources, estates, riches, in exchange for extreme indigence? To prove the truth of my statements, call me the Olynthian witnesses.

From "*Oration on the Embassy.*"

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

WILLIAM GASTON.

SIR,—I am opposed, out and out, to any interference of the state with the opinions of its citizens, and more especially with their opinions on religious subjects. Law is the proper judge of action, and reward or punishment its proper sanction. Reason is the proper umpire of opinion, and argument and discussion its only fit advocates. To denounce opinions by law is as silly, and unfortunately much more tyrannical, as it would be to punish crime by logic. Law calls out the force of the community to compel obedience to its mandates. To operate on opinion by law, is to enslave the intellect and oppress the soul—to reverse the order of nature, and make reason subservient to force. But of all the attempts to arrogate unjust dominion, none is so pernicious as the efforts of tyrannical men to rule over the human conscience. Religion is exclusively an affair between man and his God. If there be any subject upon which the interference of human power is more forbidden than

on all others, it is on religion. Born of Faith—nurtured by Hope—invigorated by Charity—looking for its rewards in a world beyond the grave—it is of Heaven, heavenly. The evidence upon which it is founded, and the sanctions by which it is upheld, are addressed solely to the understanding and the purified affections. Even He, from whom cometh every pure and perfect gift, and to whom religion is directed as its author, its end, and its exceedingly great reward, imposes no coercion on His children. They believe, or doubt, or reject, according to the impressions which the testimony of revealed truth makes upon their minds. He causes His sun to shine alike on the believer and the unbeliever, and His dews to fertilize equally the soil of the orthodox and the heretic. No earthly gains or temporal privations are to influence their judgment here, and it is reserved until the last day for the just Judge of all the earth to declare who have criminally refused to examine or to credit the evidences which were laid before them. But civil rulers thrust themselves in, and become God's avengers. Under a pretended zeal for the honor of His house, and the propagation of His Revelation,—

Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod ;
Rejudge His justice—are the God of God ;

define faith by edicts, statutes, and constitutions ; deal out largesses to accelerate conviction, and refute unbelief and heresy by the unanswerable logic of pains and penalties. Let not religion be abused for this impious tyranny—religion has nothing to do with it. Nothing can be conceived more abhorrent from the spirit of true religion than the hypocritical pretensions of kings, princes, rulers, and magistrates, to uphold her holy cause by their unholy violence.

From "Speech in the N. C. Convention to amend the State Constitution."

FALSE PHILANTHROPY.

HAYNE.

THERE is a spirit which, like the father of evil, is constantly "walking to and fro about the earth, seeking whom it may devour:" it is the spirit of false philanthropy. The persons whom it possesses do not indeed throw themselves into the flames, but they are employed in lighting up the torches of discord throughout the community. Their first principle of action is to leave their own affairs, and neglect their own duties, to regulate the affairs and duties of others. Theirs is the task to feed the hungry and clothe the naked of other lands, while they thrust the naked, famished, and shivering beggar from their own doors;—to instruct the heathen, while their own children want the

bread of life. When this spirit infuses itself into the bosom of a statesman (if one so possessed can be called a statesman), it converts him at once into a visionary enthusiast. Then it is that he indulges in golden dreams of national greatness and prosperity. He discovers that "liberty is power," and, not content with vast schemes of improvement at home, which it would bankrupt the treasury of the world to execute, he flies to foreign lands, to fulfil obligations to "the human race," by inculcating the principles of "political and religious liberty," and promoting the "general welfare" of the whole human race. It is this spirit which has filled the land with thousands of wild and visionary projects, which can have no effect but to waste the energies and dissipate the resources of the country. It is the spirit of which the aspiring politician dexterously avails himself, when, by inscribing on his banner the magical words, Liberty and Philanthropy, he draws to his support that class of persons who are ready to bow down at the very name of their idols.

From "*Speech on Foote's Resolution*," 1830.

SOUTH CAROLINA IN THE REVOLUTION.

HAYNE.

WHAT, sir, was the conduct of the south during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think, at least equal honor is due to the south. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren, with a generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commerical rivalry, they might have found in their situation a guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But trampling on all considerations either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and fighting for principle, perilled all, in the sacred cause of freedom. Never was there exhibited in the history of the world higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the whigs of Carolina, during the Revolution. The whole state, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens! Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes, into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina (sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marion's) proved, by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

From "*Speech on Foote's Resolution*," 1830.

LAWS CONCERNING THE SLAVE TRADE.

JAMES M. WAYNE.

VESSELS of war cruising on the coast of Africa, under our Act of 1819, have been directed to search our own vessels, to arrest the violators of the law, to bring in the ships for condemnation and the men for punishment. At this time the government is not unmindful of this treaty obligation, for our next squadron for the coast of Africa will consist, I believe, of four steamers and as many sloops-of-war, and four steam-ships will probably cruise off Cuba, to intercept slavers that may escape the ships on the African coast. Mr. Calhoun voted for the ratification of the treaty, and expressed his clear conviction "that the policy of closing the markets of the world was both right and expedient in every point of view, that we were deeply committed against the traffic, both by legislation and treaty. The influence and the efforts of the civilized world were directed against it, and that, too, under our lead at the commencement."

Still later, in 1855, the House of Representatives, by a vote nearly unanimous, decided that it was not expedient to repeal the laws for the suppression of the slave trade.

The leading points in the legislative history of the laws under discussion have been referred to, to show upon what solid foundations of authority and consent, on the part of the executive and legislative departments of the government, the laws for the suppression of the slave trade rest. No doubt has been entertained by the long succession of jurists and statesmen who have been concerned in their discussion and enactment, of the constitutional power of Congress to pass them. There is no question of public morality which has been more clearly and solemnly maintained than that on which this legislation reposes. It would be a retrograde movement of more than a century to consent to abate one line of the condemnation of this trade, or to relax any effort for its extirpation. Many of the clauses of these laws have come before the judiciary department of the United States for interpretation; property has been sentenced to confiscation, and men have been tried and some condemned for the violation of them. Not a question has been decided in the Circuit or in the Supreme Court which in any manner impugns their validity as constitutional enactments.

From "*Charge to the Grand Jury in Savannah*," 1859.

FRIENDSHIP WITH ENGLAND.

RUFUS KING.

THE bill before the Senate, is in nothing unfriendly towards England;—it is merely a commercial regulation, to which we are even invited;

a measure strictly of self-defence, and intended to protect the legitimate resources of our own country from being any longer made use of, not as they should be, for our benefit, but to increase and strengthen the resources and power of a foreign nation. The time is propitious. Causes that formerly prevented the union of opinions in favor of this measure, no longer exist; the old world is at peace, and every nation is busily employed in repairing the waste of war, by cultivating the arts, and extending the blessings of peace;—England has come out of the most portentous war that Europe has ever suffered, not only unbroken, but with increased power. Her agriculture, manufactures, and commerce were cherished; were without interruption, and increased, while those of neighboring nations were suspended, interrupted, or destroyed. Her colonies and dependent territories have been greatly enlarged, at the expense of her enemies; and regions, with which we and others once had trade and intercourse, having fallen under her power, are now closed against us. We have no other questions depending with her, except those concerning impressment and the fisheries, and their settlement can, in no manner, be affected by the passing of this act.

England is a great and illustrious nation, having attained to this pre-eminence by generous and successful efforts, in breaking down the civil and religious bondage of former ages. Her patriots, her scholars, and her statesmen have adorned her history, and offer models for the imitation of others. We are the powerful descendants of England, desiring perpetual friendship, and the uninterrupted interchange of kind offices and reciprocal benefits with her. We have demonstrated, in circumstances the most critical, constant and persevering evidence of this disposition. We still desire the impartial adjustment of our mutual intercourse, and the establishment of some equitable regulations, by which our personal and maritime rights may be secure from arbitrary violation: A settlement that, instead of endless collision and dispute, may be productive of concord, good humor, and friendship: and it depends on her, whether such is to be the relation between us.

From "*Speech on the Navigation Act*," 1818.

AMERICAN INFLUENCE.

H. W. HILLIARD.

ONE of England's own writers has said, "The possible destiny of the United States of America, as a nation of one hundred millions of free-men, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living under the laws of Alfred, and speaking the language of Shakspeare and Milton, is an august conception."

It is an august conception, finely embodied; and I trust in God that

it will, at no distant time, become a reality. I trust that the world will see, through all time, our people living, not only under the laws of Alfred, but that they will be heard to speak throughout our wide-spread borders the language of Shakspeare and Milton. Above all is it my prayer that, as long as our posterity shall continue to inhabit these mountains and plains, and hills and valleys, they may be found living under the sacred institutions of Christianity. Put these things together, and what a picture do they present to the mental eye! Civilization and intelligence started in the East; they have travelled, and are still travelling, westward; but when they shall have completed the circuit of the earth, and reached the extremest verge of the Pacific shores, then, unlike the fabled god of the ancients, who dipped his glowing axle in the western wave, they will take up their permanent abode.

Then shall we enjoy the sublime destiny of returning these blessings to their ancient seat; then will it be ours to give the priceless benefits of our free institutions, and the pure and healthful light of the gospel, back to the dark family which has so long lost both truth and freedom; then may Christianity plant herself there, and while with one hand she points to the Polynesian isles, rejoicing in the late-recovered treasure of revealed truth, with the other present the Bible to the Chinese. It is our duty to aid in this great work. I trust we shall esteem it as much our honor as our duty. Let us not, like some of the British missionaries, give them the Bible in one hand and opium in the other, but bless them only with the pure word of truth.

HAMILTON.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

BRETHREN of the Cincinnati—there lies our chief! Let him still be our model. Like him, after long and faithful public services, let us cheerfully perform the social duties of private life. Oh! he was mild and gentle. In him there was no offence; no guile. His generous hand and heart were open to all.

Gentlemen of the bar—you have lost your brightest ornament. Cherish and imitate his example. While, like him, with justifiable and with laudable zeal, you pursue the interests of your clients, remember, like him, the eternal principle of justice.

Fellow-citizens—you have long witnessed his professional conduct, and felt his unrivalled eloquence. You know how well he performed the duties of a citizen—you know that he never courted your favor by adulation or the sacrifice of his own judgment. You have seen him contending against you, and saving your dearest interests, as it were,

in spite of yourselves. And you now feel and enjoy the benefits resulting from the firm energy of his conduct. Bear this testimony to the memory of my departed friend. I charge you to protect his fame. It is all he has left—all that these poor orphan children will inherit from their father. But, my countrymen, that fame may be a rich treasure to you also. Let it be the test by which to examine those who solicit your favor. Disregarding professions, view their conduct, and on a doubtful occasion ask, Would Hamilton have done this thing?

You all know how he perished. On this last scene I cannot, I must not dwell. It might excite emotions too strong for your better judgment. Suffer not your indignation to lead to any act which might again offend the insulted majesty of the laws. On his part, as from his lips, though with my voice—for his voice you will hear no more—let me entreat you to respect yourselves.

And now, ye ministers of the everlasting God, perform your holy office, and commit these ashes of our departed brother to the bosom of the grave.

From "*Address to the Cincinnati*," 1804.

ON THE DISTRIBUTION BILL.

THOMAS H. BENTON.

I SCORN the bill. I scout its vaunted popularity. I detest it. Nor can I conceive of an object more pitiable and contemptible than that of the demagogue haranguing for votes, and exhibiting his tables of dollars and acres, in order to show each voter or each state, how much money they will be able to obtain from the treasury if the land bill passes. Such haranguing, and such exhibition, is the address of impudence and knavery to supposed ignorance, meanness, and folly. It is treating the people as if they were penny wise and pound foolish, and still more mean than foolish. Why, the land revenue, after deducting the expenses, if fairly divided among the people, would not exceed nine-pence a head per annum; if fairly divided among the states, and applied to their debts, it would not supersede above nine-pence per annum of taxation upon the units of the population. The day for land sales has gone by. The sales of this year do not exceed a million and a half of dollars, which would not leave more than a million for distribution, which, among sixteen millions of people, would be exactly four-pence half-penny, Virginia money, per head; a fip in New York, and a picaillon in Louisiana. At two millions, it would be nine-pence a head in Virginia, equivalent to a levy in New York, and a bit in Louisiana; precisely the amount which, in specie times, a gentleman gives to a negro boy for holding his horse a minute at the door. And for this miserable doit—this insignificant subdivision of a shilling—a York

shilling—can the demagogue suppose that the people are base enough to violate their Constitution—mean enough to surrender the defence of their country, and stupid enough to be taxed in their coffee, tea, salt, sugar, coats, hats, blankets, shoes, shirts, and every article of comfort, decency, or necessity, which they eat, drink, or wear, or on which they stand, sit, sleep, or lie?

From "*Speech in the Senate*," 1841.

TO THE NOBLESSE OF PROVENCE.

MIRABEAU.

WHAT have I done that was so criminal? I have wished that my Order were wise enough to give to-day what will infallibly be wrested from it to-morrow; that it should receive the merits and glory of sanctioning the assemblage of the Three Orders, which all Provence loudly demands. This is the crime of your "enemy of peace!" Or rather I have ventured to believe that the people might be in the right. Ah, doubtless, a patrician soiled with such a thought deserves vengeance! But I am still guiltier than you think; for it is my belief that the people which complains is always in the right; that its indefatigable patience invariably waits the uttermost excesses of oppression, before it can determine on resisting; that it never resists long enough to obtain complete redress; and does not sufficiently know that to strike its enemies into terror and submission, it has only to stand still, that the most innocent as the most invincible of all powers is the power of refusing to do. I believe after this manner: punish the enemy of peace!

But you, ministers of a God of peace, who are ordained to bless and not to curse, and yet have launched your anathema on me, without even the attempt at enlightening me, at reasoning with me! And you, "friends of peace," who denounce to the people, with all vehemence of hatred, the one defender it has yet found, out of its own ranks;—who, to bring about concord, are filling capital and province with placards calculated to arm the rural districts against the towns, if your deeds did not refute your writings;—who, to prepare ways of conciliation, protest against the royal Regulation for convoking the States-General, because it grants the people as many deputies as both the other orders, and against all that the coming National Assembly shall do, unless its laws secure the triumph of your pretensions, the eternity of your privileges! Disinterested "friends of peace!" I have appealed to your honor, and summon you to state what expressions of mine have offended against either the respect we owe to the royal authority or to the nation's right? Nobles of Provence, Europe is attentive; weigh well your answer. Men of God, beware; God hears you!

MONOMANIA.

DAVID PAUL BROWN.

So fearfully and wonderfully are we made, that by the excessive indulgence of an unrestrained, morbid passion, or by an insurmountable obstacle suddenly checking that indulgence, insanity is equally likely to ensue. A check to the ruling passion of pride, of love, of hope, of patriotism, of ambition, an utter check, when those passions are at their highest tide, will cause them, to use a strong figure, to overflow the banks of reason and spread around them destruction and desolation! This is what is called *monomania*—and is characterized by the ruling or despotic propensity. Why did Lord Castlereigh destroy himself? Why did Mr. Whitbread destroy himself? both prime ministers of England—because they were so ensnared by political wiles as to be defeated in the objects of their ambition; they became mad; and suicide was the result. Why did Sir Samuel Romilly take his own life? a man of the highest intellect and the warmest heart—who was at once a public and a private example—while revelling upon the very summit of distinction, and professional honor; he was bereft of the partner of his bosom. His ruling passion was resisted, life became no longer of any value, and he terminated it with his own hand. The coroner's inquest placed all these deaths to the account of insanity.

From "*A Forensic Argument*," Philadelphia, 1859.

ACTIONS AND MOTIVES.

DAVID PAUL BROWN.

I AM now speaking of the criminal character of conspiracy. It is not necessary that an act should be done at all. Nay, if the act be a felony, the conspiracy is lost utterly, for, being but a misdemeanor, it is merged in the graver offence. It is the *agreement* to do the act which constitutes the crime. Your honor will perceive the beautiful philosophy of the law. Not like the metaphysical moonshine that is introduced here. The whole law, and especially the criminal law, consists of a system of checks and safeguards. It is the protection of the community against vice—and subserves the *divine law* in forming, guarding, and inducing virtue in man. That is the basis of it—built upon that—the object is not to punish; the object is to prevent, or reform. What does it do? As long as man keeps his design within his heart—within his breast, though it be of demoniac gloom and blackness—of course human tribunals cannot suspect it, and cannot affect it. He is left to the punishment of the Omnipotent; "for darkness and light are both

alike to Him." *He* alone can pry into the deep recesses of the sinner's bosom ; drag forth the secret motive from its hiding-place, and expose it to the reproaches of an affrighted and horror-stricken world. What can man do in such a case? I can tell you what he *can* do, and what he *does* do. The moment that by the slightest whisper the inward workings and purposes of the culprit's mind are communicated to the officers of justice, he becomes amenable to justice. Beautiful system! Here is a man who *intends* to take the life of another ; his motive and his purpose are known only to that Power that can fathom the ocean. The motive *there* is equal to the act—it is the act *itself*. The motive *here* is nothing, till it be accompanied by the act, because it cannot be detected.

From "*A Forensic Argument*," Philadelphia, 1859.

AN INDEPENDENT JUDICIARY.

JAMES A. BAYARD.

No power is so sensibly felt by society, as that of the judiciary. The life and property of every man is liable to be in the hands of the judges. Is it not our great interest to place our judges upon such high ground that no fear can intimidate, no hope seduce them? The present measure humbles them in the dust, it prostrates them at the feet of faction, it renders them the tools of every dominant party. It is this effect which I deprecate, it is this consequence which I deeply deplore. What does reason, what does argument avail, when party spirit presides? Subject your bench to the influence of this spirit, and justice bids a final adieu to your tribunals. We are asked, sir, if the judges are to be independent of the people? The question presents a false and delusive view. We are all the people. We are, and as long as we enjoy our freedom, we shall be divided into parties. The true question is, shall the judiciary be permanent, or fluctuate with the tide of public opinion? I beg, I implore gentlemen to consider the magnitude and value of the principle which they are about to annihilate. If your judges are independent of political changes, they may have their preferences, but they will not enter into the spirit of party. But let their existence depend upon the support of the power of a certain set of men, and they cannot be impartial. Justice will be trodden under foot. Your courts will lose all public confidence and respect.

The judges will be supported by their partisans, who, in their turn, will expect impunity for the wrongs and violence they commit. The

spirit of party will be inflamed to madness; and the moment is not far off, when this fair country is to be desolated by a civil war.

Do not say that you render the judges dependent only on the people. You make them dependent on your President. This is his measure. The same tide of public opinion which changes a President, will change the majorities in the branches of the legislature. The legislature will be the instrument of his ambition, and he will have the courts as the instruments of his vengeance. He uses the legislature to remove the judges, that he may appoint creatures of his own. In effect, the powers of the government will be concentrated in the hands of one man, who will dare to act with more boldness, because he will be sheltered from responsibility. The independence of the judiciary was the felicity of our constitution. It was this principle which was to curb the fury of party on sudden changes. The first movements of power gained by a struggle, are the most vindictive and intemperate. Raised above the storm, it was the judiciary which was to control the fiery zeal, and to quell the fierce passions of a victorious faction.

We are standing on the brink of that revolutionary torrent, which deluged in blood one of the fairest countries of Europe.

France had her national assembly, more numerous and equally popular with our own. She had her tribunals of justice, and her juries. But the legislature and her courts were but the instruments of her destruction. Acts of proscription and sentences of banishment and death were passed in the cabinet of a tyrant. Prostrate your judges at the feet of party, and you break down the mounds which defend you from this torrent.

From "*Speech on the Judiciary*," 1802.

SWITZERLAND, AN EXAMPLE.

PATRICK HENRY.

SWITZERLAND consists of thirteen cantons expressly confederated for national defence. They have stood the shock of four hundred years: that country has enjoyed internal tranquillity most of that long period. Their dissensions have been, comparatively to those of other countries, very few. What has passed in the neighboring countries? wars, dissensions, and intrigues—Germany involved in the most deplorable civil war thirty years successively, continually convulsed with intestine divisions, and harassed by foreign wars—France with her mighty monarchy perpetually at war. Compare the peasants of Switzerland with those of any other mighty nation; you will find them far more happy: for one civil war among them, there have been five or six among other nations: their attachment to their country, and to freedom, their

resolute intrepidity in their defence, the consequent security and happiness which they have enjoyed, and the respect and awe which these things produce in their bordering nations, have signalized those republicans. Their valor, sir, has been active; everything that sets in motion the springs of the human heart, engaged them to the protection of their inestimable privileges. They have not only secured their own liberty, but have been the arbiters of the fate of other people. Here, sir, contemplate the triumph of republican governments over the pride of monarchy. I acknowledge, sir, that the necessity of national defence has prevailed in invigorating their councils and arms, and has been, in a considerable degree, the means of keeping these honest people together. But, sir, they have had wisdom enough to keep together and render themselves formidable. Their heroism is proverbial. They would heroically fight for their government, and their laws. One of the illumined sons of these times would not fight for those objects. Those virtuous and simple people have not a mighty and splendid president, nor enormously expensive navies and armies to support. No, sir, those brave republicans have acquired their reputation no less by their undaunted intrepidity, than by the wisdom of their frugal and economical policy. Let us follow their example, and be equally happy. The honorable member advises us to adopt a measure which will destroy our bill of rights: for, after hearing his picture of nations, and his reasons for abandoning all the powers retained to the states by the confederation, I am more firmly persuaded of the impropriety of adopting this new plan in its present shape.

From "*Speech on the Federal Constitution*," 1788.

AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION.

PATRICK HENRY.

I AM constrained to make a few remarks on the absurdity of adopting this system, and relying on the chance of getting it amended afterwards. When it is confessed to be replete with defects, is it not offering to insult your understandings, to attempt to reason you out of the propriety of rejecting it, till it be amended? Does it not insult your judgments to tell you—adopt first, and then amend? Is your rage for novelty so great, that you are first to sign and seal, and then to retract? Is it possible to conceive a greater solecism? I am at a loss what to say. You agree to bind yourselves hand and foot—for the sake of what? Of being unbound. You go into a dungeon—for what? To get out. Is there no danger when you go in, that the bolts of federal authority shall shut you in? Human nature never will part from power. Look for an example of a voluntary relinquishment of power, from one end of the globe to another—you will find none. Nine-tenths of our fellow-

men have been, and are now, depressed by the most intolerable slavery, in the different parts of the world; because the strong hand of power has bolted them in the dungeon of despotism. Review the present situation of the nations of Europe, which is pretended to be the freest quarter of the globe. Cast your eyes on the countries called free there. Look at the country from which we are descended, I beseech you; and although we are separated by everlasting, insuperable partitions, yet there are some virtuous people there who are friends to human nature and liberty. Look at Britain; see there the bolts and bars of power; see bribery and corruption defiling the fairest fabric that ever human nature reared. Can a gentleman, who is an Englishman, or who is acquainted with the English history, desire to prove these evils? See the efforts of a man descended from a friend of America; see the efforts of that man, assisted even by the king, to make reforms. But you find the faults too strong to be amended. Nothing but bloody war can alter them. See Ireland: that country groaning from century to century, without getting their government amended. Previous adoption was the fashion there. They sent for amendments from time to time, but never obtained them, though pressed by the severest oppression, till eighty thousand volunteers demanded them sword in hand—till the power of Britain was prostrate; when the American resistance was crowned with success. Shall we do so? If you judge by the experience of Ireland, you must obtain the amendments as early as possible. But, I ask you again, where is the example that a government was amended by those who instituted it? Where is the instance of the errors of a government rectified by those who adopted them?

From "*Speech on the Federal Constitution*," 1788.

JAMES II. AND GEORGE III.

WILLIAM H. DRAYTON.

KING JAMES broke the original contract by not affording due protection to his subjects, although he was not charged with having seized their towns, and with having held them against the people—or with having laid them in ruins by his arms—or with having seized their vessels—or with having pursued the people with fire and sword—or with having declared them rebels for resisting his arms levelled to destroy their lives, liberties, and properties—but George the Third hath done all those things against America; and it is therefore undeniable, that he hath not afforded due protection to the people. Wherefore, if James the Second broke the original contract, it is undeniable that George the Third has also broken the original contract between king and people; and that he made use of the most violent measures by

which it could be done—violences, of which JAMES *was* GUILTLESS. Measures, carrying conflagration, massacre, and open war amidst a people, whose subjection to the king of Great Britain, the law holds to be due *only* as a return for protection. And so tenacious and clear is the law upon this very principle, that it is laid down, subjection is not due even to a king *de jure*, or of right, unless he be also king *de facto*, or in possession of the executive powers dispensing protection.

From “Charge to the Grand Jury,” 1776.

AMERICAN RIGHTS.

JOSEPH WARREN.

PARDON me, my fellow-citizens, I know you want not zeal or fortitude. You will maintain your rights, or perish in the generous struggle. However difficult the combat, you never will decline it when freedom is the prize. An independence of Great Britain is not our aim. No, our wish is, that Britain and the colonies may, like the oak and ivy, grow and increase in strength together. But whilst the infatuated plan of making one part of the empire slaves to the other is persisted in, the interests and safety of Britain, as well as the colonies, require that the wise measures, recommended by the honorable the Continental Congress, be steadily pursued; whereby the unnatural contest between a parent honored and a child beloved, may probably be brought to such an issue, as that the peace and happiness of both may be established upon a lasting basis. But if these pacific measures are ineffectual, and it appears that the only way to safety is through fields of blood, I know you will not turn your faces from your foes, but will, undauntedly, press forward, until tyranny is trodden under foot, and you have fixed your adored goddess liberty, fast by a Brunswick’s side, on the American throne.

You, then, who have nobly espoused your country’s cause, who generously have sacrificed wealth and ease; who have despised the pomp and show of tinselled greatness; refused the summons to the festive board; been deaf to the alluring calls of luxury and mirth; who have forsaken the downy pillow, to keep your vigils by the midnight lamp for the salvation of your invaded country, that you might break the fowler’s snare, and disappoint the vulture of his prey—you then will reap that harvest of renown which you so justly have deserved. Your country shall pay her grateful tribute of applause. Even the children of your most inveterate enemies, ashamed to tell from whom they sprang, while they, in secret, curse their stupid, cruel parents, shall join the general voice of gratitude to those who broke the fetters which their fathers forged.

Having redeemed your country, and secured the blessing to future generations, who, fired by your example, shall emulate your virtues, and learn from you the heavenly art of making millions happy; with heartfelt joy, with transports all your own, you cry, The glorious work is done; then drop the mantle to some young Elisha, and take your seats with kindred spirits in your native skies!

From "*Oration on the Boston Massacre*," 1770.

THE SOUTHERN CAMPAIGN.

JOHN RUTLEDGE.

I ALSO most heartily congratulate you on the glorious victory obtained by the combined forces of America and France, over their common enemy: when the very general who was second in command at the reduction of Charleston, and to whose boasted prowess and highly-extolled abilities the conquest of no less than three states had been arrogantly committed, was speedily compelled to accept of the same mortifying terms which had been imposed on that brave but unfortunate garrison: to surrender an army of many thousand regulars, and to abandon his wretched followers, whom he had artfully seduced from their allegiance by specious promises of protection, which he could never have hoped to fulfil, to the justice or mercy of their country, on the naval superiority established by the illustrious ally of the United States—a superiority in itself so decided, and in its consequences so extensive, as must inevitably soon oblige the enemy to yield to us the only post which they occupy in this state: and on the reiterated proofs of the sincerest friendship, and on the great support which America has received from that powerful monarch—a monarch whose magnanimity is universally acknowledged and admired, and on whose royal word we may confidently rely for every necessary assistance: on the perfect harmony which subsists between France and America: on the stability which her independence has acquired, and the certainty that it is too deeply rooted ever to be shaken; for animated as they are by national honor, and united by one common interest, it must and will be maintained.

From "*Speech to the General Assembly of South Carolina*," 1782.

ENGLISH PRESUMPTION.

JAMES MADISON.

By the treaty between the United States and his most Christian majesty, among other things it is stipulated, that the great principle on which the armed neutrality in Europe was founded, should prevail

in case of future wars. The principle is this, that free ships shall make free goods, and that vessels and goods shall be both free from condemnation. Great Britain did not recognise it. While all Europe was against her, she held out without acceding to it. It has been considered for some time past, that the flames of war, already kindled, would spread, and that France and England were likely to draw those swords which were so recently put up. This is judged probable. We should not be surprised, in a short time, if we found ourselves as a neutral nation—France being on one side, and Great Britain on the other. Then, what would be the situation of America? She is remote from Europe, and ought not to engage in her politics or wars. The American vessels, if they can do it with advantage, may carry on the commerce of the contending nations. It is a source of wealth which we ought not to deny to our citizens. But, sir, is there not infinite danger, that in despite of all our caution, we shall be drawn into the war? If American vessels have French property on board, Great Britain will seize them. By this means, we shall be obliged to relinquish the advantage of a neutral nation, or be engaged in a war. A neutral nation ought to be respectable, or else it will be insulted and attacked. America, in her present impotent situation, would run the risk of being drawn in, as a party in the war, and lose the advantage of being neutral. Should it happen, that the British fleet should be superior, have we not reason to conclude, from the spirit displayed by that nation to us and to all the world, that we should be insulted in our own ports, and our vessels seized? But if we be in a respectable situation; if it be known that our government can command the whole resources of the Union, we shall be suffered to enjoy the great advantages of carrying on the commerce of the nations at war; for none of them would be willing to add us to the number of their enemies. I shall say no more on this point, there being others which merit your consideration.

From "*Speech on the Federal Constitution*," 1788.

FACTION AND TYRANNY.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

WE should guard against a spirit of faction, that great bane to community, that mortal poison to our land. It is considered by all great men as the natural disease of our form of government, and therefore we ought to be careful to restrain that spirit. We have been careful that when one party comes in it shall not be able to break down and bear away the others. If this be not so, in vain have we made constitutions: for if it be not so, then we must go into anarchy, and from thence to

despotism and to a master. Against this I know there is an almost insurmountable obstacle in the spirit of the people. They would not submit to be thus enslaved. Every tongue, every arm would be uplifted against it; they would resist, and resist, and resist, till they hurled from their seats those who dared make the attempt. To watch the progress of such endeavors is the office of a free press; to give us early alarm, and put us on our guard against the encroachments of power. This, then, is a right of the utmost importance; one for which, instead of yielding it up, we ought rather to spill our blood.

Never can tyranny be introduced into this country by arms; these can never get rid of a popular spirit of inquiry; the only way to crush it down is by a servile tribunal. It is only by the abuse of the forms of justice that we can be enslaved. An army never can do it. For ages it can never be attempted. The spirit of the country, with arms in their hands, and disciplined as a militia, would render it impossible. Every pretence that liberty can be thus invaded is idle declamation. It is not to be endangered by a few thousands of miserable, pitiful military. It is not thus that the liberty of this country is to be destroyed. It is to be subverted only by a pretence of adhering to all the forms of law, and yet, by breaking down the substance of our liberties; by devoting a wretched but honest man as the victim of a nominal trial. It is not by murder, by an open and public execution, that he would be taken off. The sight of this, of a fellow-citizen's blood, would at first beget sympathy; this would rouse into action, and the people, in the madness of their revenge, would break, on the heads of their oppressors, the chains they had destined for others.

From "*Speech in the case of Harry Crosswell*," 1804.

THE ACHIEVERS OF OUR LIBERTY.

JOHN HANCOCK.

I THANK God, that America abounds in men who are superior to all temptation, whom nothing can divert from a steady pursuit of the interest of their country; who are at once its ornament and safeguard. And sure I am, I should not incur your displeasure, if I paid a respect, so justly due to their much-honored characters, in this place. But when I name an Adams, such a numerous host of fellow-patriots rush upon my mind, that I fear it would take up too much of your time, should I attempt to call over the illustrious roll. But your grateful hearts will point you to the men; and their revered names, in all succeeding times, shall grace the annals of America. From them let us, my friends, take example; from them let us catch the divine enthusiasm; and feel, each for himself, the godlike pleasure of diffusing

happiness on all around us ; of delivering the oppressed from the iron grasp of tyranny ; of changing the hoarse complaints and bitter moans of wretched slaves into those cheerful songs, which freedom and contentment must inspire. There is a heartfelt satisfaction in reflecting on our exertions for the public weal, which all the sufferings an enraged tyrant can inflict, will never take away ; which the ingratitude and reproaches of those whom we have saved from ruin, cannot rob us of. The virtuous asserter of the rights of mankind merits a reward, which even a want of success in his endeavors to save his country, the heaviest misfortune which can befall a genuine patriot, cannot entirely prevent him from receiving.

I have the most animating confidence that the present noble struggle for liberty will terminate gloriously for America. And let us play the man for our God, and for the cities of our God ; while we are using the means in our power, let us humbly commit our righteous cause to the great Lord of the universe, who loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity. And having secured the approbation of our hearts, by a faithful and unwearied discharge of our duty to our country, let us joyfully leave our concerns in the hands of Him who raiseth up and pulleth down the empires and kingdoms of the world as he pleases ; and with cheerful submission to his sovereign will, devoutly say,—“ Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines ; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no meat ; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls ; yet we will rejoice in the Lord, we will joy in the God of our salvation.”

From “*Speech on the Anniversary of the Boston Massacre*,” 1774.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

AMONG the vicissitudes incident to life, no event could have filled me with greater anxieties, than that of which the notification was transmitted by your order, and received on the fourteenth day of the present month. On the one hand, I was summoned by my country, whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and in my flattering hopes with an immutable decision as the asylum of my declining years ; a retreat which was rendered every day more necessary, as well as more dear to me, by the addition of habit to inclination, and of frequent interruptions in my health to the gradual waste committed on it by time. On the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the trust, to which the voice of my country called me, being sufficient to awaken in the wisest and most experienced of her citizens a distrustful scrutiny

into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm with despondence, one, who inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpractised in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies. In this conflict of emotions, all I dare aver, is, that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be affected. All I dare hope is, that if in executing this task, I have been too much swayed by a grateful remembrance of former instances, or by an affectionate sensibility to this transcendent proof of the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and have thence too little consulted my incapacity as well as disinclination for the weighty and untried cares before me, my error will be palliated by the motives which misled me, and its consequences be judged by my country, with some share of the partiality in which they originated.

From "*The Inaugural Address*," 1789.

THE RULE OF AMERICAN CONDUCT.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THE great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships and enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

From "*Farewell Address*," 1796.

THE APPEAL TO ARMS.

JOHN DICKINSON.

OUR cause is just. Our union is perfect. Our internal resources are great, and, if necessary, foreign assistance is undoubtedly attainable. We gratefully acknowledge, as signal instances of Divine favor towards us, that his providence would not permit us to be called into this severe controversy, until we were grown up to our present strength, had been previously exercised in warlike operations, and possessed the means of defending ourselves. With hearts fortified by these animating reflections, we most solemnly, before God and the world, DECLARE, that, exerting the utmost energy of those powers which our beneficent Creator has graciously bestowed upon us, the arms we have been compelled by our enemies to assume, we will, in defiance of every hazard, with unabating firmness and perseverance, employ for the preservation of our liberties; being with one mind resolved to die freemen rather than to live slaves.

Lest this declaration should disquiet the minds of our friends and fellow-subjects in any part of the empire, we assure them that we mean not to dissolve that union which has so long and so happily subsisted between us, and which we sincerely wish to see restored. Necessity has not yet driven us into that desperate measure, or induced us to excite any other nation to war against them. We have not raised armies with ambitious designs of separating from Great Britain, and establishing independent states. We fight not for glory or for conquest. We exhibit to mankind the remarkable spectacle of a people attacked by unprovoked enemies, without any imputation or even suspicion of offence. They boast of their privileges and civilization, and yet proffer no milder conditions than servitude or death.

In our own native land, in defence of the freedom that is our birth-right, and which we ever enjoyed till the late violation of it—for the protection of our property, acquired solely by the honest industry of our forefathers and ourselves, against violence actually offered, we have taken up arms. We shall lay them down when hostilities shall cease on the part of the aggressors, and all danger of their being renewed shall be removed, and not before.

From "*Declaration on Taking up Arms*," 1775.

THE NECESSITY OF INDEPENDENCE.

SAMUEL ADAMS.

FROM the day on which an accommodation takes place between England and America, on any other terms than as independent states, I shall date the ruin of this country. A politic minister will study to

lull us into security, by granting us the full extent of our petitions. The warm sunshine of influence would melt down the virtue which the violence of the storm rendered more firm and unyielding. In a state of tranquillity, wealth, and luxury, our descendants would forget the arts of war, and the noble activity and zeal which made their ancestors invincible. Every art of corruption would be employed to loosen the bond of union which renders our resistance formidable. When the spirit of liberty which now animates our hearts and gives success to our arms is extinct, our numbers will accelerate our ruin, and render us easier victims to tyranny. Ye abandoned minions of an infatuated ministry, if peradventure any should yet remain among us!—remember that a Warren and Montgomery are numbered among the dead. Contemplate the mangled bodies of your countrymen, and then say what should be the reward of such sacrifices? Bid us and our posterity bow the knee, supplicate the friendship, and plough, and sow, and reap, to glut the avarice of the men who have let loose on us the dogs of war to riot in our blood, and hunt us from the face of the earth? If ye love wealth better than liberty, the tranquillity of servitude than the animating contest of freedom—go from us in peace. We ask not your counsels or arms. Crouch down and lick the hands which feed you. May your chains set lightly upon you, and may posterity forget that ye were our countrymen.

From "*Address in Philadelphia*," 1776.

CALL TO AMERICANS.

JOSIAH QUINCY, JR.

By the sweat of our brow we earn the little we possess: from nature we derive the common rights of man—and by charter we claim the liberties of Britons! Shall we, dare we pusillanimously surrender our birthright? Is the obligation to our fathers discharged—is the debt we owe posterity paid? Answer me, thou coward, who hidest thyself in the hour of trial. If there is no reward in this life, no prize of glory in the next, capable of animating thy dastard soul; think and tremble, thou miscreant, at the whips and stripes thy master^d shall lash thee with on earth—and the flames and scorpions thy second master shall torment thee with hereafter!

Oh, my countrymen! what will our children say when they read the history of these times, should they find we tamely gave away, without one noble struggle, the most invaluable of earthly blessings? As they drag the galling chain, will they not execrate us? If we have any respect for things sacred; any regard to the dearest treasure on earth—if we have one tender sentiment for posterity; if we would not be

despised by the whole world—let us, in the most open, solemn manner, and with determined fortitude, swear we will die, if we cannot live freemen !

Be not lulled, my countrymen, with vain imaginations, or idle fancies. To hope for the protection of Heaven, without doing our duty, and exerting ourselves as becomes men, is to mock the Deity. Wherefore had man his reason, if it were not to direct him? Wherefore his strength, if it be not his protection? To banish folly and luxury, correct vice and immorality, and stand immovable in the freedom in which we are free indeed, is eminently the duty of each individual, at this day. When this is done, we may rationally hope for an answer to our prayers; for the whole counsel of God, and the invincible armor of the Almighty.

However righteous our cause, we cannot, in this period of the world, expect a miraculous salvation. Heaven will undoubtedly assist us, if we act like men; but to expect protection from above, while we are enervated by luxury, and slothful in the exertion of those abilities with which we are endued, is an expectation vain and foolish. With the smiles of Heaven, virtue, unanimity, and firmness will insure success. While we have equity, justice, and God on our side, tyranny, spiritual or temporal, shall never ride triumphant in a land inhabited by Englishmen.

From "*Boston Gazette*," 1768.

ADDRESS TO A JURY.

JOSIAH QUINCY, JR.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY :—This cause has taken up much of your time, and is likely to take up so much more, that I must hasten to a close. Indeed, I should not have troubled you, by being thus lengthy, but from a sense of duty to the prisoners; they, who, in some sense, may be said to have put their lives in my hands; they, whose situation was so peculiar, that we have necessarily taken up more time than ordinary cases require. They, under all these circumstances, placed a confidence it was my duty not to disappoint; and which I have aimed at discharging with fidelity. I trust you, gentlemen, will do the like; that you will examine and judge with a becoming temper of mind; remembering that they who are under oath to declare the whole truth, think and act very differently from by-standers, who, being under no ties of this kind, take a latitude, which is by no means admissible in a court of law.

I cannot close this cause better, than by desiring you to consider well the genius and spirit of the law, which will be laid down, and to govern yourselves by this great standard of truth. To some purposes, you may be said, gentlemen, to be ministers of justice; and "ministers,"

says a learned judge, "appointed for the ends of public justice, should have written on their hearts the solemn engagements of his majesty, at his coronation. to cause law and justice in mercy to be executed in all his judgments."

"The quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven—
It is twice blessed ;
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes."

I leave you, gentlemen, hoping you will be directed in your inquiry and judgment, to a right discharge of your duty. We shall all of us, gentlemen, have an hour of cool reflection ; when the feelings and agitations of the day shall have subsided ; when we shall view things through a different and a much juster medium. It is then we all wish an absolving conscience. May you, gentlemen, now act such a part, as will hereafter insure it ; such a part as may occasion the prisoners to rejoice. May the blessing of those who were in jeopardy of life come upon you—may the blessing of Him who is "not faulty to die," descend and rest upon you and your posterity.

From "*Defence of the Soldiers in the Boston Massacre*," 1770.

A STABLE GOVERNMENT FOR AMERICA.

BENJAMIN RUSH.

Look at the steps by which governments have been changed, or rendered stable in Europe. Read the history of Great Britain. Her boasted government has risen out of wars, and rebellions, that lasted above six hundred years. The United States are travelling peaceably into order and good government. They know no strife—but what arises from the collision of opinions ; and, in three years, they have advanced further in the road to stability and happiness than most of the nations in Europe have done in as many centuries.

There is but one path that can lead the United States to destruction ; and that is, their extent of territory. It was probably to effect this that Great Britain ceded to us so much waste land. But even this path may be avoided. Let but one new state be exposed to sale at a time ; and let the land office be shut up till every part of this new state be settled.

I am extremely sorry to find a passion for retirement so universal among the patriots and heroes of the war. They resemble skilful mariners, who, after exerting themselves to preserve a ship from sinking in a storm, in the middle of the ocean, drop asleep, as soon as the waves subside, and leave the care of their lives and property, during the remainder of the voyage, to sailors, without knowledge or expe-

rience. Every man in a republic is public property. His time and talents—his youth—his manhood—his old age—nay more, his life, his all, belong to his country.

Patriots of 1774, 1775, 1776—heroes of 1778, 1779, 1780! come forward! your country demands your services! Philosophers and friends to mankind, come forward! your country demands your studies and speculations! Lovers of peace and order, who declined taking part in the late war, come forward! your country forgives your timidity, and demands your influence and advice! Hear her proclaiming, in sighs and groans, in her governments, in her finances, in her trade, in her manufactures, in her morals, and in her manners—"THE REVOLUTION IS NOT OVER!"

From "*Address to the People*," 1787.

WASHINGTON.

HENRY LEE.

FIRST in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere; uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was as edifying to all around him as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals he was condescending; to his inferiors kind; and to the dear object of his affections exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues.

His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life: although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America has lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns!

Methinks I see his august image, and hear, falling from his venerable lips, these deep-sinking words:

"Cease, sons of America, lamenting our separation: go on, and confirm by your wisdom the fruits of our joint counsels, joint efforts, and common dangers. Reverence religion; diffuse knowledge throughout your land; patronize the arts and sciences; let liberty and order be inseparable companions; control party spirit, the bane of free government; observe good faith to, and cultivate peace with all nations; shut up every avenue to foreign influence; contract rather than extend national connection; rely on yourselves only; be American in thought and deed. Thus will you give immortality to that Union, which was the constant object of my terrestrial labors. Thus will you preserve, undisturbed to the latest posterity, the felicity of a people to me most

dear: and thus will you supply (if my happiness is now aught to you) the only vacancy in the round of pure bliss high Heaven bestows."

From "*Eulogy on Washington*," 1799.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO ENGLAND.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

I ACKNOWLEDGE the influence of a Shakspeare and a Milton upon my imagination, of a Locke upon my understanding, of a Sidney upon my political principles, of a Chatham upon qualities which, would to God, I possessed in common with that illustrious man! of a Tillotson, a Sherlock, and a Porteus upon my religion. This is a British influence which I can never shake off. I allow much to the just and honest prejudices growing out of the Revolution. But by whom have they been suppressed, when they ran counter to the interests of my country? By Washington. By whom, would you listen to them, are they most keenly felt? By felons escaped from the jails of Paris, Newgate, and Kilmainham, since the breaking out of the French revolution; who, in this abused and insulted country, have set up for political teachers, and whose disciples give no other proof of their progress in republicanism, except a blind devotion to the most ruthless military despotism that the world ever saw. These are the patriots who scruple not to brand with the epithet of tory, the men (looking towards the seat of Col. Stewart) by whose blood your liberties have been cemented. These are they, who hold in such keen remembrance the outrages of the British armies, from which many of them are deserters. Ask these self-styled patriots where they were during the American war (for they are, for the most part, old enough to have borne arms), and you strike them dumb; their lips are closed in eternal silence. If it were allowable to entertain partialities, every consideration of blood, language, religion, and interest, would incline us towards England; and yet, shall they be alone extended to France and her ruler, whom we are bound to believe a chastening God suffers as the scourge of a guilty world! On all other nations he treads; he holds them in contempt; England alone he hates; he would, but he cannot despise her; fear cannot despise; and shall we disparage our ancestors?

From "*Speech on the Increase of the Army*," 1811.

THE INJURIES OF ENGLAND.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

BUT the outrages and injuries of England—bred up in the principles of the revolution, I can never palliate, much less defend them. I well remember flying with my mother, and her new-born child, from Arnold

and Phillips—and we were driven by Tarleton and other British Pandours from pillar to post, while her husband was fighting the battles of his country. The impression is indelible on my memory; and yet (like my worthy old neighbor, who added seven buckshot to every cartridge at the battle of Guilford, and drew a fine sight at his man), I must be content to be called a tory by a patriot of the last importation. Let us not get rid of one evil (supposing it possible), at the expense of a greater: “*mutatis mutandis*,” suppose France in possession of the British naval power—and to her the trident must pass, should England be unable to wield it—what would be your condition? What would be the situation of your seaports, and their seafaring inhabitants! Ask Hamburg, Lubec! Ask Savannah! What! sir, when their privateers are pent up in our harbors by the British bull-dogs, when they receive at our hands every rite of hospitality, from which their enemy is excluded; when they capture in our own waters, interdicted to British armed ships, American vessels; when such is their deportment towards you, under such circumstances; what could you expect if they were the uncontrolled lords of the ocean? Had those privateers at Savannah borne British commissions; or had your shipments of cotton, tobacco, ashes and what not, to London and Liverpool, been confiscated, and the proceeds poured into the English Exchequer—my life upon it, you would never have listened to any miserable wire-drawn distinctions between “orders and decrees affecting our neutral rights,” and “municipal decrees,” confiscating in mass your whole property: you would have had instant war! The whole land would have blazed out in war.

From “*Speech on the Increase of the Army*,” 1811.

THE CHARACTER OF LAFAYETTE.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

LAFAYETTE discovered no new principle of politics or of morals. He invented nothing in science. He disclosed no new phenomenon in the laws of nature. Born and educated in the highest order of feudal nobility, under the most absolute monarchy of Europe, in possession of an affluent fortune, and master of himself and of all his capabilities at the moment of attaining manhood, the principle of republican justice and of social equality took possession of his heart and mind, as if by inspiration from above. He devoted himself, his life, his fortune, his hereditary honors, his towering ambition, his splendid hopes, all to the cause of liberty. He came to another hemisphere to defend her. He became one of the most effective champions of our Independence; but, that once achieved, he returned to his own country, and thenceforward took no part in the controversies which have divided us. In the events

of our Revolution, and in the forms of policy which we have adopted for the establishment and perpetuation of our freedom, Lafayette found the most perfect form of government. He wished to add nothing to it. He would gladly have abstracted nothing from it. Instead of the imaginary Republic of Plato, or the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, he took a practical existing model, in actual operation here, and never attempted or wished more than to apply it faithfully to his own country.

It was not given to Moses to enter the promised land; but he saw it from the summit of Pisgah. It was not given to Lafayette to witness the consummation of his wishes in the establishment of a Republic, and the extinction of all hereditary rule in France. His principles were in advance of the age and hemisphere in which he lived. A Bourbon still reigns on the throne of France, and it is not for us to scrutinize the title by which he reigns. The principles of elective and hereditary power, blended in reluctant union in his person, like the red and white roses of York and Lancaster, may postpone to aftertime the last conflict to which they must ultimately come. The life of the Patriarch was not long enough for the development of his whole political system. Its final accomplishment is in the womb of time.

From "*Address before Congress*," 1834.

THE FUTURE GLORY OF AMERICA.

DAVID RAMSAY.

WHEN I anticipate in imagination the future glory of my country, and the illustrious figure it will soon make on the theatre of the world, my heart distends with generous pride for being an American. What a substratum for empire! compared with which, the foundation of the Macedonian, the Roman, and the British sink into insignificance. Some of our large states have territory superior to the island of Great Britain, whilst the whole together are little inferior to Europe itself. Our independence will people this extent of country with freemen, and will stimulate the innumerable inhabitants thereof, by every motive, to perfect the acts of government, and to extend human happiness.

I congratulate you on our glorious prospects. Having for three long years weathered the storms of adversity, we are at length arrived in view of the calm haven of peace and security. We have laid the foundations of a new empire, which promises to enlarge itself to vast dimensions, and to give happiness to a great continent. It is now our turn to figure on the face of the earth, and in the annals of the world. The arts and sciences are planted among us, and, fostered by the auspicious influence of equal governments, are growing up to maturity, while truth and freedom flourish by their sides. Liberty, both civil

and religious, in her noontide blaze, shines forth with unclouded lustre on all ranks and denominations of men.

Ever since the flood, true religion, literature, arts, empire, and riches have taken a slow and gradual course from east to west, and are now about fixing their long and favorite abode in this new western world. Our sun of political happiness is already risen, and hath lifted its head over the mountains, illuminating our hemisphere with liberty, light, and polished life. Our independence will redeem one quarter of the globe from tyranny and oppression, and consecrate it to the chosen seat of truth, justice, freedom, learning, and religion. We are laying the foundation of happiness for countless millions. Generations yet unborn will bless us for the blood-bought inheritance we are about to bequeath them. Oh happy times! Oh glorious days! Oh kind, indulgent, bountiful Providence, that we live in this highly-favored period, and have the honor of helping forward these great events, and of suffering in a cause of such infinite importance!

From "Fourth of July Address," 1778.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

EDWARD LIVINGSTON.

HISTORY presents to us the magic glass on which, by looking at past, we may discern future events. It is folly not to read; it is perversity not to follow its lessons. If the hemlock had not been brewed for felons in Athens, would the fatal cup have been drained by Socrates? If the people had not been familiarized to scenes of judicial homicide, would France or England have been disgraced by the useless murder of Louis or of Charles? If the punishment of death had not been sanctioned by the ordinary laws of those kingdoms, would the one have been deluged with the blood of innocence, of worth, of patriotism, and of science, in her revolution? Would the best and noblest lives of the other have been lost on the scaffold in her civil broils? Would her lovely and calumniated queen, the virtuous Malesherbes, the learned Condorcet—would religion, personified in the pious ministers of the altar, courage and honor, in the host of high-minded nobles, and science, in its worthy representative, Lavoisier—would the daily hecatomb of loyalty and worth,—would all have been immolated by the stroke of the guillotine; or Russell and Sidney, and the long succession of victims of party and tyranny, by the axe? The fires of Smithfield would not have blazed, nor, after the lapse of ages, should we yet shudder at the name of St. Bartholomew, if the ordinary ecclesiastical law had not usurped the attributes of divine vengeance, and, by the sacrilegious and absurd doctrine, that offences against the Deity were to be punished with death, given a pretext to these atrocities. Nor, in

the awful and mysterious scene on Mount Calvary, would that agony have been inflicted, if by the daily sight of the cross, as an instrument of justice, the Jews had not been prepared to make it one of their sacrilegious rage. But there is no end of the examples which crowd upon the memory, to show the length to which the exercise of this power, by the law, has carried the dreadful abuse of it, under the semblance of justice. Every nation has wept over the graves of patriots, heroes, and martyrs, sacrificed by its own fury. Every age has had its annals of blood.

JUDGES AMONG MEN.

TRISTAN BURGESS.

JUDGES, we are told, sir, are to learn by travel. Whither, how, and addressing themselves to whom? Not to visit law schools, or colleges of civilians; not as the Solons or Platos of antiquity travelled, to consult the Initiati of Sais, the Sanhedrim of Palestine, or the disciples of the Persian Zoroaster. They must, however, have the benefit of travel; and, if so, in the common method in coaches, wagons, solos, gigs, carryalls; in steamboats, packet-boats, and ferry-boats; receiving the full benefit in eating-houses, taverns, boarding-houses, and bar-rooms, of the conversation of learned tapsters, stewards, and stage-coach drivers. No man, I must own, who travels in the ordinary method—and judges can hardly afford to travel in different style—will lose any portion of these several sorts of accommodation and instruction. Judges will, in serious truth it is said, by travel, mingle with the people, and often come in contact with them. Will they mingle with the poor, the ordinary? With mechanical men; with middling interest men; with the great community of toil, and sinew, and production? No, sir, they can do no such thing. Let them have the humility of Lazarus, and the versatile affability of Alcibiades, and they can do no such thing. There is to such men, as it was once said of a learned judge—than whom no man ever bore his honors more meekly—there is, I say, to the feelings of such men, around a judge, a kind of repulsive atmosphere. They stand aloof, and give him large room. They bow, not, indeed, with servility, but with profound respect; and look towards him with a kind of hallowed reverence, as one set apart, and consecrated to the service, and surrounded by the ritual of justice. With all these men, the judge can hold no tangible communion. The assurance of wealth, the confidence of rank, office, power, will press through this medium, and come hand to hand with him. Do the gentlemen, sir, mean to say that, for such purposes, judges should mingle with the people?

From "Speech on the Senate on the Judiciary," 1826.

THE CONGRESS OF 1776.

WILLIAM WIRT.

WHAT was the state of things under which the Congress of 1776 assembled, when Adams and Jefferson again met? It was, as you know, in this Congress, that the question of American Independence came, for the first time, to be discussed; and never, certainly, has a more momentous question been discussed, in any age or in any country, for it was fraught, not only with the destinies of this wide-extended continent, but, as the event has shown, and is still showing, with the destinies of man all over the world.

How fearful that question then was, no one can tell but those who, forgetting all that has since past, can transport themselves back to the time, and plant their feet on the ground which those patriots then occupied. "Shadows, clouds, and darkness" then covered all the future, and the present was full only of danger and terror. A more unequal contest never was proposed. It was, indeed, as it was then said to be, the shepherd boy of Israel going forth to battle against the giant of Gath; and there were yet among us, enough to tremble when they heard that giant say, "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field." But there were those who never trembled—who knew that there was a God in Israel, and who were willing to commit their cause "to his even-handed justice," and his almighty power. That their great trust was in Him, is manifest from the remarks that were continually breaking from the lips of the patriots. Thus, the patriot Hawley, when pressed upon the inequality of the contest, could only answer, "We must put to sea—Providence will bring us into port;" and Patrick Henry, when urged upon the same topic, exclaimed, "True, true; but there is a God above, who rules and overrules the destinies of nations."

From "*Eulogy on Jefferson and Adams*," 1826.

ADDRESS TO A JURY.

DAVID PAUL BROWN.

THE prisoner is in your hands, I ask no mercy for him. I had almost said I disdain it:—but be merciful to yourselves. By his conviction, it is true you abridge *his* sufferings, but may you not promote and aggravate your *own*. Can you reflect upon such a verdict, without being hereafter haunted by the "compunctious visitings of conscience." If you think you can, why strike at once his unit out of the sum of life. And when, after your labors are terminated, you return again to your firesides to enjoy the charms of your domestic circle—the blessings of your household gods, then tell your anxious wives and children, who

assemble around you, while you relate the lamentable history of this trial—tell them of “one who loved not wisely—but too well;” tell them of the pollution of female innocence—the betrayal of confiding friendship—tell them of the prisoner’s blighted hopes—his wounded honor—his ruined fortunes and his shattered reason—tell them how he trusted, and how he was deceived; and when your hearers, with tearful eyes and trembling lips, earnestly inquire what relief you afforded for all these monstrous and most unheard of wrongs—tell them—if you *dare*, that, to requite him for all these sufferings, for these shames, YOU! YOU!!—CONSIGNED HIM TO A FELON’S IGNOMINIOUS GRAVE.

From “*A Forensic Argument*,” Philadelphia, 1859.

THE BANNER OF UNION.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

IF we are true to ourselves; if we revere the memory, or appreciate the services of our fathers, we shall forget, in the exigency of this crisis, that there is, or ever has been, such thing as party, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. At all events, we will forget it, until, through our steady, united efforts, we see the authority of the Constitution vindicated, and the Union reposing again securely upon its old foundations.

You are right in assuming that this is no time for hesitancy; no time for doubting, halting, half-way professions, or, indeed, for mere professions of any kind. It is a time for resolute purpose, to be followed by decisive, consistent action.

Shall the fundamental law of the land be obeyed, not with evasive reluctance, but in good fidelity? Have we the power to enforce obedience to it, and will we exercise that power? If so, then may we continue to enjoy the multiplied and multiplying blessings of the peerless inheritance which has been transmitted to us. If otherwise, fanaticism has not mistaken the significance of its emblem,—*the national flag with “the union down.”* That flag has waved through three foreign wars, with *the union up*, cheering the hearts of brave men, on sea and land, wherever its folds have unrolled in the smoke of battle! How many of our countrymen, as they have seen it floating from the mast-head in a foreign port, or giving its ample sweep to the breeze over a consular-office, have proudly and exultingly exclaimed: “I am an American citizen, and there is the ensign which *commands* for me respect and security, wherever throughout the wide world I may roam, or wherever I may choose temporarily to dwell!” How one would shut his eyes, and cover his face in shame and sorrow, if he believed he were destined to see the day when that flag will float no more! And yet if agitators

and conspirators can have their way, it must go *down* in darkness and blood. In a republic like ours, law alone upholds it; and when that loses its power, all human power to save is lost. If such overwhelming disaster to humanity is to overtake us, I, for one, will not try to peer through the darkness and blackness, or to foreknow the end.

From "*Letter read at Faneuil Hall Meeting,*" 1859.

AMERICAN POLICY.

DE WITT CLINTON.

If I were called upon to prescribe a course of policy most important for this country to pursue, it would be to avoid European connections and wars. The time must arrive when we will have to contend with some of the great powers of Europe, but let that period be put off as long as possible. It is our interest and our duty to cultivate peace, with sincerity and good faith. As a young nation, pursuing industry in every channel, and adventuring commerce in every sea, it is highly important that we should not only have a pacific character, but that we should really deserve it. If we manifest an unwarrantable ambition, and a rage for conquest, we unite all the great powers of Europe against us. The security of all the European possessions in our vicinity, will eternally depend, not upon their strength, but upon our moderation and justice. Look at the Canadas; at the Spanish territories to the south; at the British, Spanish, French, Danish, and Dutch West India Islands, at the vast countries to the west, as far as where the Pacific rolls its waves. Consider well the eventful consequences that would result, if we were possessed by a spirit of conquest. Consider well the impression which a manifestation of that spirit will make upon those who would be affected by it. If we are to rush at once into the territory of a neighboring nation, with fire and sword, for the misconduct of a subordinate officer, will not our national character be greatly injured? Will we not be classed with the robbers and destroyers of mankind? Will not the nations of Europe perceive in this conduct the germ of a lofty spirit, and an enterprising ambition, which will level them to the earth, when age has matured our strength, and expanded our powers of annoyance, unless they combine to cripple us in our infancy? May not the consequences be, that we must look out for a naval force to protect our commerce, that a close alliance will result, that we will be thrown at once into the ocean of European politics, where every wave that rolls, and every wind that blows, will agitate our bark? Is this a desirable state of things? Will the people of this country be seduced into it by all the colorings of rhetoric, and all the arts of sophistry—by vehement appeals to their pride, and artful addresses to their cupidity? No, sir. Three-fourths of the American people, I assert it boldly and

without fear of contradiction, are opposed to this measure. And would you take up arms with a mill-stone hanging round your neck? How would you bear up, not only against the force of the enemy, but against the irresistible current of public opinion? The thing, sir, is impossible; the measure is worse than madness; it is wicked, beyond the powers of description.

From "*Speech on the Navigation of the Mississippi*," 1803.

THE VALUE OF A NAVY.

JAMES A. BAYARD.

God has decided that the people of this country should be a commercial people. You read that decree in the sea-coast of seventeen hundred miles which he has given you; in the numerous navigable waters which penetrate the interior of the country; in the various ports and harbors scattered along your shores; in your fisheries; in the redundant productions of your soil; and more than all, in the enterprising and adventurous spirit of your people. It is no more a question whether the people of this country shall be allowed to plough the ocean, than it is whether they shall be permitted to plough the land. It is not in the power of this government, nor would it be if it were as strong as the most despotic upon the earth, to subdue the commercial spirit, or to destroy the commercial habits of the country.

Young as we are, our tonnage and commerce surpass those of every nation upon the globe but one, and if not wasted by the deprivations to which they were exposed by their defenceless situation, and the more ruinous restrictions to which this government subjected them, it would require not many more years to have made them the greatest in the world. Is this immense wealth always to be exposed as a prey to the rapacity of freebooters? Why will you protect your citizens and their property upon land, and leave them defenceless upon the ocean? As your mercantile property increases, the prize becomes more tempting to the cupidity of foreign nations. In the course of things, the ruins and aggressions which you have experienced will multiply, nor will they be restrained while we have no appearance of a naval force.

You must and will have a navy; but it is not to be created in a day, nor is it to be expected, that in its infancy, it will be able to cope foot to foot with the full-grown vigor of the navy of England. But we are even now capable of maintaining a naval force formidable enough to threaten the British commerce, and to render this nation an object of more respect and consideration.

From "*Speech in the United States Senate*," 1810.

WAR IN SELF-DEFENCE.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

FOR my part, I never will go to war but in self-defence. I have no desire for conquests—no ambition to possess Nova Scotia—I hold the liberties of this people at a higher rate. Much more am I indisposed to war, when among the first means for carrying it on, I see gentlemen propose the confiscation of debts due by government to individuals. Does a *bona fide* creditor know who holds his paper? Dare any honest man ask himself the question? 'Tis hard to say whether such principles are more detestably dishonest, than they are weak and foolish; What, sir; will you go about with proposals for opening a loan in one hand, and a sponge for the national debt in the other? If, on a late occasion, you could not borrow at a less rate of interest than eight per cent., when the government avowed that they would pay to the last shilling of the public ability, at what price do you expect to raise money with an avowal of these nefarious opinions?—God help you! if these are your ways and means for carrying on war—if your finances are in the hands of such a chancellor of the exchequer. Because a man can take an observation, and keep a log-book and a reckoning; can navigate a cock-boat to the West Indies, or the East; shall he aspire to navigate the great vessel of state—to stand at the helm of public councils? “*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*” What are you going to war for? For the carrying trade. Already you possess seven-eighths of it. What is the object in dispute? The fair, honest trade, that exchanges the produce of our soil for foreign articles for home consumption? Not at all.

From “*Speech in the House of Representatives*,” 1806.

THE EXCISE SYSTEM.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

THESE taxes, however, it seems, are voluntary, “as being altogether upon consumption.” By a recent speech on this subject, the greater part of which I was so fortunate as to hear, I learn that there have been only two hundred capital prosecutions in England, within a given time, for violations of the revenue laws. Are we ready, if one of us, too poor to own a saddle-horse, should borrow a saddle, and clap it on his plough-horse, to ride to church or court, or mill, or market, to be taxed for a surplus saddle-horse, and surcharged for having failed to list him as such? Are gentlemen aware of the inquisitorial, dispensing, arbitrary, and almost papal power of the commissioners of excise? I shall not stop to go into a detail of them; but I never did expect to hear it said, on this floor, and by a gentleman from Kentucky too, that

the excise system was a mere scare-crow, a bug-bear; that the sound of the words constituted all the difference between a system of excise and a system of customs; that both meant the same thing: "Write them together; yours is as fair a name; sound them; it doth become the mouth as well;" here, sir, I must beg leave to differ; I do not think it does: "Weigh them; it is as heavy;" that I grant—"conjure with them;"—excise "will start a spirit as soon as" customs. This I verily believe, sir, and I wish, with all my heart, if this bill is to pass, if new and unnecessary burdens are to be wantonly imposed upon the people, that we were to return home with the blessed news of a tax or excise, not less by way of "minimum," than fifty cents per gallon upon whiskey. And here, if I did not consider an exciseman to bear, according to the language of the old law books, "*caput lupinum*," and that it was almost as meritorious to shoot such a hell-hound of tyranny, as to shoot a wolf or a mad-dog; and if I did not know that anything like an excise in this country is in effect utterly impracticable,—I myself, feeling, seeing, blushing for my country, would gladly vote to lay an excise on this abominable liquor, the lavish consumption of which renders this the most drunken nation under the sun; and yet we have refused to take the duties from wines, from cheap French wines particularly, that might lure the dog from his vomit, and lay the foundation of a reformation of the public manners.

From "*Speech in the House of Representatives*," 1824.

THE EXCISE SYSTEM IMPOSSIBLE IN AMERICA.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

SIR, an excise system can never be maintained in this country. I had as lief be a tithe proctor in Ireland, and met on a dark night in a narrow road by a dozen White-boys, or Peep-of-day Boys, or Hearts of Oak, or Hearts of Steel, as an excise man in the Alleghany Mountains, met in a lonely road, or by-place, by a backwoodsman, with a rifle in his hand. With regard to Ireland, the British chancellor of the exchequer has been obliged to reduce the excise in Ireland on distilled spirits, to comparatively nothing to what it was formerly, in consequence of the impossibility of collecting it in that country. Ireland is, not to speak with statistical accuracy, about the size of Pennsylvania, containing something like twenty-five thousand square miles of territory, with a population of six millions of inhabitants, nearly as great a number as the whole of the white population of the United States; with a standing army of twenty thousand men; with another standing army, composed of all those classes in civil life, who, through the instrumentality of that army, keep the

wretched people in subjection: under all these circumstances, even in Ireland, the excise cannot be collected. I venture to say that no army that the earth has ever seen; not such a one as that of Bonaparte, which marched to the invasion of Russia, would be capable of collecting an excise in this country; not such a one (if you will allow me to give some delightful poetry in exchange for very wretched prose) as Milton has described—

“Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican, with all his northern powers,
Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,
The city of Calliphrone, from whence to win
The fairest of her sex, Angelica,
His daughter, sought by many prowrest knights,
Both Paynim and the peers of Charlemagne;”

not such a force, nor even the troops with which he compares them, which were no less than “the legend fiends of hell,” could collect an excise here. If any officer of our government were to take the field *a still-hunting*, as they call it in Ireland, among our southern or western forests and mountains, I should like to see the throwing off of the hounds. I have still so much of the sportsman about me, that I should like to see the breaking cover, and, above all, I should like to be in at the death.

From “*Speech in the House of Representatives*,” 1824.

AMERICAN VALOR.

LEWIS CASS.

THERE is one point, sir, where we can all meet, and that is the gallantry and good conduct of our country. This is one of the high places to which we can come up together, and laying aside our party dissension, mingle our congratulations that our country has had such sons to go forth to battle, and that they have gathered such a harvest of renown in distant fields. The time has been, and there are those upon this floor who remember it well, when our national flag was said to be but striped bunting, and our armed vessels but fir-built frigates. The feats of our army and navy, in our last war with England, redeemed us from this reproach, the offspring of foreign jealousy; and had they not, the events of the present war would have changed these epithets into terms of honor; for our flag has become a victorious standard, borne by marching columns, over the hills and valleys, and through the cities, and towns, and fields of a powerful nation, in a career of success of which few examples can be found in ancient or modern warfare.

The movement of our army from Puebla was one of the most roman-

tic and remarkable events which ever occurred in the military annals of any country. Our troops did not indeed burn their fleet, like the first conquerors of Mexico, for they needed not to gather courage from despair, nor to stimulate their resolution by destroying all hopes of escape. But they voluntarily cut off all means of communication with their own country, by throwing themselves among the armed thousands of another, and advancing with stout hearts but feeble numbers into the midst of a hostile country. The uncertainty which hung over the public mind, and the anxiety everywhere felt, when our gallant little army disappeared from our view, will not be forgotten during the present generation. There was universal pause of expectation—hoping, but still fearing; and the eyes of twenty millions of people were anxiously fixed upon another country which a little band of its armed citizens had invaded. A veil concealed them from our view. They were lost to us for fifty days; for that period elapsed from the time when we heard of their departure from Puebla till accounts reached us of the issue of the movement. The shroud which enveloped them gave way, and we discovered our glorious flag waving in the breezes of the capital, and the city itself invested by our army.

From "*Speech in the Senate*," 1848.

BARBAROUS WARFARE.

LORD CHATHAM.

BUT, my lords, who is the man, that in addition to these disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? To call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman savage of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian, the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. Unless thoroughly done away, it will be a stain on the national character. It is a violation of the constitution. I believe it is against law. It is not the least of our national misfortunes, that the strength and character of our army are thus impaired. Infected with the mercenary spirit of robbery and rapine; familiarized to the horrid scenes of savage cruelty, it can no longer boast of the noble and generous principles which dignify a soldier; no longer sympathize with the dignity of the royal banner, nor feel the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, "that make ambition virtue!" What makes ambition virtue?—the sense of honor. But is the sense of honor consistent with a spirit of plunder, or the practice of murder? Can it flow from mercenary motives, or can it prompt to cruel deeds? Besides these murderers

and plunderers, let me ask our ministers, what other allies have they acquired? What *other powers* have they associated to their cause? Have they entered into alliance with the *king of the gypsies*? Nothing, my lords, is too low or too ludicrous to be consistent with their counsels.

From "*Speech on Address to the Throne.*"

ENGLAND AND HER CHILDREN.

EDMUND BURKE.

A NOBLE lord, who spoke some time ago, is full of the fire of ingenuous youth; and when he has modelled the ideas of a lively imagination by further experience, he will be an ornament to his country in either house. He has said, that the Americans are our children, and how can they revolt against their parent? He says, that if they are not free in their present state, England is not free; because Manchester, and other considerable places, are not represented. So, then, because some towns in England are not represented, America is to have no representative at all. They are "our children;" but when children ask for bread, we are not to give a stone. Is it because the natural resistance of things, and the various mutations of time, hinder our government, or any scheme of government, from being any more than a sort of approximation to the right, is it therefore that the colonies are to recede from it infinitely? When this child of ours wishes to assimilate to its parent, and to reflect with a true filial resemblance the beauteous countenance of British liberty; are we to turn to them the shameful parts of our constitution? are we to give them our weakness for their strength? our opprobrium for their glory; and the slough of slavery, which we are not able to work off, to serve them for their freedom?

From "*Speech on American Taxation.*"

MILTON AND "THE AGE OF REASON."

T. ERSKINE.

It is said by the author of the "Age of Reason," that the Christian fable is but the tale of the more ancient superstitions of the world, and may be easily detected by a proper understanding of the mythologies of the heathens.—Did Milton understand those mythologies?—Was he less versed than Mr. Paine in the superstitions of the world? No, —they were the subject of his immortal song; and though shut out from all recurrence to them, he poured them forth from the stores of a memory rich with all that man ever knew, and laid them in their

order as the illustration of real and exalted faith, the unquestionable source of that fervid genius which has cast a kind of shade upon all the other works of man—

He passed the bounds of flaming space,
Where angels tremble while they gaze—
He saw,—till blasted with excess of light,
He closed his eyes in endless night.

But it was the light of the BODY only that was extinguished: "The CELESTIAL LIGHT shone inward, and enabled him to justify the ways of God to man."—The result of his thinking was nevertheless not quite the same as the author's before us. The mysterious incarnation of our blessed Saviour (which this work blasphemes in words so wholly unfit for the mouth of a Christian, or for the ear of a court of justice, that I dare not, and will not, give them utterance), Milton made the grand conclusion of his *Paradise Lost*, the rest from his finished labors, and the ultimate hope, expectation, and glory of the world.

A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire
The power of the Most High ;—he shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heavens.

From "*Speech on the Age of Reason.*"

THE EAST INDIAN GOVERNMENT.

EDMUND BURKE.

IN India, all the vices operate by which sudden fortune is acquired; in England are often displayed by the same persons, the virtues which dispense hereditary wealth. Arrived in England, the destroyers of the nobility and gentry of a whole kingdom will find the best company in this nation, at a board of elegance and hospitality. Here the manufacturer and husbandman will bless the just and punctual hand that in India has torn the cloth from the loom, or wrested the scanty portion of rice and salt from the peasant of Bengal, or wrung from him the very opium in which he forgot his oppressions and his oppressor. They marry into your families; they enter into your senate; they ease your estates by loans; they raise their value by demands; they cherish and protect your relations, which lie heavy on your patronage; and there is scarcely a house in the kingdom that does not feel some concern and interest that makes all reform of our eastern government appear officious and disgusting; and, on the whole, a most discouraging attempt. In such an attempt you hurt those who are able to return kindness, or to resent injury. If you succeed, you save those who cannot so much as give you thanks. All these things show the diffi-

culty of the work we have on hand: but they show its necessity too. Our Indian government is, in its best state, a grievance. It is necessary that the correctives should be uncommonly vigorous; and the work of men, sanguine, warm, and even impassioned in the cause. But it is an arduous thing to plead against abuses of a power which originates from your own country, and affects those whom we are used to consider as strangers.

From "*Speech on Mr. Fox's East India Bill.*"

FRENCH LEGITIMACY.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

You have forced upon France a family to whom misfortune could teach no mercy, or experience wisdom; vindictive in prosperity, servile in defeat, timid in the field, vacillating in the cabinet; suspicion amongst themselves, discontent amongst their followers; their memories tenacious but of the punishments they had provoked; their piety active but in subserviency to their priesthood; and their power passive but in the subjugation of their people! Such are the dynasties you have *conferred* on Europe. In the very act, that of enthroning three individuals of the same family, you have committed in politics a capital error. But Providence has countermined the ruin you were preparing; and whilst the impolicy prevents the chance, their impotency precludes the danger of a coalition. As to the rest of Europe, how has it been ameliorated? What solitary benefit have the "deliverers" conferred? They have partitioned the states of the feeble to feed the rapacity of the powerful; and after having alternately adored and deserted Napoleon, they have wreaked their vengeance on the noble, but unfortunate fidelity that spurned their example. Do you want proofs; look to Saxony, look to Genoa, look to Norway, but, above all, to Poland! that speaking monument of regal murder and legitimate robbery:

Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of time—
Sarmatia fell—unwept—without a crime!

Here was an opportunity to recompense that brave, heroic, generous, martyred, and devoted people; here was an opportunity to convince Jacobinism that crowns and crimes were not, of course, co-existent, and that the highway rapacity of one generation might be atoned by the penitential retribution of another!

From "*Speech at Liverpool.*"

LAFAYETTE IN AMERICA.

THOMAS H. BENTON.

THE Duke of Orleans, a brave general in the republican armies, at the commencement of the Revolution, was handed to the throne by Lafayette, and became the "citizen king, surrounded by republican institutions." And in this Lafayette was consistent and sincere. He was a republican himself, but deemed a constitutional monarchy the proper government for France, and labored for that form in the person of Louis XVI. as well as in that of Louis Philippe.

Loaded with honors, and with every feeling of his heart gratified in the noble reception he had met in the country of his adoption, Lafayette returned to the country of his birth the following summer, still as the guest of the United States, and under its flag. He was carried back in a national ship of war, the new frigate *Brandywine*—a delicate compliment (in the name and selection of the ship) from the new president, Mr. Adams, Lafayette having wet with his blood the sanguinary battlefield which takes its name from the little stream which gave it first to the field, and then to the frigate. Mr. Monroe, then a subaltern in the service of the United States, was wounded at the same time. How honorable to themselves and to the American people, that nearly fifty years afterwards, they should again appear together, and in exalted station; one as president, inviting the other to the great republic, and signing the acts which testified a nation's gratitude; the other as a patriot hero, tried in the revolutions of two countries, and resplendent in the glory of virtuous and consistent fame.

From "*Benton's Thirty Years' View.*"

THE CEDED LANDS.

JOHN M. BERRIEN.

WHEN, in obedience to the will of the legislature of Georgia, her chief magistrate had communicated to the president his determination to survey the ceded territory, his right to do so was admitted. It was declared by the president that the act would be "wholly" on the responsibility of the government of Georgia, and that "the government of the United States would not be in any manner responsible for any consequences which might result from the measure." When his willingness to encounter this responsibility was announced, it was met by the declaration that the president would "not permit the survey to be made," and he was referred to a major-general of the army of the United States, and one thousand regulars.

The murder of McIntosh—the defamation of the chief magistrate of Georgia—the menace of military force to coerce her to submission—were followed by the traduction of two of her cherished citizens, em-

ployed as the agents of the general government in negotiating the treaty—gentlemen whose integrity will not shrink from a comparison with that of the proudest and loftiest of their accusers. Then the sympathies of the people of the Union were excited in behalf of “the children of the forest,” who were represented as indignantly spurning the gold which was offered to entice them from the graves of their fathers, and resolutely determined never to abandon them. The incidents of the plot being thus prepared, the affair hastens to its consummation. A new treaty is negotiated here—a *pure and spotless treaty*. The rights of Georgia and of Alabama are sacrificed; the United States obtain a part of the lands, and pay double the amount stipulated by the old treaty; and those poor and noble, and unsophisticated sons of the forest, having succeeded in imposing on the simplicity of this government, next concert, under its eye, and with its knowledge, the means of defrauding their own constituents, the chiefs and warriors of the Creek nation.

From “*Benton's Thirty Years' View.*”

THE PROTECTIVE SYSTEM.

GEORGE McDUFFIE.

THE days of Roman liberty were numbered when the people consented to receive bread from the public granaries. From that moment it was not the patriot who had shown the greatest capacity and made the greatest sacrifices to serve the republic, but the demagogue who would promise to distribute most profusely the spoils of the plundered provinces, that was elevated to office by a degenerate and mercenary populace. Everything became venal, even in the country of Fabricius, until finally the empire itself was sold at public auction! And what, sir, is the nature and tendency of the system we are discussing? It bears an analogy, but too lamentably striking, to that which corrupted the republican purity of the Roman people. God forbid that it should consummate its triumph over the public liberty, by a similar catastrophe, though even that is an event by no means improbable, if we continue to legislate periodically in this way, and to connect the election of our chief magistrate with the question of dividing out the spoils of certain states—degraded into Roman provinces—among the influential capitalists of the other states of this Union! Sir, when I consider that, by a single act like the present, from five to ten millions of dollars may be transferred annually from one part of the community to another; when I consider the disguise of disinterested patriotism under which the basest and most profligate ambition may perpetrate such an act of injustice and political prostitution, I cannot hesitate, for a moment, to pronounce this very system of indirect bounties the most stupendous instrument of corruption ever placed in the hands of public functionaries.

From “*Benton's Thirty Years' View.*”

THE CHARTER OF RUNNYMEDE.

LORD CHATHAM.

My lords, I have better hopes of the constitution, and a firmer confidence in the wisdom and constitutional authority of this house. It is to *your* ancestors, my lords, it is to the English barons, that we are indebted for the laws and constitution we possess. Their virtues were rude and uncultivated, but they were great and sincere. Their understandings were as little polished as their manners, but they had hearts to distinguish right from wrong; they had heads to distinguish truth from falsehood; they understood the rights of humanity, and they had spirit to maintain them.

My lords, I think that history has not done justice to their conduct, when they obtained from their sovereign, that great acknowledgment of national rights contained in Magna Charta: they did not confine it to themselves alone, but delivered it as a common blessing to the whole people. They did not say, these are the rights of the great barons, or these are the rights of the great prelates:—No, my lords; they said, in the simple Latin of the times, *nullus liber homo*, and provided as carefully for the meanest subject as for the greatest. These are uncouth words, and sound but poorly in the ears of scholars; neither are they addressed to the criticism of scholars, but to the hearts of free men. These three words, *nullus liber homo*, have a meaning which interests us all: they deserve to be remembered—they deserve to be inculcated in our minds—they are worth all the classics. Let us not, then, degenerate from the glorious example of our ancestors. Those iron barons (for so I may call them when compared with the silken barons of modern days) were the guardians of the people; yet *their* virtues, my lords, were never engaged in a question of such importance as the present. A breach has been made in the constitution—the battlements are dismantled—the citadel is open to the first invader—the walls totter—the constitution is not tenable. What remains, then, but for us to stand foremost in the breach, to repair it, or perish in it?

From "*Speech on the Address to the Throne*," 1770.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

SIR JAMES MCINTOSH.

THE French revolution began with great and fatal errors. These errors produced atrocious crimes. A mild and feeble monarchy was succeeded by bloody anarchy, which very shortly gave birth to military despotism. France, in a few years, described the whole circle of human society.

All this was in the order of nature. When every principle of autho-

city and civil discipline, when every principle which enables some men to command and disposes others to obey, was extirpated from the mind by atrocious theories, and still more atrocious examples; when every old institution was trampled down with contumely, and every new institution covered in its cradle with blood; when the principle of property itself, the sheet-anchor of society, was annihilated; when in the persons of the new possessors, whom the poverty of language obliges us to call proprietors, it was contaminated in its source by robbery and murder, and it became separated from that education and those manners, from that general presumption of superior knowledge and more scrupulous probity which form its only liberal titles to respect; when the people were taught to despise everything old, and compelled to detest everything new; there remained only one principle strong enough to hold society together, a principle utterly incompatible, indeed, with liberty, and unfriendly to civilization itself, a tyrannical and barbarous principle; but, in that miserable condition of human affairs, a refuge from still more intolerable evils. I mean the principle of military power, which gains strength from that confusion and bloodshed in which all the other elements of society are dissolved, and which, in these terrible extremities, is the cement that preserves it from total destruction.

From "Speech on the Trial of Pelletier."

AMERICAN PETITIONS.

LORD CHATHAM.

WHEN your lordships look at the papers transmitted us from America; when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow, that in all my reading and observation—and it has been my favorite study—I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master states of the world—that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation, or body of men, can stand in preference to the General Congress at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to your lordships, that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain, must be fatal. We shall be forced ultimately to retract; let us retract while we can, not when we must. I say we must necessarily undo these violent oppressive acts; they must be repealed—you will repeal them; I pledge myself for it, that you will in the end repeal them; I stake my reputation on it—I will consent to be taken for an idiot, if they are not finally repealed. Avoid, then, this humiliating, disgraceful necessity. With a dignity

becoming your exalted situation, make the first advances to concord, to peace and happiness; for that is your true dignity, to act with prudence and justice. That *you* should first concede, is obvious, from sound and rational policy. Concession comes with better grace and more salutary effect from superior power. It reconciles superiority of power with the feelings of men, and establishes solid confidence on the foundations of affection and gratitude.

From "*Speech on Removing the Troops from Boston*," 1770.

THE EXILE'S FATE.

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

THE prison of this town will present, on Monday next, a very afflicting spectacle. Before the prisoner ascends the vehicle which is to convey him for transportation to Cork, he will be allowed to take leave of his wife and children. She will cling to his bosom; and while her arms are folded round his neck—while she sobs, in the agony of anguish, on his breast—his children, who used to climb his knees in playful emulation for his caresses * * * * * I will not go on with this distressing picture—your own emotions will complete it. The pains of this poor man will not end at the threshold of his prison. He will be conveyed in a vessel, freighted with affliction, across the ocean, and will be set on the lonely and distant land from which he will depart no more; the thoughts of home will haunt him, and adhere with a deadly tenacity to his heart. He will mope about in a deep and settled sorrow—he will have no incentive to exertion, for he will have bidden farewell to hope. The instruments of labor will hang idly in his hands—he will go through his task without a consciousness of what he is doing. Thus every day will go by, and at its close, his sad consolation will be to stand on the shore, and, fixing his eyes in that direction in which he will have been taught that his country lies, if not in the language, he will, at least, exclaim, in the sentiments which have been so simply and so pathetically expressed in the song of exile:—

"Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
 But, alas! in far foreign lands I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more.
 Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood,
 Sisters and sire, did you weep for its fall,
 Where is the mother that looked on my childhood,
 And where is the bosom-friend dearer than all?"

From "*Speech at the Clonmel Aggregate Meeting*," 1829.

RELIGIOUS CHARITY.

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

LET there be an end to national animosities as well as to sectarian detestations. Perish the bad theology, which, with an impious converse, makes God according to man's image, and with infernal passions fills the heart of man! Perish the bad, the narrow, the pernicious sentiments, which, for the genuine love of country, institutes a feeling of despotic domination upon your part, and of provincial turbulence upon ours;—and while upon pseudo-religion and pseudo-patriotism I pronounce my denunciation, live (let me be permitted to pray) the spirit of philanthropic, forbearing, forgiving Christianity amongst us! and, combined with it, live the lofty love of country, which associates the welfare of both islands with the glory of this majestic empire—which, superior to the small passions that ought to be as ephemeral as the incidents of which they were born, acts in conformity with the imperial policy of William Pitt, and the marvellous discovery of James Watt—sees the legislation of the one ratified by the science of the other, and, of the project of the son of Chatham, in the invention of the mighty mechanist, beholds the consummation.

From "*Speech on the Irish Reform Bill*," 1836.

DEFENCE OF JOHN O'CONNELL.

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

You will not consign him to the spot to which the attorney-general invites you to surrender him. When the spring shall have come again, and the winter shall have passed—when the spring shall have come again, it is not through the windows of a prison-house that the father of such a son, and the son of such a father, shall look upon those green hills on which the eyes of many a captive have gazed so wistfully in vain, but in their own mountain home again they shall listen to the murmurs of the great Atlantic; they shall go forth and inhale the freshness of the morning air together; "they shall be free of mountain solitudes;" they will be encompassed with the loftiest images of liberty upon every side; and if time shall have stolen its suppleness from the father's knee, or impaired the firmness of his tread, he shall lean on the child of her that watches over him from heaven, and shall look out from some high place far and wide into the island whose greatness and whose glory shall be for ever associated with his name. In your love of justice—in your love of Ireland—in your love of honesty and fair play—I place my confidence. I ask you for an acquittal, not only for the sake of your country, but for your own. Upon the day when this trial shall have been brought to a termination, when, amidst the hush

of public expectancy, in answer to the solemn interrogatory which shall be put to you by the officer of the court, you shall answer, "Not guilty," with what a transport will that glorious negative be welcomed ! How will you be blest, adored, worshipped ; and when retiring from this scene of excitement and of passion, you shall return to your own tranquil homes, how pleasurable will you look upon your children, in the consciousness that you will have left them a patrimony of peace by impressing upon the British cabinet, that some other measure besides a state prosecution is necessary for the pacification of your country !

From "*Speech in the Court of Queen's Bench*," 1843.

IRON LINKS.

RUFUS CHOATE.

ONE splendid effort has been made to lay hold of the West and North-west. One more may be undertaken, and there is no more afterwards to be made. Sir, if the East, if Maine, if that large but desert territory away up under the North Star, her coast iron bound, her soil sterile, her winters cold—if Maine needs two ocean communications, do you think that the Great West will not pay for two only ? Yet two are all that can be considered practicable. And the last of these two is to be accomplished by you, or not at all. These are the opportunities that make me regret my want of participation in public life.

"Non equidem invideo, miror magis."

You remember that passage in which a great English statesman, on the verge of the grave, so pertinently expressed himself, that he "would not give a peck of refuse wheat for all that there is of fame or honor in this world." That sentiment may be a true one. But to connect ourselves with an act of public utility, to do an act that shall stand out clear and distinct among all the aggregate of acts that have made Massachusetts what she has become, to rivet one more chain that shall bind the East to the free North-west for ever, to contribute to a policy that shall make it quite certain that if the great Central Constellation is to be placed over the sky, New England shall claim its share in the brightness—this is worth far more than all for which ambition has ever sighed ; and this, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, is permitted to-day to you.

From "*Speech in a Railroad Case*," 1850.

THE LEARNING FOR A JUDGE.

RUFUS CHOATE.

THE good judge should be profoundly learned in all the learning of the law, and he must know how to use that learning. Will any one stand up here to deny this? In this day, boastful, glorious for its advancing popular, professional, scientific, and all education, will any one disgrace himself by doubting the necessity of deep and continued studies, and various and thorough attainments, to the bench? He is to know not merely the law which you make and the legislature makes, not constitutional and statute law alone, but that other, ampler, that boundless jurisprudence, the common law, which the successive generations of the state have silently built up; that old code of freedom which we brought with us in the Mayflower and Arabella, but which in the progress of centuries we have ameliorated and enriched and adapted wisely to the necessities of a busy, prosperous, and wealthy community,—that he must know. And where to find it? In volumes which you must count by hundreds, by thousands; filling libraries; exacting long labors; the labors of a lifetime, abstracted from business, from politics; but assisted by taking part in an active judicial administration; such labors as produced the wisdom and won the fame of Parsons, and Marshall, and Kent, and Story, and Holt, and Mansfield. If your system of appointment and tenure does not present a motive, a help for such labors and such learning; if it discourages, if it disparages them, in so far it is a failure.

From "Speech in Massachusetts Convention."

THE INCORRUPTIBLE JUDGE.

RUFUS CHOATE.

IN the next place, he must be a man, not merely upright, not merely honest and well-intentioned—this of course—but a man who will not respect persons in judgment. And does not every one here agree to this also? Dismissing, for a moment, all theories about the mode of appointing him, or the time for which he shall hold office, sure I am, we all demand, that as far as human virtue, assisted by the best contrivances of human wisdom, can attain to it, he shall not respect persons in judgment. He shall know nothing about the parties, everything about the case. He shall do everything for justice, nothing for himself, nothing for his friend, nothing for his patron, nothing for his sovereign. If on the one side is the executive power, and the legislature, and the people—the sources of his honors, the givers of his daily bread—and on the other, an individual nameless and odious, his eye is to see neither great nor small; attending only to the "trepidations of the balance." If a law

is passed by a unanimous legislature, clamored for by the general voice of the public, and a cause is before him on it in which the whole community is on one side, and an individual nameless or odious on the other, and he believes it to be against the Constitution, he must so declare it, or there is no judge. If Athens comes there to demand that the cup of hemlock be put to the lips of the wisest of men, and he believes that he has not *corrupted the youth, nor omitted to worship the gods of the city, nor introduced new divinities of his own*, he must deliver him, though the thunder light on the unterrified brow.

From "*Speech in Massachusetts Convention.*"

STATES PROTECTED BY THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT.

T. F. MARSHALL.

THE exterior states are the bulwarks of her safety—the impregnable fortresses which break the storm of war, and keep far distant from her borders its ravage and its horrors. She views them as such, and regards their rights, their safety, and their liberty as her own. She is one of a system of nerves which vibrate at the least touch from without from the remotest extremity to the centre. The frontier of New York is her frontier; the Atlantic seaboard is her seaboard; and the millions expended in fortifying the one or the other, she regards as expended for her defence. A blow aimed at New York is a blow aimed at herself; an indignity or an outrage inflicted upon any state in this Union, is inflicted upon the whole and upon each. To submit to such were to sacrifice her independence and her freedom—to make all other blessings valueless, all other property insecure. Not all the unsettled domain of the Union, in full property and jurisdiction, could bribe her to such a sacrifice. The blood she has shed on the snows of Canada and in the swamps of Louisiana, give ample testimony to her readiness to meet danger at a distance. She seeks no separate destiny; she feels no interest alien from the common country. She wants this money to strengthen herself, and, by strengthening herself, to make the whole country stronger and better able to maintain any future conflict in which its interests or its safety may involve it.

From "*Speech on the Land Bill,*" 1841.

MODERN TOLERATION.

T. F. MARSHALL.

MEN have been known to fight for their religion and their franchises. John Huss was an obscure professor in a German university. The Emperor Sigismund, when he burnt him at Constance, little dreamed

that from the ashes of the friendless martyr there would rise the flames of a war in Bohemia which would shake the Austrian power, and desolate Germany through long years of suffering and of blood. If the persecuting temper of the sixteenth century is to be renewed here, if American Protestantism so far forgets its genius and its mission, as to aid in rekindling the religious wars of that terrible period in quest of vengeance for the gone centuries of wrong, religion will suffer most. True Christianity will veil her face and seek the shade, till better times. Men will be divided between a sullen and sordid fanaticism on the one side, and a scoffing infidelity on the other. Our national characteristics will be lost. American civilization will have changed its character. Our Federal Union will have sacrificed its distinctive traits, and we shall have exhibited a failure in the principles with which our government commenced its career, at which hell itself might exult in triumph.

From "*Speech at Versailles, Ky.*," 1855.

STATE LAWS.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

THERE is one transcendent advantage belonging to the province of state governments, which alone suffices to place the matter in a clear and satisfactory light—I mean the ordinary administration of criminal and civil justice. This, of all others, is the most powerful, most universal, and most attractive source of popular obedience and attachment. It is this, which, being the immediate and visible guardian of life and property; having its benefits and its terrors in constant activity before the public eye; regulating all those personal interests, and familiar concerns, to which the sensibility of individuals is more immediately awake; contributes, more than any other circumstance, to impress upon the minds of the people affection, esteem, and reverence towards the government. This great cement of society, which will diffuse itself almost wholly through the channels of the particular governments, independent of all other causes of influence, would insure them so decided an empire over their respective citizens, as to render them at all times a complete counterpoise, and not unfrequent dangerous rivals to the power of the union.

From "*The Federalist.*"

THE CONSTITUTION A BILL OF RIGHTS.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

THE constitution is itself, in every rational sense, and to every useful purpose, A BILL OF RIGHTS. The several bills of rights in Great Britain,

form its constitution, and conversely the constitution of each state is its bill of rights. In like manner the proposed constitution, if adopted, will be the bill of rights of the Union. Is it one object of a bill of rights to declare and specify the political privileges of the citizens in the structure and administration of the government? This is done in the most ample and precise manner in the plan of the convention; comprehending various precautions for the public security, which are not to be found in any of the state constitutions. Is another object of a bill of rights to define certain immunities and modes of proceeding, which are relative to personal and private concerns? This we have seen has also been attended to, in a variety of cases, in the same plan. Adverting therefore to the substantial meaning of a bill of rights, it is absurd to allege that it is not to be found in the work of the convention. It may be said that it does not go far enough, though it will not be easy to make this appear; but it can with no propriety be contended that there is no such thing. It certainly must be immaterial what mode is observed as to the order of declaring the rights of the citizens, if they are provided for in any part of the instrument which establishes the government: whence it must be apparent, that much of what has been said on this subject rests merely on verbal and nominal distinctions, entirely foreign to the substance of the thing.

From "*The Federalist*."

THE POWER OF THE CONSTITUTION.

JAMES MADISON.

IF the new constitution be examined with accuracy and candor, it will be found that the change which it proposes, consists much less in the addition of NEW POWERS to the Union than in the invigoration of its ORIGINAL POWERS. The regulation of commerce, it is true, is a new power; but that seems to be an addition which few oppose, and from which no apprehensions are entertained. The powers relating to war and peace, armies and fleets, treaties and finance, with the other more considerable powers, are all vested in the existing Congress by the Articles of Confederation. The proposed change does not enlarge these powers; it only substitutes a more effectual mode of administering them. The change relating to taxation may be regarded as the most important; and yet the present Congress have as complete authority to REQUIRE of the states indefinite supplies of money for the common defence and general welfare, as the future Congress will have to require them of individual citizens; and the latter will be no more bound than the states themselves have been, to pay the quotas respectively taxed on them. Had the states complied punctually with the Articles of Confederation, or could their compliance have been enforced by as peaceable

means as may be used with success towards single persons, our past experience is very far from countenancing an opinion, that the state governments would have lost their constitutional powers, and have gradually undergone an entire consolidation. To maintain that such an event would have ensued, would be, to say at once, that the existence of the state governments is incompatible with any system whatever, that accomplishes the essential purposes of the Union.

From "*The Federalist*."

EULOGY ON FRANKLIN.

ABBÉ FAUCHET.

FRANKLIN did not omit any of the means of being useful to men, or serviceable to society. He spoke to all conditions, to both sexes, to every age. This amiable moralist descended, in his writings, to the most artless details; to the most ingenuous familiarities; to the first ideas of a rural, a commercial, and a civil life; to the dialogues of old men and children; full at once of all the verdure and all the maturity of wisdom. In short, the prudent lessons arising from the exposition of those obscure happy, easy virtues, which form so many links in the chain of a good man's life, derived immense weight from that reputation for genius which he had acquired, by being one of the first naturalists and greatest philosophers in the universe.

At one and the same time, he governed nature in the heavens and in the hearts of men. Amidst the tempests of the atmosphere, he directed the thunder; amidst the storms of society, he directed the passions. Think, gentlemen, with what attentive docility, with what religious respect, one must hear the voice of a simple man, who preached up human happiness, when it was recollected that it was the powerful voice of the same man who regulated the lightning.

He electrified the consciences, in order to extract the destructive fire of vice, exactly in the same manner as he electrified the heavens, in order peaceably to invite from them the terrible fire of the elements.

Venerable old man! august philosopher! legislator of the felicity of thy country, prophet of the fraternity of the human race, what ecstatic happiness embellished the end of thy career! From thy fortunate asylum, and in the midst of thy brothers who enjoyed in tranquillity the fruit of thy virtues, and the success of thy genius, thou hast sung songs of deliverance. The last looks, which thou didst cast around thee, beheld America happy; France, on the other side of the ocean, free, and a sure indication of the approaching freedom and happiness of the world.

Pronounced in Paris, 1790.

THE AMERICAN MOTIVE TO WAR.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

EVERY blow you strike in America is against yourselves ; it is against all idea of reconciliation, and against your own interest, though you should be able, as you never will be, to force them to submit. Every stroke against France is of advantage to you : America must be conquered in France ; France never can be conquered in America.

The war of the Americans is a war of passion ; it is of such a nature as to be supported by the most powerful virtues, love of liberty and of their country ; and, at the same time, by those passions in the human heart which give courage, strength, and perseverance to man ; the spirit of revenge for the injuries you have done them ; of retaliation for the hardships you have inflicted on them ; and of opposition to the unjust powers you have exercised over them. Everything combines to animate them to this war, and such a war is without end ; for whatever obstinacy, enthusiasm ever inspired man with, you will now find in America. No matter what gives birth to that enthusiasm ; whether the name of religion or of liberty, the effects are the same ; it inspires a spirit which is unconquerable, and solicitous to undergo difficulty, danger, and hardship : and as long as there is a man in America, a being formed such as we are, you will have him present himself against you in the field.

From "*Speech in Parliament*," 1778.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

LORD BROUGHAM.

THE Reign of Terror, under which no life was secure for a day ; the wholesale butcheries, both of the prisoners in September, and by the daily executions that soon followed ; the violence of the conscription, which filled every family with orphans and widows ; the profligate despotism and national disasters under the Directory ; the military tyranny of Napoleon ; the sacrifice of millions to slake his thirst of conquest ; the invasion of France by foreign troops—pandours, hussars, cossacks, twice revelling in the spoils of Paris ; the humiliating occupation of the country for five years by the allied armies, and her ransom by the payment of millions ;—these were the consequences, more or less remote, of the Reign of Terror, which so burnt into the memory of all Frenchmen the horrors of anarchy, as to make an aversion to change for a quarter of a century the prevailing characteristic of a people not the least fickle among the nations, and to render a continuance of any yoke bearable, compared with the perils of casting it off. All these evils were the price paid by the respectable classes of France, but espe-

sially of Paris, for their unworthy dread of resisting the clubs and the mob in 1792.

From "*Eminent Statesmen.*"

DENUNCIATION OF LORD CASTLEREAGH.

LORD BROUGHAM.

My lasting sorrow for the loss we have sustained is made deeper, by the regret that those lamented friends live not to witness the punishment of that foul conduct which they solemnly denounced. The petty tyrant, to whom the noble lord delivered over that ancient and gallant people, almost as soon as they had, at his call, joined the standard of national independence, has since subjected them to the most rigorous provisions of his absurd code; a code directed especially against the commerce of this country, and actually less unfavorable to France.

Thus, then, it appears that after all, in public as well as in private, in state affairs as well as in the concerns of the most humble individuals, the old maxim cannot safely be forgotten, that "honesty is the best policy." In vain did the noble lord flatter himself that his subserviency to the unrighteous system of the Congress would secure him the adherence of the courts whom he made his idols. If he had abandoned that false, foreign system, if he had acted upon the principles of the nation whom he represented, and stood forward as the advocate of the people, the people would have been grateful. He preferred the interests and wishes of the courts; and by the courts he is treated with their wonted neglect. To his crimes against the people, all over Europe; to his invariable surrender of their cause; to his steady refusal of the protection which they had a right to expect, and which they did expect, from the manly and generous character of England, it is owing, that if at this moment you traverse the Continent, in any direction whatever, you may trace the noble lord's career in the curses of the nations whom he has betrayed, and the mockery of the courts who have inveigled him to be their dupe.

From "*Speech in Parliament.*"

THE VALOR OF THE IRISH ALIENS.

R. L. SHEIL.

THERE is, however, one man of great abilities, not a member of this house (Lord Lyndhurst), but whose talents and whose boldness have placed him in the topmost place in his party—who, disdaining all imposture, and thinking it the best course to appeal directly to the religious and national antipathies of the people of this country—abandon-

ing all reserve, and flinging off the slender veil by which his political associates affect to cover, although they cannot hide, their motives—distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen; and pronounces them, in any particular which could enter his minute enumeration of the circumstances by which fellow-citizenship is created, in race, identity, and religion—to be aliens—to be aliens in race—to be aliens in country—to be aliens in religion. Aliens! good God! was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim, “Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty”? The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen (for we are his countrymen) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply—I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown. “The battles, sieges, fortunes that he has passed,” ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable—from Assaye to Waterloo—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steepes and filled the moats at Badajos? All his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory—Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and, last of all the greatest—. Tell me, for you were there—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (Sir Henry Hardinge,) from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast;—tell me, for you must needs remember—on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance—while death fell in showers—when the artillery of France was levelled with a precision of the most deadly science—when her legions, incited by the voice, and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset—tell me if, for an instant, when, to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the “aliens” blenched? And when at length the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valor which had so long been wisely checked, was at last let loose—when, with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault—tell me, if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic

valor than the natives of this your own glorious country, precipitated herself upon the foe? The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland, flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together;—in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited—the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust—the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril—in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate; and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?

From "*Speech on the Irish Municipal Bill.*"

RETIREMENT FROM THE SENATE.

HENRY CLAY.

ALLOW me, Mr. President, to announce, formally and officially, my retirement from the Senate of the United States, and to present the last motion which I shall ever make within this body; but, before making that motion, I trust I shall be pardoned for availing myself of this occasion to make a few observations. At the time of my entry into this body, which took place in December, 1806, I regarded it, and still regard it, as a body which may be compared, without disadvantage, to any of a similar character which has existed in ancient or modern times; whether we look at it in reference to its dignity, its powers, or the mode of its constitution; and I will also add, whether it be regarded in reference to the amount of ability which I shall leave behind me when I retire from this chamber. In instituting a comparison between the Senate of the United States and similar political institutions, of other countries, of France and England, for example, I am sure the comparison might be made without disadvantage to the American Senate. In respect to the constitution of these bodies: in England, with only the exception of the peers from Ireland and Scotland, and in France with no exception, the component parts, the members of these bodies, hold their places by virtue of no delegated authority, but derive their powers from the crown, either by ancient creation of nobility transmitted by force of hereditary descent, or by new patents as occasion required an increase of their numbers. But here, Mr. President, we have the proud title of being the representatives of sovereign states or commonwealths. If we look at the powers of these bodies in France and England, and the powers of this Senate, we shall find that the latter are far greater than the former. In both those countries they have the legislative power, in both the judicial with some modifications, and in both perhaps a more extensive judicial

power than is possessed by this Senate; but then the vast and undefined and undefinable power, the treaty-making power, or at least a participation in the conclusions of treaties with foreign powers, is possessed by this Senate, and is possessed by neither of the others. Another power, too, and one of infinite magnitude, that of distributing the patronage of a great nation, which is shared by this Senate with the executive magistrate. In both these respects we stand upon ground different from that occupied by the Houses of Peers of England and of France. And I repeat, that with respect to the dignity which ordinarily prevails in this body, and with respect to the ability of its members during the long period of my acquaintance with it, without arrogance or presumption, we may say, in proportion to its numbers, the comparison would not be disadvantageous to us compared with any Senate either of ancient or modern times.

From "Benton's Thirty Years' View."

THE DEEDS OF GENERAL TAYLOR.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

SIR, it was not alone in the United States that the military movements and achievements on the Rio Grande were viewed with admiration. The greatest captain of the age, the Duke of Wellington, the moment he saw the positions taken and the combinations made upon the Rio Grande,—the moment he saw the communication opened between the depot at Point Isabel and the garrison at Fort Brown, by that masterly movement of which the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma were a part,—exclaimed, that General Taylor is a general indeed. And yet, sir, all history is to be rewritten, all the rapture and pride of the country at the achievements upon those bloody fields are to disappear, and the light of science to pale before the criticism of that senator by whom we are told that a little band of mounted riflemen could have done that which cost so many American lives and hecatombs of Mexicans.

I have spoken thus as a simple duty, not from any unkindness to the senator, but that I might do justice to many of my comrades, whose dust now mingles with the earth upon which they fought—that I might not leave unredressed the wrongs of the buried dead. I have endeavored to suppress all personal feeling, though the character of the attack upon my friend and general might have pardoned its indulgence. It is true that sorrow sharpens memory, and that many deeds of noblest self-sacrifice, many tender associations, rise now vividly before me. I remember the purity of his character, his vast and varied resources; and I remember how the good and great qualities of his heart were

equally and jointly exhibited when he took the immense responsibility under which he acted at the battle of Buena Vista, fought after he had been recommended by his senior general to retire to Monterey.

Around him stood those whose lives were in his charge, whose mothers, fathers, wives, and children would look to him for their return: those were there who had shared his fortunes on other fields; some who, never having seen a battle, were eager for the combat, without knowing how direful it would be; immediately about him those loving and beloved, and reposing such confidence in their commander that they but waited his beck and will to do and dare. On him, and on him alone, rested the responsibility. It was in his power to avoid it by retiring to Monterey, there to be invested and captured, and then justify himself under his instructions. He would not do it, but cast all upon the die, resolved to maintain his country's honor, and save his country's flag from trailing in the dust of the enemy he had so often beaten, or close the conqueror's career as became the soldier. His purpose never wavered, his determination never faltered: his country's honor to be untarnished, his country's flag to triumph, or for himself to find an honorable grave, was the only alternative he considered. Under these circumstances, on the morning of the 23d of February, that glorious but bloody conflict commenced. It won for him a chaplet that it would be a disgrace for an American to mutilate, and which it were an idle attempt to adorn. I leave it to a grateful country, which is conscious of his services, and possesses a discrimination that is not to be confounded by the assertions of any, however high their position.

From "*Speech in the Senate.*"

CONSTITUTIONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

ALL officers and magistrates, under the federal and state governments,—executive, legislative, judicial, and ministerial,—are required to take an oath to support the constitution, before they can enter upon the performance of their respective duties. Every person born under the constitution owes allegiance to it; and every naturalized citizen takes an oath to support it. Fidelity to the constitution is the only passport to the enjoyment of rights under it. When a senator elect presents his credentials, he is not allowed to take his seat until he places his hand upon the holy evangelists, and appeals to his God for the sincerity of his vow to support the constitution. He who does this with a mental reservation, or secret intention to disregard any provision of the constitution, commits a double crime—is morally guilty of perjury to his God and treason to his country.

If the constitution of the United States is to be repudiated upon the ground that it is repugnant to the divine law, where are the friends of freedom and Christianity to look for another and a better? Who is to be the prophet to reveal the will of God and establish a theocracy for us?

I will not venture to inquire what are to be the form and principles of the new government, or to whom is to be intrusted the execution of its sacred functions; for, when we decide that the wisdom of our revolutionary fathers was foolishness, and their piety wickedness, and destroy the only system of self-government that has ever realized the hopes of the friends of freedom, and commanded the respect of mankind, it becomes us to wait patiently until the purposes of the latter day saints shall be revealed unto us.

For my part, I am prepared to maintain and preserve inviolate the constitution as it is, with all its compromises; to stand or fall by the American Union, clinging with the tenacity of life to all its glorious memories of the past and precious hopes of the future.

From "*Speech in the U. S. Senate.*"

THE FRENCH WAR.

J. J. CRITTENDEN.

THANK God, the danger of this war has passed by, and we have, as I believe, an almost certain assurance of reconciliation and peace with France. Such an issue of this controversy cannot be regarded otherwise than as a matter of public congratulation. If war had been its result, I should have contributed all that was in my humble power to render my country successful in that war. War of itself would have been a sufficient reason for me to take my country's side, without reference to its cause. But, sir, I must confess that I should have been most loth to witness any such war as that with which we have been threatened.

A war with whom, and for what? A war with France, our first, our ancient ally, whose blood flowed for us, and with our own, in the great struggle that gave us our freedom and made us a nation. A war for money! a petty, paltry sum of money! I know of no instance, certainly none among the civilized nations of modern times, of a war waged for such an object; and if it be among the legitimate causes of war, it is surely the most inglorious of them all. It can afford but little of that generous inspiration which in a noble cause gives to war its magnanimity and its glory. War *for money* must ever be an ignoble strife. On its barren fields the laurel cannot flourish. In the sordid contest but little honor can be won, and *Victory* herself is almost despoiled of her triumph.

If we should attempt by war to compel France to pay the money in question, none who know the two nations can doubt but the contest would be fierce, bloody, and obstinate. Suppose, however, that our success is such as finally to enable us to dictate terms to France, and to oblige her to pay the money. Imagine, Mr. President, that the little purse, the prize of war and carnage, is at last obtained. There it is, sir, stained with the blood of Americans, and of Frenchmen, their ancient friends. Could you, sir, behold or pocket that blood-stained purse without some emotions of pain and remorse?

JEWISH DISABILITY.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

You say that the legislature ought to be a Christian legislature; that the parliament ought to be a Christian parliament; but do you not say that the nation is a Christian nation, and that the British people are a Christian people? Why, in the same sense in which you say that the nation is a Christian nation, though there may be thirty thousand Jews among them, you might say that the parliament was a Christian parliament, although, among the six hundred and fifty-six members of the House of Commons, there might be six persons professing the Jewish religion. I therefore wish that this ground of argument were not taken by those whose object it is to prevent the Jews entering into parliament; because the general character of the parliament must depend, now, as in former times, on the sentiments of the people at large, and on the sentiments of those who represent them; and it is not by inserting seven words in an act of parliament,—it is not by a mechanical contrivance of this kind,—that you can secure religious obligation.

If I am asked what are the prevailing reasons for the motion that I propose, I appeal, in the first place, to the constitution of these realms; I appeal to that constitution which is intended to give to every man those rewards, that honor, that estimation to which his character and talents may entitle him. I appeal to that constitution which is the enemy of restriction or disqualification; to that constitution which, by the abrogation of the laws existing a few years ago, has put an end even to those cases of exception which our ancestors thought, upon the ground of imminent danger to the state and church, they were justified in imposing. I ask you, in the name of that constitution, to take away this last remnant of religious persecution, to show that you are not influenced by the numbers or terrors that might make that which was an act of political justice, an act of political necessity. I ask you, in the name of that constitution, to admit the Jews to all the privileges, to all the rights, of which those who are not excluded from them, are

so justly proud; and, let me tell you, that you cannot judge of the feelings of those who are excluded, by the number of those who might wish for seats in parliament, or who might aspire to hold office under the crown. Many a man who would not seek for either, would be content to pass his days in obscurity, and would wish for no other advantages than those of private life; but he feels the galling degradation, the brand that is imposed upon him, when he is told that men of all other classes, men of the Established Church, Protestant dissenters and Roman Catholics, may all enter within these walls, may all enjoy those advantages; but that he belongs to a sect which, by the law and constitution, is proscribed and degraded.

But I would make a still higher appeal. I would make an appeal to the principles of that Christianity which has so long been the law of the land. I appeal to you, then, in the name of that religion which is a religion of charity and love, "to do unto others as you would they should do unto you."—I ask you why it is, that, when we are taught by examples and parables, that we ought to love our neighbors, it is not priests or Levites who are singled out as instances for our approbation and admiration; but it is one of a proscribed sect,—one who belonged to what was then the refuse of all nations? I ask why is it that we are taught that all men are brothers,—that there is no part of the human race, however divided from us by feelings or color, that ought to be separated from us? but that all belong to the family of man, and ought to be loved as brothers. I ask you, therefore, in the name of that constitution which is the constitution of freedom, of liberty, and of justice,—I ask you in the name of that religion which is the religion of peace and good will towards men,—to agree to the motion which I have the honor to make, "That the House should resolve itself into a committee on the removal of the civil and political disabilities affecting her Majesty's Jewish subjects."

From "Speech in Parliament."

AID TO HUNGARY.

KOSSUTH.

I BELIEVE there is the hand of God in history. You assigned a place in this hall of freedom to the memory of Chatham, for having been just to America, by opposing the stamp act, which awoke your nation to resistance.

Now the people of England thinks as once Pitt, the elder, thought, and honors, with deep reverence, the memory of your Washington.

But suppose the England of Lord Chatham's time had thought as Chatham did; and his burning words had moved the English aristoc-

racy to be just towards the colonies; those four men there, had not signed your country's independence; Washington were perhaps a name "unknown, unhonored, and unsung;" and this proud constellation of your glorious stars, had perhaps not yet risen on mankind's sky,—instead of being now about to become the sun of freedom. It is thus Providence acts.

Let me hope, sir, that Hungary's unmerited fate was necessary in order that your stars should become such a sun.

Sir, I stand, perhaps, upon the very spot where your Washington stood,—a second Cincinnatus, consummating the greatest act of his life. The walls which now listen to my humble words, listened once to the words of his republican virtue, immortal by their very modesty. Let me, upon this sacred spot, express my confident belief that if he stood here now, he would tell you that his prophecy is fulfilled; that you are mighty enough to defy any power on earth, in a just cause; and he would tell you that there never was, and never will be, a cause more just than the cause of Hungary, being, as it is, the cause of oppressed humanity.

Sir, I thank the Senate of Maryland, in my country's name, for the honor of your generous welcome. Sir, I entreat the Senate kindly to remember my downtrodden fatherland. Sir, I bid you farewell, feeling heart and soul purified, and the resolution of my desires strengthened, by the very air of this ancient city.

THE LIMIT OF INTERVENTION.

JUDGE DUER.

THERE are special reasons why we should unite in praise and honor to our illustrious guest. All who have studied his actions and his speeches, and who have formed a right estimate of his character, will concede this to be true. This estimate must not be founded on a partial view. All his titles to approbation must be united. He must not simply be regarded as the bold and wise asserter of his country's freedom. Neither his affection, nor his hopes, are limited to his own country. He is devoted to the cause of the people against their oppressors,—deeply impressed with the necessity of raising his people politically and socially. He is a republican; and even in England, he frankly avowed himself to be such. His speeches and proclamations at home,—and, above all, his magnificent discourses delivered in England, conclusively prove that he is endowed with all the attributes of an orator and a statesman. He is fitted by his knowledge, and his wisdom, to sway the councils and rule the destinies of a nation.

Nor is this all. These all prove that he is, in the best sense of the word, a conservative statesman,—that he is resolved to maintain those

time-hallowed institutions on which the peace of society depends. He is a republican;—but he is not a Jacobin,—not a socialist. He is a republican of the true color,—the color of our boundless skies and a protecting heaven,—not of the red of France, reminding us of a Marat, a Danton, or a Robespierre. He sees and he condemns the abuses that exist under the old monarchies of Europe; and he must know that, until these forms be changed, those abuses must still exist. He is equally a foe to those insane theories which seek to destroy the institutions of society,—property, marriage, and all the relations of home. His principles are not those of socialism;—and it is a calumny to say they are. I have studied his actions and his speeches; and if there is truth in man, his mind is not only very profoundly philosophical, but deeply religious. The assertions to the contrary ought to be repelled, as the vilest calumny.

The freedom he seeks to establish is that which we enjoy,—the freedom of a well-balanced representative democracy. In short, the freedom that he values is that which it is the paramount duty of your judges to watch over and preserve. Here it is proper their voices should be heard in the national chorus of applause that has greeted his arrival,—a chorus that, I hope, each hour will contribute to swell. It is the voice of a nation that has welcomed him to our shores. It has been a chorus of perfect unanimity; for the exceptions had been too few to deserve a notice.—The moderation he has shown, the constructive wisdom, as well as the ardor he has displayed, and the admirable sentiments of his discourse,—it is these that have impressed on the minds of the people a deep conviction of his moral elements and his intellectual power.

I feel bound to say, however, to prevent misconstruction on my own behalf as well as that of a large number of my brethren of the bench and the bar,—that I must not be understood as assenting, or wish to be understood as assenting, to the sentiments our guest has submitted in regard to the policy of our government. Nothing has struck me with so much admiration as his noble frankness. I feel that the same frankness is due in return. I venture to say, that, if I cannot be heard, mischief has been already done, and Americans could not be listened to. It is not my purpose to enter upon any discussion of debatable questions. I wish only to say that the questions which the sentiments of our guest suggest, are regarded by many as the most deeply interesting of any that have ever been raised since the foundation of our government. And many of us doubt whether it is safe that such propositions should be first submitted to popular assemblies,—when reasons only on one side are heard. They involve a sudden and a violent departure from the settled policy of our government,—a policy not founded on a temporary expediency, but on the principles of our

constitution. Such propositions ought not to be adopted until understood in all their consequences,—until subjected to a thorough discussion.

From "*Speech at the Dinner given by the Bar to Kossuth.*"

THE CAUSE OF HUNGARY.

R. M. T. HUNTER.

WHEN I first heard, sir, that the Hungarian patriots had been forced to take refuge with the Turk, and seek at his hands the charity of an asylum which Christendom refused them, I could but recall the day when that country was the bulwark of Christendom against the Infidel, and Hunniades made good its title to that debatable land between the Crescent and the Cross. When I saw who the oppressor was, whose foot was upon the neck of bleeding Hungary, I could but recur to the time when a noble ancestress of his, who to the loveliness of woman added the soul of a Cæsar, threw herself upon those people for succor and protection. The scene arose before me, as it appears on the pictured page of Macaulay, in which she is represented upon horseback, weak from recent suffering, yet strong in will, flushed under the weight of St. Stephen's iron crown, and after a fashion of her race, which would have been deemed extravagant by any but an Oriental imagination, waving the sword of state to the four quarters of the heavens, and bidding defiance to the earth.

But hard as has been the lesson taught the Hungarian in his recent struggles, it would do no good for foreign powers to interpose in his favor, and give him armed assistance; still less would it be of any avail to offer him such a resolution of sympathy as this. There is not, sir, on the page of history, an instance of a nation which has maintained its liberty by foreign aid; for the moment the protecting hand is withdrawn, it must fall, unless it has some internal resources—some means within itself of maintaining its independence, and for self-defence. I have said, sir, that this resolution of sympathy will do the Hungarian cause no good. But is that enough to say? Is there no danger that it may do that brave but unfortunate people some harm? It has been said, by wise and observing men, that the final catastrophe of Poland was probably hastened by imprudent speeches made in the British House of Commons and the French Chamber of Deputies. It is said that those imprudent but sympathizing speeches awakened false hopes in Poland, and led to unwise movements there.

Is there no danger that such a course of action as is proposed here might give rise to unfounded hopes in Hungary, or increase, perhaps, their sufferings by irritating those who govern them? But, sir, be that as it may with regard to Hungary, I am not prepared to take this step

from considerations of what is due to my own country. I give Hungary my best wishes, my earnest sympathy; but I prefer my own country to any other, and I cannot sacrifice its interests for those of another. I was sent here to legislate, not for foreign nations, but my own. I will not abandon my own duties in the attempt to discharge those of another. It would doubtless be pleasing to any generous mind to indulge the demands of sympathy; yet, sir, truth and justice are of higher obligation, and ought to be of higher consideration still.

From "*Speech in the Senate.*"

CATILINE DENOUNCED.

CICERO.

You see this day, O Romans, the republic, and all your lives, your goods, your fortunes, your wives and children, this home of most illustrious empire, this most fortunate and beautiful city, by the great love of the immortal gods for you, by my labors and counsels and dangers, snatched from fire and sword, and almost from the very jaws of fate, and preserved and restored to you.

And if those days on which we are preserved are not less pleasant to us, or less illustrious, than those on which we are born, because the joy of being saved is certain, the good fortune of being born uncertain, and because we are born without feeling it, but we are preserved with great delight; ay, since we have, by our affection and by our good report, raised to the immortal gods that Romulus who built this city, he, too, who has preserved this city, built by him, and embellished as you see it, ought to be held in honor by you and your posterity; for we have extinguished flames which were almost laid under and placed around the temples and shrines, and houses and walls of the whole city; we have turned the edge of swords drawn against the republic, and have turned aside their points from your throats. And since all this has been displayed in the senate, and made manifest, and detected by me, I will now explain it briefly, that you, O citizens, that are as yet ignorant of it, and are in suspense, may be able to see how great the danger was, how evident and by what means it was detected and arrested. First of all, since Catiline, a few days ago, burst out of the city, when he had left behind the companions of his wickedness, the active leaders of this infamous war, I have continually watched and taken care, O Romans, of the means by which we might be safe amid such great and such carefully concealed treachery.

From "*Third Oration against Catiline.*"

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF THE WAR.

E. A. WASHBURN, D. D.

DISCIPLINE is the law of all mental and moral growth; but war teaches it as a first necessity. It is there the visible organ of law. The well-ordered camp, the daily drill, the rigid penalty of transgression, cannot be neglected without loss of power in the battle-field. It is hard to cashier an officer for a slight misdemeanor; to shoot a sleeping sentinel; but it is worse to bear the defeat of an army. Even the little matters of dress and soldierly bearing have their essential uses. The trim private, with his shining musket and pipe-clayed belt, will feel more fully his responsibility than in a rusty uniform; and the touch of his hat to the officer is the symbol of duty. There is power in such military rule that must enter into character. It is easy to say that it makes men machines; but, apart from the fact that there is in the army far less of the high-collared stiffness of old time, it is difficult to change the free-and-easy American into a machine. It may be done with the stolid Russian, but not with us. Nay, we are told that our soldiers are better, because they are never mere guns and bayonets, but retain their individual intelligence. They want only the training. A living man with the accuracy of the machine is the very ideal of discipline. And this education will, we are assured, pass into our social character. It is a wholesome change for our young men of luxurious habits to leave for a while their lounge in the street, their tailors, and the solemn ritual of the dining-table, with its ten courses and closing glass of Curaçoa, for the city of tents, where they must sleep hardly, and brave the storm without an umbrella, and themselves wash their few flannel shirts, and say over their rations of beef and black coffee, like the Persian over his figs, "Of how great pleasure have I been ignorant!"

* * * * *

But again, we are a boastful people,—a people of vain and hasty experiment in trade, in social institutions. War is a terrible destroyer of all shams. It deals in sharp realities. The epauletted Bobadil is soon cashiered; the blunder of a pretentious general is visited with a speedy reward. Lamachus said to a captain who asked a second trial, "No room in war for a miscarriage." We may in time of peace have our quacks in medicine, and religion, and trade; we can afford to live on an inflated credit, and once in seven years have a general explosion; but not so now. This necessity of the times has had already its admirable effect on the business world,—has done away with promissory notes and brought us to the cash-basis of honesty. But it will, we believe, enter most fully into the very texture of the national mind. It will give us a severer education in science, and art, and legislation. It will change us into a people of solid aims and abiding habits.

HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND DESCRIPTIVE.

HISTORY PROPERLY WRITTEN.

LORD MACAULAY.

THE instruction derived from history properly written would be of a vivid and practical character. It would be received by the imagination as well as by the reason. It would be not merely traced on the mind, but branded into it. Many truths, too, would be learned, which can be learned in no other manner. As the history of states is generally written, the greatest and most momentous revolutions seem to come upon them like supernatural inflictions, without warning or cause. But the fact is, that such revolutions are almost always the consequence of moral changes, which have gradually passed on the mass of the community, and which ordinarily proceed far before their progress is indicated by any public measure. An intimate knowledge of the domestic history of nations is therefore absolutely necessary to the prognosis of political events. A narrative defective in this respect is as useless as a medical treatise which should pass by all the symptoms attendant on the early stage of a disease, and mention only what occurs when the patient is beyond the reach of remedies.

An historian, such as we have been attempting to describe, would indeed be an intellectual prodigy. In his mind, powers, scarcely compatible with each other, must be tempered into an exquisite harmony. We shall sooner see another Shakspeare, or another Homer. The highest excellence to which any single faculty can be brought would be less surprising than such a happy and delicate combination of qualities. Yet the contemplation of imaginary models is not an unpleasant or useless employment of the mind. It cannot indeed produce perfection, but it produces improvement, and nourishes that generous and liberal fastidiousness, which is not inconsistent with the strongest sensibility to merit, and which, while it exalts our conceptions of the art, does not render us unjust to the artist.

From "*Essay on History.*"

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

WILLIAM SMYTH.

MARK the difference between Europe and Asia. What is it, what has it ever been? Slavery in the one, and freedom in the other. Take another view, more modern and more domestic. Mist is in the valley, and sterility is on the mountain of the Highlander; his land is the land of tempest and of gloom, but there is intelligence in his looks and gladness in his song. On the contrary, incense is in the gale, and the laughing light of Nature is in the landscape of the Grecian island; but

“Why do its tuneful echoes languish,
Mute but to the voice of anguish?”

Yet where was it that once flourished the heroes, the sages, and the orators of antiquity? What is there of sublimity and beauty in our moral feelings, or in our works of art, that is not stamped with the impression of their genius?

Give civil and religious liberty, you give everything,—knowledge and science, heroism and honor, virtue and power. Deny them, and you deny everything: in vain are the gifts of nature: there is no harvest in the fertility of the soil; there is no cheerfulness in the radiance of the sky; there is no thought in the understanding of man; and there is in his heart no hope: the human animal sinks and withers; abused, disinherited, stripped of the attributes of his kind, and no longer formed after the image of his God.

From “*Historical Lectures at Cambridge.*”

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

WILLIAM SMYTH.

I KNOW not how any friend to his species, much less any Englishman, can cease to wish with the most earnest anxiety for the success of the great experiment to which I have alluded, for the success of the constitution of America. I see not, in like manner, how any friend to his species, much less any American, can forbear for a moment to wish for a continuance of the constitution of England,—that the Revolution of 1688 should for ever answer all its important purposes for England, as the Revolution of 1776 has hitherto done for America. What efforts can be made for the government of mankind so reasonable as these,—a limited monarchy and a limited republic? Add to this that the success of the cause of liberty in the two countries cannot but be of the greatest advantage to each,—a limited monarchy and a limited republic being well fitted, by their comparison and separate happiness, each to correct the peculiar tendencies to evil which must necessarily be found in the

other. Successful, therefore, be both, and while the records of history last, be they both successful! that they may eternally hold up to mankind the lessons of practical freedom, and explain to them the only secret that exists of all national prosperity and happiness, the sum and substance of which must for ever consist in mild government and tolerant religion,—that is, rationally understood, in civil and religious liberty.

From "*Historical Lectures at Cambridge.*"

ADDISON'S HYMNS.

W. M. THACKERAY.

WHEN Addison looks from the world whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently, up to the heaven which shines over us all, I can hardly fancy a human face lighted up with a more serene rapture: a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration than Joseph Addison's.

It seems to me his verses shine like the stars. They shine out of a great deep calm. When he turns to heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind: and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer. His sense of religion stirs through his whole being. In the fields, in the town: looking at the birds in the trees: at the children in the streets: in the morning or in the moonlight: over his books in his own room: in a happy party at a country merry-making or a town assembly, good-will and peace to God's creatures, and love and awe of Him who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name.

From "*English Humorists.*"

FIELDING'S FAME.

W. M. THACKERAY.

RICHARDSON's sickening antipathy for Harry Fielding is quite as natural as the other's laughter and contempt at the sentimentalist. I have not learned that these likings and dislikings have ceased in the present day: and every author must lay his account not only to misrepresentation, but to honest enmity among critics, and to being hated and abused for good as well as for bad reasons. Richardson disliked Fielding's works quite honestly: Walpole quite honestly spoke of them as vulgar and stupid. Their squeamish stomachs sickened at the

rough fare and the rough guests assembled at Fielding's jolly revel. Indeed the cloth might have been cleaner: and the dinner and the company were scarce such as suited a dandy. The kind and wise old Johnson would not sit down with him. But a greater scholar than Johnson could afford to admire that astonishing genius of Harry Fielding: and we all know the lofty panegyric which Gibbon wrote of him, and which remains a towering monument to the great novelist's memory. "Our immortal Fielding," Gibbon writes, "was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburgh. The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren of England: but the romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria." There can be no gain-saying the sentence of this great judge. To have your name mentioned by Gibbon, is like having it written on the dome of St. Peter's. Pilgrims from all the world admire and behold it.

From "*English Humorists*."

JOHN LOCKE AND WILLIAM PENN.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

LOCKE says plainly, that, but for rewards and punishments beyond the grave, "it is *certainly right* to eat and drink, and to enjoy what we delight in;" Penn, like Plato and Fenelon, maintained the doctrine so terrible to despots, that God is to be loved for his own sake, and virtue practised for its intrinsic loveliness. Locke derives the idea of infinity from the senses, describes it as purely negative, and attributes it to nothing but space, duration, and number; Penn derived the idea from the soul, and ascribed it to truth, and virtue, and God. Locke declares immortality a matter with which reason has nothing to do, and that revealed truth must be sustained by outward signs and visible acts of power; Penn saw truth by its own light, and summoned the soul to bear witness to its own glory. Locke believed "not so many men in wrong opinions as is commonly supposed, because the greatest part have no opinions at all, and do not know what they contend for;" Penn likewise vindicated the many, but it was truth was the common inheritance of the race. Locke, in his love of tolerance, inveighed against the methods of persecution as "Popish practices;" Penn censured no sect, but condemned bigotry of all sorts as inhuman. Locke, as an American lawgiver, dreaded a too numerous democracy, and reserved all power to wealth and the feudal proprietors; Penn believed that God is in every conscience, his light in every soul; and, therefore, stretching out his arms, he built—such are his own words—"a free colony for all mankind." This is the praise of William Penn, that, in an age which had

seen a popular revolution shipwreck popular liberty among selfish factions; which had seen Hugh Peters and Henry Vane perish by the hangman's cord and the axe; in an age when Sidney nourished the pride of patriotism rather than the sentiment of philanthropy, when Russell stood for the liberties of his order, and not for new enfranchisements, when Harrington, and Shaftesbury, and Locke, thought government should rest on property,—Penn did not despair of humanity, and, though all history and experience denied the sovereignty of the people, dared to cherish the noble idea of man's capacity for self-government. Conscious that there was no room for its exercise in England, the pure enthusiast, like Calvin and Descartes, a voluntary exile, was come to the banks of the Delaware to institute "THE HOLY EXPERIMENT."

From "*History of the United States.*"

MILTON AND DRYDEN.

LORD MACAULAY.

WE are, on the whole, inclined to regret that Dryden did not accomplish his purpose of writing an epic poem. It certainly would not have been a work of the highest rank. It would not have rivalled the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, or the *Paradise Lost*; but it would have been superior to the productions of Apollonius, Lucan, or Statius, and not inferior to the *Jerusalem Delivered*. It would probably have been a vigorous narrative, animated with something of the spirit of the old romances, enriched with much splendid description, and interspersed with fine declamations and disquisitions. The danger of Dryden would have been from aiming too high; from dwelling too much, for example, on his angels of kingdoms, and attempting a competition with that great writer, who in his own time had so incomparably succeeded in representing to us the sights and sounds of another world. To Milton, and to Milton alone belonged the secrets of the great deep, the beach of sulphur, the ocean of fire; the palaces of the fallen dominations, glimmering through the everlasting shade, the silent wilderness of verdure and fragrance where armed angels kept watch over the sleep of the first lovers, the portico of diamond, the sea of jasper, the sapphire pavement empurpled with celestial roses, and the infinite ranks of the Cherubim, blazing with adamant and gold. The council, the tournament, the procession, the crowded cathedral, the camp, the guard-room, the chaise, were the proper scenes for Dryden.

From "*Essay on Dryden.*"

WONDERS OF ENGLISH RULE IN INDIA.

LORD MAHON.

IF in some fairy tale or supernatural legend we were to read of an island, seated far in the northern seas, so ungenial in its climate and so barren in its soil that no richer fruits than sloes or blackberries were its aboriginal growth,—whose tribes of painted savages continued to dwell in huts of sedge, or, at best, pile together altars of rude stone, for ages after other nations widely spread over the globe had already achieved wondrous works of sculpture and design, the gorgeous rock-temples of Ellora, the storied obelisks of Thebes, or the lion-crested portals of Mycenæ; if it were added, that this island had afterwards by skill and industry attained the highest degree of artificial fertility, and combined in its luxury the fruits of every clime, that the sea, instead of remaining its barrier, had become almost a part of its empire, that its inhabitants were now amongst the foremost of the earth in commerce and in freedom, in arts and in arms, that their indomitable energy had subdued, across fifteen thousand miles of ocean, a land ten times more extensive than their own, that in this territory they now peacefully reigned over one hundred and twenty millions of subjects or dependants,—the race of the builders of Ellora, and the heirs of the Great Mogul!—If, further still, we were told that in this conquest the rule of all other conquests had been reversed; that the reign of the strangers, alien in blood, in language, and in faith, had been beyond any other in that region fraught with blessings, that humanity and justice, the security of life and property, the progress of improvement and instruction, were far greater under the worst of the foreign governors than under the best of the native princes;—with what scorn might we not be tempted to fling down the lying scroll,—exclaiming that even in fiction there should be some decent bounds of probability observed; that even in the Arabian Nights no such prodigies are wrought by spells or talismans,—by the lamp of Aladdin or the seal of Solomon! Yet, such is English rule in India.

From "*History of England.*"

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

LORD MAHON.

THE prisoners had been left at the disposal of the officers of the guard, who determined to secure them for the night in the common dungeon of the fort, a dungeon known to the English by the name of "the Black Hole,"—its size only eighteen feet by fourteen; its airholes only two small windows, and these overhung by a low veranda. Into this cell, hitherto designed and employed for the confinement of some half dozen

malefactors at a time, was it now resolved to thrust an hundred and forty-five European men and one Englishwoman, some of them suffering from recent wounds, and this in the night of the Indian summer solstice, when the fiercest heat was raging! Into this cell accordingly the unhappy prisoners, in spite of their expostulations, were driven at the point of the sabre; the last, from the throng and narrow space, being pressed in with considerable difficulty, and the doors being then by main force closed and locked behind them.

Of the doleful night that succeeded, narratives have been given by two of the survivors, Mr. Holwell and Mr. Cooke. The former, who even in this extremity was still in some degree obeyed as chief, placed himself at a window, called for silence, and appealed to one of the Nabob's officers, an old man, who had shown more humanity than the rest, promising him a thousand rupees in the morning if he would find means to separate the prisoners into two chambers. The old man went to try, but returned in a few minutes with the fatal sentence that no change could be made without orders from the Nabob,—that the Nabob was asleep,—and that no one dared to disturb him.

Meanwhile within the dungeon the heat and stench had become intolerable. It was clear to the sufferers themselves that, without a change, few, if any, amongst them would see the light of another day. Some attempted to burst open the door; others, as unavailingly, again besought the soldiers to uncloset it. As their dire thirst increased, amidst their struggles and their screams, "Water! Water!" became the general cry. The officer, to whose compassion Mr. Holwell had lately appealed, desired some skins of water to be brought to the window; but they proved too large to pass through the iron bars, and the sight of this relief, so near and yet withheld, served only to infuriate and well-nigh madden the miserable captives; they began to fight and trample one another down, striving for a nearer place to the windows, and for a few drops of the water. These dreadful conflicts, far from exciting the pity of the guards, rather moved their mirth; and they held up lights to the bars, with fiendish glee, to discern the amusing sight more clearly. On the other hand, several of the English, frantic with pain, were now endeavoring by every term of insult and invective to provoke these soldiers to put an end to their agony by firing into the dungeon. "Some of our company," says Mr. Cooke, "expired very soon after being put in; others grew mad, and, having lost their senses, died in a high delirium." At length, and by degrees, these various outcries sunk into silence—but it was the silence of death. When the morning broke, and the Nabob's order came to unlock the door, it became necessary first to clear a lane, by drawing out the corpses, and piling them in heaps on each side, when, walking one by one through the narrow outlet, of the one hundred and forty-six persons who had

entered the cell the evening before, only twenty-three came forth; the ghastliest forms, says Mr. Orme, that were ever seen alive.

From "*History of England.*"

MACAULAY'S ORATORY.

MR. MACAULAY'S delivery was always awkward, and his appearance remarkably strange. Usually dressed in a green frock coat, light waistcoat, and dark trowsers, he seemed, as he entered the House, unmindful of all around, and made straight or appeared to straggle on unconsciously to his seat, between Lord John Russell and Mr. Labouchere. There, with his arms unfolded, and a Puritan determination of look, he sat, wrapped in abstraction. When he spoke, which was rarely, it was generally—unlike the other prominent men, who never rise until a late hour at night—early in the evening, before dinner, with the object of preserving his memory fresh and his brain unclouded. He generally bolted straight to the table, and, without any exordium, plunged into the midst of his argument, pouring forth arguments and illustrations, and images, as if an engine was working inside, and throwing them up in profusion from some huge laboratory. His voice was shrill, or rather hard, exhibiting no passion or feeling, and his intonation monotonous, rushing on like the sound of a rapid stream. His conversation had the same fault. He had no winningness of manner, and no graceful ease of direction or deference to others, but poured out sentence upon sentence, until you were gorged and sickened with their riches. His conversation at Brookes' every evening at four o'clock, was an essay, not conversation. Men gathered round to listen, as they do here to a lecture, and those not present always asked in the evening, "Well, what did Macaulay speak about to-day?" As Sydney Smith wittily remarked, "How charming Macaulay would be if he had but a few brilliant flashes of silence!"

From "*New York Daily Times*," 1856.

THE WOUNDED AFTER A BATTLE.

It was agonizing to see the wounded men who were lying there under a broiling sun, parched with excruciating thirst, racked with fever, and agonized with pain—to behold them waving their caps faintly or making signals towards our lines, over which they could see the white flag waving, and not to be able to help them. They lay where they fell, or had scrambled into the holes formed by shells; and

there they had been for thirty hours—oh! how long and how dreadful in their weariness! An officer told me that one soldier who was close to the abatis, when he saw a few men come out of an embrasure, raised himself on his elbow, and, fearing he should be unnoticed and passed by, raised his cap on a stick and waved it till he fell back exhausted. Again he rose, and managed to tear off his shirt, which he agitated in the air till his strength failed him. His face could be seen through a glass, and my friend said he never could forget the expression of resignation and despair with which the poor fellow at last abandoned his useless efforts, and folded his shirt under his head to await the mercy of Heaven. Whether he was alive or not when our men went out, I cannot say; but five hours of thirst, fever, and pain under a fierce sun, would make awful odds against him. The red-coats lay sadly thick over the broken ground in front of the abatis of the Redan, and blue and gray coats were scattered about or lay in piles in the rain-courses before the Malakoff.

From "*London Times*."

ARCHITECTURE IN VENICE.

JOHN RUSKIN.

WHEN sensuality and idolatry had done their work, and the religion of the empire was laid asleep in a glittering sepulchre, the living light rose upon both horizons, and the fierce swords of the Lombard and Arab were shaken over its golden paralysis.

The work of the Lombard was to give hardihood and system to the enervated body and enfeebled mind of Christendom; that of the Arab was to punish idolatry, and to proclaim the spirituality of worship. The Lombard covered every church which he built with the sculptured representations of bodily exercises, hunting and war. The Arab banished all imagination of creature from his temples, and proclaimed from their minarets, "There is no God but God." Opposite in their character and mission, alike in their magnificence of energy, they came from the north and from the south, the glacier torrent and the lava stream; they met and contended over the wreck of the Roman Empire; and the very centre of the struggle, the point of pause of both, the dead water of the opposite eddies, charged with embayed fragments of the Roman wreck, is VENICE.

The Ducal Palace of Venice contains the three elements in exactly equal proportions—the Roman, Lombard, and Arab. *It is the central building of the world.*

From "*The Stones of Venice*."

THE EXECUTION OF ANDRÉ.

THE procession wound slowly up a moderately-rising ground, about a quarter of a mile to the west. On the top was a field without any enclosure; and on this was a very high gallows, made by setting up two poles or crotchets, and laying a pole on the top.

The wagon that contained the coffin was drawn directly under the gallows. In a short time André stepped into the hind end of the wagon, then on his coffin, took off his hat, and laid it down; then placed his hands upon his hips, and walked very uprightly back and forth, as far as the length of the wagon would permit, at the same time casting his eyes up to the pole over his head, and the whole scenery by which he was surrounded.

He was dressed in a complete British uniform. His coat was of the brightest scarlet, faced and trimmed with the most beautiful green. His under-clothes, vest, and breeches were bright buff; he had a long and beautiful head of hair, which, agreeably to the fashion, was wound with a black ribbon, and hung down his back.

Not many minutes after he took his stand upon the coffin, the executioner stepped into the wagon with a halter in his hand, on one end of which was what the soldiers in those days called "a hangman's knot," which he attempted to put over the head and around the neck of André; but by a sudden movement of his hand this was prevented.

André now took off the handkerchief from his neck, unpinned his shirt-collar, and deliberately took the cord of the halter, put it over his head, and placed the knot directly under his right ear, and drew it very snugly to his neck. He then took from his coat-pocket a handkerchief, and tied it before his eyes. This done, the officer who commanded spoke in rather a loud voice, and said:

"His arms must be tied."

André at once pulled down the handkerchief which he had just tied over his eyes, and drew from his pocket a second one, which he gave to the executioner, and then replaced his handkerchief.

His arms at this time were tied just above the elbow, and behind the back.

The rope was then made fast to the pole overhead. The wagon was very suddenly drawn from under the gallows, which, together with the length of rope, gave him a most tremendous swing back and forth; but in a few moments he hung entirely still.

From "*Harper's Magazine*."

THE HOSPITAL AT SEBASTOPOL.

Of all the pictures of the horrors of war which have ever been presented to the world, the hospital of Sebastopol presents the most horrible, heart-rending, and revolting. It cannot be described, and the imagination of a Fuseli could not conceive anything at all unlike unto it. How the poor human body can be mutilated and yet hold its soul within, when every limb is shattered, and every vein and artery is pouring out the life-stream, one might study here at every step, and at the same time wonder how little will kill! The building used as an hospital is one of the noble piles inside the dock-yard wall, and is situated in the centre of the row at right angles to the line of the Redan. The whole row was peculiarly exposed to the action of shot and shell bounding over the Redan, and to the missiles directed at the Barrack Battery, and it bears, in sides, roofs, windows, and doors, frequent and destructive proofs of the severity of the cannonade.

Entering one of these doors, I beheld such a sight as few men, thank God, have ever witnessed! In a long, low room, supported by square pillars, arched at the top, and dimly lighted through shattered and unglazed window-frames, lay the wounded Russians, who had been abandoned to our mercies by their general. The wounded, did I say? No, but the dead, the rotten and festering corpses of the soldiers who were left to die in their extreme agony, untended, uncared for, packed as close as they could be stowed, some on the floor, others on wretched trestles and bedsteads, or pallets of straw, sopped and saturated with blood, which oozed and trickled through upon the floor, mingled with the droppings of corruption. Many lay, yet alive, with maggots crawling about in their wounds. Many, nearly mad by the scenes around them, or seeking escape from it in their extremest agony, had rolled away under the beds, and glared out on the heart-stricken spectators, oh! with such looks. Many, with legs and arms broken and twisted, the jagged splinters sticking through the raw flesh, implored aid, water, food, or pity, or, deprived of speech by the approach of death, or by dreadful injuries on the head or trunk, pointed to the lethal spot. Many seemed bent alone on making their peace with Heaven. The attitudes of some were so hideously fantastic as to appal and root one to the ground by a sort of dreadful fascination.

Could that bloody mass of clothing and white bones ever have been a human being, or that burnt black mass of flesh have ever had a human soul? It was fearful to think what the answer must be. The bodies of numbers of men were swollen and bloated to an incredible degree, and the features distended to a gigantic size, with eyes protruding from the sockets, and the blackened tongue lolling out of the mouth, compressed tightly by the teeth which had set upon it in the death-

rattle, made one shudder and reel round. In the midst of one of these "chambers of horror"—for there were many of them—were found some dead and some living English soldiers, and among them poor Captain Vaughan, of the 90th, who has since succumbed to his wounds. I confess, it was impossible for me to stand at the sight which horrified our most experienced surgeons—the deadly, clammy stench, the smell of the gangrened wounds, of corrupt blood, of rotting flesh, were intolerable and odious beyond endurance. But what must the wounded have felt who were obliged to endure all this, and who passed away without a hand to give them a cup of water, or a voice to say one kindly word to them!

From "*The London Times*."

BYRON AND BURNS.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE words of Milton are true in all times, and were never truer than in this: "He who would write heroic poems, must make his whole life an heroic poem." If he cannot first so make his life, then let him hasten from this arena; for neither its lofty glories, nor its fearful perils, are for him. Let him dwindle into a modish ballad-monger; let him worship and be-sing the idols of the time, and the time will not fail to reward him,—if, indeed, he can endure to live in that capacity!

Byron and Burns could not live as idol-priests, but the fire of their own hearts consumed them; and better it was for them that they could not. For it is not in the favor of the great, or of the small, but in a life of truth, and in the inexpugnable citadel of his own soul, that a Byron's or a Burns's strength must lie. Let the great stand aloof from him, or know how to reverence him. Beautiful is the union of wealth with favor and furtherance for literature; like the costliest flower-jar enclosing the loveliest amaranth. Yet let not the relation be mistaken. A true poet is not one whom they can hire by money or flattery to be a minister of their pleasures, their writer of occasional verses, their purveyor of table-wit; he cannot be their menial, he cannot even be their partisan. At the peril of both parties, let no such union be attempted! Will a Courser of the Sun work softly in the harness of a Dray-horse? His hoofs are of fire, and his path is through the heavens, bringing light to all lands; will he lumber on mud highways, dragging ale for earthly appetites, from door to door?

From "*Essay on Burns*."

THE ASSAULT ON THE MALAKOFF.

At half past ten o'clock General Pelissier and his staff went up to the French Observatory, on the right. The French trenches were crowded with men as close as they could pack, and we could see our men through the breaks in the clouds of dust, which were most irritating, all ready in their trenches. The cannonade languished purposely towards noon; but the Russians, catching sight of the cavalry and troops in front, began to shell Cathcart's Hill and the Heights, and disturbed the equanimity of some of the spectators by their shells bursting with loud "thuds" right over their heads.

A few minutes before twelve o'clock the French, like a swarm of bees, issued forth from their trenches close to the doomed Malakoff, swarmed up its face, and were through the embrasures in the twinkling of an eye. They crossed the seven metres of ground which separated them from the enemy at a few bounds—they drifted as lightly and quickly as autumn leaves before the wind, battalion after battalion, into the embrasures, and in a minute or two after the head of their column issued from the ditch, the tricolor was floating over the Korniloff bastion. The musketry was very feeble at first—indeed, our allies took the Russians quite by surprise, and very few of the latter were in the Malakoff; but they soon recovered themselves, and, from twelve o'clock till past seven in the evening, the French had to meet and defeat the repeated attempts of the enemy to regain the work and the Little Redan, when, weary of the fearful slaughter of his men, who lay in thousands over the exterior of the works, the Muscovite general, despairing of success, withdrew his exhausted legions, and prepared, with admirable skill, to evacuate the place.

From "*The London Times*," 1855.

THE STRUGGLE IN THE REDAN.

THE struggle that took place was short, desperate, and bloody. Our soldiers, taken at every disadvantage, met the enemy with the bayonet, too, and isolated combats took place in which the brave fellows, who stood their ground, had to defend themselves against three or four adversaries at once. In this *melée*, the officers, armed only with their swords, had little chance; nor had those who carried pistols much opportunity of using them in such a rapid contest.

They fell like heroes, and many a gallant soldier with them. The bodies of the English and Russians, inside the Redan, locked in an embrace which death could not relax, but had rather cemented all the closer, lay next day inside the Redan, as evidences of the terrible ani-

mosity of the struggle. But the solid weight of the advancing mass, urged on, and fed each moment from the rear by company after company, and battalion after battalion, prevailed at last against the isolated and disjointed band, who had abandoned the protection of unanimity of courage, and had lost the advantages of discipline and obedience.

As though some giant rock had advanced into the sea, and forced back the waters that buffeted it, so did the Russian columns press down against the spray of soldiery which fretted their edge with fire and steel, and contended in vain against their weight. The struggling band was forced back by the enemy, who moved on, crushing friends and foe beneath their solid tramp, and, bleeding, panting, and exhausted, our men lay in heaps in the ditch beneath the parapet, sheltered themselves behind stands, and in bomb-craters in the slope of the work, or tried to pass back to our advanced parallel and cap, and had to run the gauntlet of a tremendous fire.

From "*The London Times*," 1855.

NAPOLÉON AND JOSEPHINE.

NAPOLÉON's acquaintance with Josephine arose from the impression made on him by her son, Eugene Beauharnais, then a little boy. He came to request that his father's sword, which had been delivered up, might be restored to him. The boy's appearance, the earnestness with which he urged his request, and the tears which could not be stayed when he beheld the sword, interested Napoleon so much in his favor, that not only was the sword given to him, but he determined to become acquainted with the mother of the boy. He visited her, and soon his visits became frequent. He delighted to hear the details which she gave of the court of Louis. "Come," he would say, as he sat by her side of an evening, "now let us talk of the old court—let us make a tour to Versailles." It was in these frequent and familiar interviews that the fascinations of Josephine won the heart of Napoleon. "She is," said he, "grace personified—everything she does is with a grace and delicacy peculiar to herself."

The admiration and love of such a man could not fail to make an impression on a woman like Josephine. It has been said that it was impossible to be in Napoleon's company without being struck by his personal appearance; not so much by the exquisite symmetry of his features, and the noble head and forehead, which have furnished the painter and the sculptor with one of their finest models; nor even by the meditative look, so indicative of intellectual power; but the magic charm was the varying expression of countenance, which changed with every passing thought, and glowed with every feeling. His smile, it is said, always inspired confidence.

"It is difficult, if not impossible"—so the Duchess of Abrantes writes—"to describe the charm of his countenance when he smiled—his soul was upon his lips and in his eyes." The magic power of that expression at a later period is well known. The Emperor of Russia experienced it when he said, "I never loved any one more than that man." He possessed, too, that greatest of all charms, an harmonious voice, whose tones, like his countenance, changing from emphatic impressiveness to caressing softness, found their way to every heart.

It may not have been those personal and mental gifts alone which won Josephine's heart; the ready sympathy with which Napoleon entered into her feelings, may have been the greatest charm to an affectionate nature like hers. It was in the course of one of those confidential evenings, that, as they sat together, she read to him the last letter which she had received from her husband—it was a most touching farewell. Napoleon was deeply affected; and it has been said that that letter, and Josephine's emotion, as she read it, had a powerful effect upon his feelings, already so much excited by admiration.

From "*Fraser's Magazine*."

THE ORATORY OF PITT.

LORD BROUGHAM.

PITT is to be placed, without any doubt, in the highest class. With a sparing use of ornament, hardly indulging more in figures, or even in figurative expression, than the most severe examples of ancient chasteness allowed—with little variety of style, hardly any of the graces of manner—he no sooner rose than he carried away every hearer, and kept the attention fixed and unflagging till it pleased him to let it go; and then

"So charming left his voice, that we, awhile,
Still thought him speaking; still stood fixed to hear."

This magical effect was produced by his unbroken flow, which never for a moment left the hearer in pain or doubt, and yet was not the mean fluency of mere relaxation, requiring no effort of the speaker, but imposing on the listener a heavy task; by his lucid arrangement, which made all parts of the most complicated subject quit their entanglement, and fall each into its place; by the clearness of his statements, which presented at once a picture to the mind; by the forcible appeals to strict reason and strong feeling, which formed the great staple of the discourse; by the majesty of the diction; by the depth and fulness of the most sonorous voice, and the unbending dignity of the manner, which ever reminded us that we were in the presence of more than an advocate or debater—that there stood before us a ruler of the people. Such were invariably the effects of this singular elo-

quence ; and they were as certainly produced on ordinary occasions, as in those grander displays when he rose to the height of some great argument ; or indulged in vehement invective against some individual, and variegated his speech with that sarcasm of which he was so great a master, and indeed so little sparing an employer ; although even here all was uniform and consistent ; nor did anything, in any mood of mind, ever drop from him that was unsuited to the majestic frame of the whole, or could disturb the serenity of the full and copious flood rolled along.

From "*Eminent Statesmen.*"

THE CHARACTER OF FOX.

LORD BROUGHAM.

THE foolish indulgence of a father, from whom he inherited his talents certainly, but little principle, put Mr. Fox, while yet a boy, in the possession of pecuniary resources which cannot safely be trusted to more advanced stages of youth ; and the dissipated habits of the times drew him, before the age of manhood, into the whirlpool of fashionable excess. In the comparatively correct age in which our lot is cast, it would be almost as unjust to apply our more severe standard to him and his associates, as it would have been for the Ludlows and Hutchinsons of the seventeenth century, in writing a history of the Roman Empire, to denounce the immoralities of Julius Cæsar. Nor let it be forgotten, that the noble heart and sweet disposition of this great man passed unscathed through an ordeal which, in almost every other instance, is found to deaden all the kindly and generous affections. A life of gambling, and intrigue, and faction, left the nature of Charles Fox as little tainted with selfishness or falsehood, and his heart as little hardened, as if he had lived and died in a farm-house ; or rather as if he had not outlived his childish years.

From "*Eminent Statesmen.*"

THE ELOQUENCE OF BURKE.

LORD BROUGHAM.

It may justly be said, with the second of Attic orators, that sense is always more important than eloquence ; and no one can doubt that enlightened men in all ages will hang over the works of Mr. Burke, and dwell with delight even upon the speeches that failed to command the attention of those to whom they were addressed. Nor is it by their rhetorical beauties that they interest us. The extraordinary depth of his detached views, the penetrating sagacity which he occasionally applies to the affairs of men and their motives, and the curious felicity of expression with which he unfolds principles, and traces resemblances

and relations, are separately the gift of few, and in their union probably without any example. This must be admitted on all hands; it is possibly the last of these observations which will obtain universal assent, as it is the last we have to offer before coming upon disputed ground, where the fierce contentions of politicians cross the more quiet path of the critic.

Not content with the praise of his philosophic acuteness, which all are ready to allow, the less temperate admirers of this great writer have ascribed to him a gift of genius approaching to the power of divination, and have recognised him as in possession of a judgment so acute and so calm withal, that its decision might claim the authority of infallible decrees. His opinions upon French affairs have been viewed as always resulting from general principles deliberately applied to each emergency; and they have been looked upon as forming a connected system of doctrines, by which his own sentiments and conduct were regulated, and from which after times may derive the lessons of practical wisdom.

From "*Eminent Statesmen*."

LORD NORTH'S POLICY.

LORD BROUGHAM.

WHEN Lord North found that he could no longer approve the policy which he was required to pursue, and of course to defend, he was bound to quit the councils of his obstinate and unreasonable sovereign. Nor can there be a worse service, either to the prince or his people, than enabling a monarch to rule in his own person, dictating the commands of his own violence or caprice, through servants who disapprove of his measures, and yet suffer themselves to be made instruments for carrying them into execution. A bad king can desire nothing more than to be served by such persons, whose opinions he will as much disregard as their inclinations, but whom he will always find his tools in doing the work of mischief, because they become the more at the monarch's mercy in proportion as they have surrendered their principles and their will to his.

Far, then, very far from vindicating the conduct of Lord North in this essential point, we hesitate not to affirm that the discrepancy between his sentiments and his measures is not even any extenuation of the disastrous policy which gave us, for the fruits of a long and disastrous war, the dismemberment of the empire. In truth, what otherwise might have been regarded as an error of judgment, became an offence, only palliated by considering those kindly feelings of a personal kind which governed him, but which every statesman, indeed every one who acts in any capacity as trustee for others, is imperatively called upon to disregard.

From "*Eminent Statesmen*."

THE ADMINISTRATION OF PITT (LORD CHATHAM).

LORD BROUGHAM.

As soon as Mr. Pitt took the helm, the steadiness of the hand that held it was instantly felt in every motion of the vessel. There was no more of wavering counsels, of torpid inaction, of listless expectancy, of abject despondency. His firmness gave confidence, his spirit roused courage, his vigilance secured exertion, in every department under his sway. Each man, from the first Lord of the Admiralty down to the most humble clerk in the Victualling Office—each soldier, from the Commander-in-Chief to the most obscure contractor or commissary—now felt assured that he was acting or was indolent under the eye of one who knew his duties and his means as well as his own, and who would very certainly make all defaulters, whether through misfeasance or through nonfeasance, accountable for whatever detriment the commonwealth might sustain at their hands.

Over his immediate coadjutors his influence swiftly obtained an ascendant which it ever after retained uninterrupted. Upon his first proposition for changing the conduct of the war, he stood single among his colleagues, and tendered his resignation should they persist in their dissent; they at once succumbed, and from that hour ceased to have an opinion of their own upon any branch of the public affairs. Nay, so absolutely was he determined to have the control of those measures, of which he knew the responsibility rested upon him alone, that he insisted upon the first Lord of the Admiralty not having the correspondence of his own department; and no less eminent a naval character than Lord Anson, as well as his junior Lords, was obliged to sign the naval orders issued by Mr. Pitt, while the writing was covered over from their eyes!

From "*Eminent Statesmen.*"

THE HANDWRITING OF JUNIUS.

LORD BROUGHAM.

THE comparison of Sir Philip Francis's ordinary hand, which was a remarkably fine one, with the studiously-feigned hand of Junius's Letters, and of all his private correspondence, seemed to present many points of resemblance. But a remarkable writing of Sir P. Francis was recovered by the late Mr. Daniel Giles, to whose sister he had many years before sent a copy of verses with a letter written in a feigned hand. Upon comparing this fiction with the fac-similes published by Woodfall of Junius's hand, the two were found to tally accurately enough. The authorship is certainly not proved by this resemblance, even if it were admitted to prove that Sir P. Francis had

been employed to copy the letters. But the importance of the fact as a circumstance in the chain of evidence is undeniable.

To this may be added the interest which he always took in the work. Upon his decease, the vellum-bound and gilt copies, which formed the only remuneration Junius would receive from the publisher, were sought for in vain among his books. But it is said that the present which he made his second wife on their marriage was a finely-bound copy of Junius.

From "*Eminent Statesmen.*"

THE ORATORY OF CANNING.

LORD BROUGHAM.

His declamation, though often powerful, always beautifully ornate, never deficient in admirable diction, was certainly not of the highest class. It wanted depth; it came from the mouth, not from the heart; and it tickled or even filled the ear rather than penetrated the bosom of the listener. The orator never seemed to forget himself and be absorbed in his theme; he was not carried away by his passions, and he carried not his audience along with him. An actor stood before us, a first-rate one, no doubt, but still an actor; and we never forgot that it was a representation we were witnessing, not a real scene. The Grecian artist was of the second class only, at whose fruit the *birds* pecked; while, on seeing Parrhasius's picture, *men* cried out to have the curtain drawn aside. Mr. Canning's declamation entertained his hearers, so artistly was it executed; but only an inexperienced critic could mistake it for the highest reach of the rhetorical art. The truly great orator is he who carries away his hearer, or fixes his whole attention on the subject—with the subject fills his whole soul—than the subject, will suffer him to think of no other thing—of the subject's existence alone will let him be conscious, while the vehement inspiration lasts on his own mind which he communicates to his hearer—and will only suffer him to reflect on the admirable execution of what he has heard after the burst is over, the whirlwind has passed away, and the excited feelings have in the succeeding lull sunk into repose.

From "*Eminent Statesmen.*"

RELICS AT ABBOTSFORD.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

AFTER dinner we adjourned to the drawing-room, which served also for study and library. Against the wall on one side was a long writing-table, with drawers; surmounted by a small cabinet of polished wood, with folding doors richly studded with brass ornaments, within which

Scott kept his most valuable papers. Above the cabinet, in a kind of niche, was a complete corslet of glittering steel, with a closed helmet and flanked by gauntlets and battle-axes. Around were hung trophies and relics of various kinds: a cimeter of Tippoo Saib; a Highland broadsword from Floddenfield; a pair of Rippon spurs from Bannock burn; and above all, a gun which had belonged to Rob Roy, and bore his initials, R. M. G., an object of peculiar interest to me at the time, as it was understood Scott was actually engaged in printing a novel founded on the story of that famous outlaw.

On each side of the cabinet were book-cases, well stored with works of romantic fiction in various languages, many of them rare and antiquated. This, however, was merely his cottage library, the principal part of his books being at Edinburgh.

From this little cabinet of curiosities, Scott drew forth a manuscript picked up on the field of Waterloo, containing copies of several songs popular at the time in France. The paper was dabbled with blood—"The life blood, very possibly," said Scott, "of some gay young officer, who had cherished these songs as a keepsake from some lady love in Paris."

From "*Crayon Miscellany.*"

MACHIAVELLI.

LORD MACAULAY.

MACHIAVELLI lived long enough to see the commencement of the last struggle for Florentine liberty. Soon after his death, monarchy was finally established—not such a monarchy as that of which Cosmo had laid the foundations deep in the constitution and feelings of his countrymen, and which Lorenzo had embellished with the trophies of every science and every art; but a loathsome tyranny, proud and mean, cruel and feeble, bigoted and lascivious. The character of Machiavelli was hateful to the new masters of Italy; and those parts of his theory which were in strict accordance with their own daily practice, afforded a pretext for blackening his memory. His works were misrepresented by the learned, misconstrued by the ignorant, censured by the church, abused, with all the rancor of simulated virtue, by the minions of a base despotism, and the priests of a baser superstition. The name of the man whose genius had illuminated all the dark places of policy, and to whose patriotic wisdom an oppressed people had owed their last chance of emancipation and revenge, passed into a proverb of infamy.

For more than two hundred years his bones lay undistinguished. At length, an English nobleman paid the last honors to the greatest statesman of Florence. In the church of Santa Croce, a monument was erected to his memory, which is contemplated with reverence by all

who can distinguish the virtues of a great mind through the corruptions of a degenerate age; and which will be approached with still deeper homage, when the object to which his public life was devoted shall be attained, when the foreign yoke shall be broken, when a second Proccita shall avenge the wrongs of Naples, when a happier Rienzi shall restore the good estate of Rome, when the streets of Florence and Bologna shall again resound with their ancient war-cry—*Popolo; popolo; muoiano i tiranni!*

From "*Essay on Machiavelli.*"

ROBESPIERRE.

LORD BROUGHAM.

ROBESPIERRE was, beyond most men that ever lived, hateful, selfish, unprincipled, cruel, unscrupulous. That he was not the worst of the Jacobin group may also be without hesitation affirmed. Collot d'Herbois was probably worse; Billaud Varennès certainly, of whom it was said by Garat: "*Il fauche dans les têtes, comme un autre dans les prés*" (he mows down heads as another would grass.) But neither of these men had the same fixity of purpose, and both were inferior to him in speech. Both, however, and indeed all the revolutionary chiefs, were his superiors in the one great quality of courage; and while his want of boldness, his abject poverty of spirit, made him as despicable as he was odious, we are left in amazement at his achieving the place which he filled, without the requisite most essential to success in times of trouble, and to regard as his distinguishing but pitiful characteristic the circumstance which leaves the deepest impression upon those who contemplate his story, and in which he is to be separated from the common herd of usurpers, that his cowardly nature did not prevent him from gaining the prize which, in all other instances, has been yielded to a daring spirit.

Such was Robespierre—a name at which all men still shudder. Reader, think not that this spectacle has been exhibited by Providence for no purpose, and without any use! It may serve as a warning against giving way to our scorn of creatures that seem harmless because of the disproportion between their mischievous propensities and their powers to injure, and against suffering them to breathe and to crawl till they begin to ascend into regions where they may be more noxious than in their congenial dunghill, or native dust!

From "*Eminent Statesmen.*"

THE COURT OF CHARLES II.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

THE court of Charles II. carried the dissolution of morals to the greatest pitch. And the stage at that time united the profligacy of French with the coarseness of English manners. The king loved to practise, and was forward to encourage, the most unbounded license in conversation as well as in conduct. The loosest jest and the most indecent words were admitted into polished society, and even disgraced the literature of the day. Nor was it found possible to import the gallantry and dissipation of other climates without some mixture of the darker vices. Sir John Denham and Lord Chesterfield have both been accused of murdering their wives by poison, and the latter is said to have added deeper horror to his crime by administering death in the cup of communion. These stories, whether true or false, could only have found belief in a profligate age. It seemed as if the domestic character of the nation was about to undergo an alarming change.

But the mass of English gentry did not follow the example of their sovereign; and he who examined beneath the surface would have found the soil rich in honor and virtue. The same age which produced the poetry of Rochester and the plays of Dryden, gave birth to the writings of South, Taylor, and Barrow. And whilst the wits of the court were ridiculing the epic poem of Milton, that sublime work was passing through the hands of thousands, and obtaining for its author that better sort of immortality which is gained by uniting the sentiments of a good man with the inspiration of a great poet.

THE CHARACTER OF JAMES I.

SANFORD.

JAMES has been called a "learned fool," and his lucubrations on government and royal authority, when we consider the position in which he was he was practically placed, certainly entitle him to the epithet. Royal despotism seems to have possessed for him all the attraction of forbidden fruit, and the mortifications which he was constantly compelled to undergo from insolent nobles and presuming preachers, appear to have had only the effect of impressing more strongly on his mind a sense of the theoretical irresponsibility of the crown. His chimerical design was no other than to subvert the constitution of England, and to establish in its place a despotic monarchy. A dissembler by nature and by long habit, he dissembled badly, and only succeeded in destroying all confidence in his most solemn assurances. With all his boasted state-craft, he was never able to conceal his projects until a favorable moment for their execution; and by

the pompous language with which he heralded them, called forth an opposition which stifled them in the birth. He was a coward, both morally and physically; and this fact exercised a material influence on the character of the contest during his life. His vanity led him continually to assume to himself in words a sovereign power entirely inconsistent with the constitution, and accommodated to some theory of his own brain; while the same love of *seeming* power induced him frequently to interfere with the privileges of the House of Commons, and when prompted by his necessities to have recourse to various illegal means of raising money: but, when called to account for this language and these proceedings, he gave way, not as Elizabeth, but in a manner congenial with his own spirit; a great deal of bluster was always followed by an agony of terror and humiliation.

THE POLICY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

LORD MACAULAY.

IF such a man as Charles I. had been in the place of Queen Elizabeth when the whole nation was crying out against the monopolies, he would have refused all redress. He would have dissolved the Parliament, and imprisoned the most popular members. He would have called another Parliament. He would have given some vague and delusive promises of relief in return for subsidies. When entreated to fulfil his promises, he would have again dissolved the Parliament, and again imprisoned his leading opponents. The country would have become more agitated than before. The next House of Commons would have been more unmanageable than that which preceded it. The tyrant would have agreed to all that the nation demanded. He would have solemnly ratified an act abolishing monopolies for ever. He would have received a large supply in return for this concession; and within half a year new patents, more oppressive than those which had been cancelled, would have been issued by scores. Such was the policy which brought the heir of a long line of kings, in early youth the darling of his countrymen, to a prison and a scaffold.

Elizabeth, before the House of Commons could address her, took out of their mouths the words which they were about to utter in the name of the nation. Her promises went beyond their desires. Her performance followed close upon her promise. She did not treat the nation as an adverse party, as a party which had an interest opposed to hers, as a party to which she was to grant as few advantages as possible, and from which she was to extort as much money as possible. Her benefits were given, not sold; and, when once given, they were never with-

drawn. She gave them, too, with a frankness, an effusion of heart, a princely dignity, a motherly tenderness, which enhanced their value. They were received by the sturdy country gentlemen who had come up to Westminster full of resentment, with tears of joy, and shouts of "God save the Queen!" Charles the First gave up half the prerogatives of his crown to the Commons, and the Commons sent him in return the Grand Remonstrance.

From "*History of England.*"

THE CATHEDRAL AT ROUEN.

DR. DURBIN.

LET us enter the gloomy Gothic pile. Our sensations are indescribable. It is not admiration—it is not the religious sentiment, but a strange astonishment, not unmingled with awe, yet certainly not akin to reverence. The long ranges of lofty pillars; the countless sharp Gothic arches; the numerous chapels on either side, adorned with pictures and statuary, frequently with candles burning before the image of the Virgin with the infant Jesus in her arms, all seen in a flood of light poured into the church through more than a hundred windows, whose glass is stained with every shade of color, from fiery red to the soft tints fading into white, until nave, and choir, and aisles seem magically illuminated; the silence that reigns in the vast space, broken only by the occasional footfall of a priest in his long black robe, flitting along the nave, or entering one of the numerous confessionals, followed by a penitent; with here and there the form of an aged and decrepit female kneeling in superstitious reverence before some favorite image; all taken together, overpower the eye and the mind of the Protestant traveller, unaccustomed to such scenes, with strange impressions and oppressive feelings, and he retires from his first visit confused and astonished.

From "*Observations in Europe.*"

ART IN ANTWERP.

DR. DURBIN.

IF commerce and wealth have departed from Antwerp, she inherits an imperishable glory in the fame of her arts. The cradle of the Flemish school of painting, the home of Rubens, Vandyk, and Teniers, Antwerp is still the repository of their choicest works, which attract visitors from all parts of Europe, who are, indeed, the chief support of the place. Its steamboats, its hotels, its innumerable commissioners and valets, all depend upon strangers for their employment.

The *Descent from the Cross*, the master-piece of Rubens. hangs in

the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, in which building are also preserved the *Elevation of the Cross*, the *Assumption of the Virgin*, and the *Resurrection*, all by the same great master, and marked by the boldness of conception and strength of coloring that characterized his genius. The Descent from the Cross involves in the position of the prominent figures some of the greatest difficulties of the art, which are admirably surmounted by the painter. The head hanging languidly on the shoulder, and the sinking of the body on one side, are the impersonation of the heaviness of death. But the *Crucifixion*, by Vandyk, preserved in the Museum, struck me most forcibly; I could not repress indignation, sorrow, even tears, as I gazed upon the image of the Crucified stooping meekly and yielding his bleeding back to the strokes of the scourge, while the blue marks of the thong verged into blackness, and the dark blood trickled from the fearful wounds.

From "*Observations in Europe*."

DOMESTIC COMFORT IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

HALLAM.

IF the domestic buildings of the fifteenth century would not seem very spacious or convenient at present, far less would this luxurious generation be content with their internal accommodations. A gentleman's house containing three or four beds was extraordinarily well provided; few probably had more than two. The walls were commonly bare, without wainscot, or even plaster, except that some great houses were furnished with hangings, and that, perhaps, hardly so soon as the reign of Edward IV. It is unnecessary to add, that neither libraries of books nor pictures could have found a place among furniture. Silver plate was very rare, and hardly used for the table. A few inventories of furniture that still remain, exhibit a miserable deficiency. And this was incomparably greater in private gentlemen's houses than among citizens, and especially foreign merchants. We have an inventory of the goods belonging to Contarini, a rich Venetian trader, at his house in St. Botolph's Lane, A. D. 1481. There appear to have been no less than ten beds, and glass-windows are specially noticed as movable furniture. No mention, however, is made of chairs, or looking-glasses. If we compare this account, however trifling in our estimation, with a similar inventory of furniture in Skipton Castle, the great honor of the earls of Cumberland, and among the most splendid mansions of the north, not at the same period, for I have not found any inventory of a nobleman's furniture so ancient, but in 1572, after almost a century of continual improvement, we shall be astonished at the inferior provision of the baronial residence. There were not more than seven or eight beds in this great castle, nor had

any of the chambers either chairs, glasses, or carpets. It is in this sense, probably, that we must understand Æneas Sylvius, if he meant anything more than to express a traveller's discontent, when he declares that the kings of Scotland would rejoice to be as well lodged as the second class of citizens at Nuremberg. Few burghers of that town had mansions, I presume, equal to the palaces of Dunfermline or Stirling, but it is not unlikely that they were better furnished.

In the construction of farm-houses and cottages, especially the latter, there have probably been fewer changes; and those it would be more difficult to follow. Cottages in England seem to have generally consisted of a single room, without division of stories. Chimneys were unknown in such dwellings till the early part of Elizabeth's reign, when a very rapid and sensible improvement took place in the comforts of our yeomanry and cottagers.

From "*History of the Middle Ages*."

TACITUS AS A HISTORIAN.

LORD MACAULAY.

IN the delineation of character, Tacitus is unrivalled among historians, and has very few superiors among dramatists and novelists. By the delineation of character, we do not mean the practice of drawing up epigrammatic catalogues of good and bad qualities, and appending them to the names of eminent men. No writer, indeed, has done this more skilfully than Tacitus: but this is not his peculiar glory. All the persons who occupy a large space in his works have an individuality of character which seems to pervade all their words and actions. We know them as if we had lived with them. Claudius, Nero, Otho, both the Agrippinas, are masterpieces. But Tiberius is a still higher miracle of art. The historian undertook to make us intimately acquainted with a man singularly dark and inscrutable—with a man whose real disposition long remained swathed up in intricate folds of factitious virtues; and over whose actions the hypocrisy of his youth, and the seclusion of his old age, threw a singular mystery. He was to exhibit the specious qualities of the tyrant in a light which might render them transparent, and enable us at once to perceive the covering and the vices which it concealed. He was to trace the gradations by which the first magistrate of a republic, a senator, mingling freely in debate, a noble associating with his brother nobles, was transformed into an Asiatic sultan; he was to exhibit a character distinguished by courage, self-command, and profound policy, yet defiled by all

"th' extravagancy
And crazy ribaldry of fancy."

He was to mark the gradual effect of advancing age and approaching

death on this strange compound of strength and weakness; to exhibit the old sovereign of the world sinking into a dotage which, though it rendered his appetites eccentric, and his temper savage, never impaired the powers of his stern and penetrating mind, conscious of failing strength, raging with capricious sensuality, yet to the last the keenest of observers, the most artful of dissemblers, and the most terrible of masters. The task was one of extreme difficulty. The execution is almost perfect.

From "*Essay on History*."

MONTICELLO.

WILLIAM WIRT.

THE mansion-house at Monticello was built and furnished in the days of Jefferson's prosperity. In its dimensions, its architecture, its arrangements, and ornaments, it is such a one as became the character and fortune of the man. It stands upon an elliptic plain, formed by cutting down the apex of a mountain; and, on the west, stretching away to the north and the south, it commands a view of the Blue Ridge for a hundred and fifty miles, and brings under the eye one of the boldest and most beautiful horizons in the world: while, on the east, it presents an extent of prospect, bounded only by the spherical form of the earth, in which nature seems to sleep in eternal repose, as if to form one of her finest contrasts with the rude and rolling grandeur on the west. In the wide prospect, and scattered to the north and south, are several detached mountains, which contribute to animate and diversify this enchanting landscape; and among them, to the south, Williss' Mountain, which is so interestingly depicted in his Notes. From this summit, the Philosopher was wont to enjoy that spectacle, among the sublimest of nature's operations, the looming of the distant mountains; and to watch the motions of the planets, and the greater revolution of the celestial sphere. From this summit, too, the Patriot could look down, with uninterrupted vision, upon the wide expanse of the world around, for which he considered himself born; and upward, to the open and vaulted heavens, which he seemed to approach, as if to keep him continually in mind of his high responsibility. It is indeed a prospect in which you see and feel, at once, that nothing mean or little could live. It is a scene fit to nourish those great and high-souled principles which formed the elements of his character, and was a most noble and appropriate post for such a sentinel over the rights and liberties of man.

Approaching the house on the east, the visitor instinctively paused, to cast around one thrilling glance at this magnificent panorama; and then passed to the vestibule, where, if he had not been previously

informed, he would immediately perceive that he was entering the house of no common man. In the spacious and lofty hall which opens before him, he marks no tawdry and unmeaning ornaments; but before, on the right, on the left, all around, the eye is struck and gratified with objects of science and taste, so classed and arranged as to produce their finest effect. On one side, specimens of sculpture set out, in such order, as to exhibit at a *coup d'œil* the historical progress of that art, from the first rude attempts of the aborigines of our country, up to that exquisite and finished bust of the great patriot himself, from the master hand of Caracci. On the other side, the visitor sees displayed a vast collection of specimens of Indian art, their paintings, weapons, ornaments, and manufactures; on another, an array of the fossil productions of our country, mineral and animal; the polished remains of those colossal monsters that once trod our forests, and are no more; and a variegated display of the branching honors of those "monarchs of the waste," that still people the wilds of the American Continent.

From this hall he was ushered into a noble saloon, from which the glorious landscape of the west again bursts upon his view; and which, within, is hung thick around with the finest productions of the pencil—historical paintings of the most striking subjects, from all countries, and all ages; the portraits of distinguished men and patriots, both of Europe and America, and medallions and engravings in endless profusion.

From "*Eulogy on Jefferson and Adams*," 1826.

EULOGY ON CALHOUN.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

WE are of the same age: I made my first entrance into the House of Representatives in May, 1813, and there found Mr. Calhoun. He had already been in that body for two or three years. I found him then an active and efficient member of the assembly to which he belonged, taking a decided part, and exercising a decided influence, in all its deliberations.

From that day to the day of his death, amidst all the strifes of party and politics, there has subsisted between us, always and without interruption, a great degree of personal kindness.

Differing widely on many great questions respecting the institutions and government of the country, those differences never interrupted our personal and social intercourse. I have been present at most of the distinguished instances of the exhibition of his talents in debate. I have always heard him with pleasure, often with much instruction, not unfrequently with the highest degree of admiration.

Mr. Calhoun was calculated to be a leader in whatsoever association of political friends he was thrown. He was a man of undoubted genius, and of commanding talent. All the country and all the world admit that. His mind was both perceptive and vigorous. It was clear, quick, and strong.

Sir, the eloquence of Mr. Calhoun, or the manner of his exhibition of his sentiments in public bodies, was part of his intellectual character. It grew out of the qualities of his mind. It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise; sometimes impassioned—still always severe. Rejecting ornament, not often seeking far for illustration, his power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, in the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner. These are the qualities, as I think, which have enabled him, through such a long course of years, to speak often, and yet always command attention. His demeanor as a Senator is known to us all—is appreciated, venerated by us all. No man was more respectful to others; no man carried himself with greater decorum, no man with superior dignity. I think there is not one of us but felt when he last addressed us from his seat in the Senate, his form still erect, with a voice by no means indicating such a degree of physical weakness as did, in fact, possess him, with clear tones, and an impressive, and, I may say, an imposing manner, who did not feel that he might imagine that we saw before us a Senator of Rome, when Rome survived.

Sir, I have not in public nor in private life known a more assiduous person in the discharge of his appropriate duties. I have known no man who wasted less of life in what is called recreation, or employed less of it in any pursuits not connected with the immediate discharge of his duty. He seemed to have no recreation but the pleasure of conversation with his friends. Out of the chambers of Congress, he was either devoting himself to the acquisition of knowledge pertaining to the immediate subject of the duty before him, or else he was indulging in those social interviews in which he so much delighted.

My honorable friend from Kentucky has spoken in just terms of his colloquial talents. They certainly were singular and eminent. There was a charm in his conversation not often found. He delighted, especially, in conversation and intercourse with young men. I suppose that there has been no man among us who had more winning manners, and such an intercourse and conversation, with men comparatively young, than Mr. Calhoun. I believe one great power of his character, in general, was his conversational talent. I believe it is that, as well as a consciousness of his high integrity, and the greatest reverence for his intellect and ability, that has made him so endeared an object to the people of the state to which he belonged.

Mr. President, he had the basis, the indispensable basis, of all high

character; and that was unspotted integrity—unimpeached honor and character. If he had aspirations, they were high, and honorable, and noble. There was nothing grovelling, or low, or meanly selfish, that came near the head or the heart of Mr. Calhoun. Firm in his purpose, perfectly patriotic and honest, as I am sure he was, in the principles that he espoused, and in the measures that he defended, aside from that large regard for that species of distinction that conducted him to eminent stations for the benefit of the republic, I do not believe he had a selfish motive, or selfish feeling.

However, sir, he may have differed from others of us in his political opinions or his political principles, those principles and those opinions will now descend to posterity, under the sanction of a great name. He has lived long enough, he has done enough, and he has done it so well, so successfully, so honorably, as to connect himself for all time with the records of his country. He is now a historical character. Those of us who have known him here, will find that he has left upon our minds and our hearts a strong and lasting impression of his person, his character, and his public performances, which, while we live, will never be obliterated. We shall hereafter, I am sure, indulge in it as a grateful recollection, that we have lived in his age; that we have been his contemporaries, that we have seen him, and heard him, and known him. We shall delight to speak of him to those who are rising up to fill our places. And, when the time shall come when we ourselves shall go, one after another, in succession to our graves, we shall carry with us a deep sense of his genius and character, his honor and integrity, his amiable deportment in private life, and the purity of his exalted patriotism.

From "*Speech in the Senate*," 1850.

MURDER OF THOMAS À BECKET.

A. THIERRY.

THOMAS À BECKET had just finished his morning repast, and his servitors were still at the table. He saluted the Normans upon their entrance, and demanded the object of their visit. After a few minutes of silence, Reginald Fitz-Urse spoke:—"We have come," said he, "on the part of the king, to demand that the excommunicated persons shall be absolved, that the suspended Bishops be re-established, and that you, yourself, explain your designs against the king." "It is not I," answered Thomas, "it is the sovereign pontiff himself who excommunicated the Archbishop of York, and who alone, in consequence, has the right to absolve him; as for the rest, I will re-establish them, if they will make their submission to me." "From whom then do you hold your Archbishopric?" demanded Reginald; "from the king, or from the Pope?" "I hold the spiritual rights from God and the Pope, and the

temporal rights from the king." "What! is it not the king who has given you everything?" "By no means," answered Becket. Here the Normans began to bite their gloves, and to express impatience. "I think you mean to threaten me," said the Primate, "but it is useless; if all the swords in England were raised over my head, you would gain nothing from me." "Well, then, we will do better than threaten," cried out Fitz-Urse, rising suddenly; the others followed him towards the door, crying out, To arms! The door of the apartment was closed immediately behind them. Reginald armed himself in the court-yard, taking an axe from the hands of a carpenter who was working there. He struck against the door to open it or break it in; the people of the house, hearing the blows of the axe, entreated the Archbishop to take refuge in the church, which communicated by a gallery with his apartment. He would not. They were going to drag him thither by force, when one of the assistants remarked that the vesper-bell was ringing. "Since it is the hour of my duty, I will go to the church," he said; and causing them to bear before him the cross, he walked slowly through the gallery, and then towards the great altar.

Scarcely were his feet upon the steps of the altar, when Reginald Fitz-Urse appeared at the other end of the church completely armed, carrying in his hand his two-edged sword, crying out, "Hither! hither! loyal servants of the king." The other conspirators followed him, armed cap-a-pie, brandishing their swords. One cried out, "Where is the traitor?" Becket did not answer. "Where is the Archbishop?" "Here," replied Becket; "but there is no traitor here; what are you doing in the house of God in such armor? what is your purpose?" "To slay you!" was the answer. "I am resigned," replied the Archbishop, "you will not see me fly from your swords; but, in the name of the Almighty God, I forbid you to touch one of my companions, clergy or lay, great or small." At that moment he received from behind a blow with the flat of the sword on his shoulder, and the person who struck it, said, "Fly, or you are a dead man." He did not move; the armed men undertook to drag him outside of the church, being scrupulous about killing him there; he struggled with them, declaring that he would not go out; that he would compel them to execute upon that very spot, their intentions or their orders. William de Tracy raised his sword, and at one blow cut off the hand of a Saxon monk named Edward Gryn, and wounded Becket on the head. A second blow, given by another Norman, threw him down with his face against the ground; a third clove his skull, and was given with such violence, that the sword was broken against the pavement. William Mautrait then pushed the motionless body with his foot, saying,—“Thus perish the traitor who has disturbed the kingdom, and caused the English to rebel.”

THE COSMOS.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

IN February, 1827, Humboldt removed from Paris. He did not proceed directly to Berlin, but joined his brother's son-in-law, Count Bülow, who had just been appointed ambassador to England, on a journey to London. Humboldt's stay in England was short, for in May we find him permanently settled in Berlin. He found his brother in Berlin, for he had a residence there, as well as at Tegel, and scores of his old friends, among others Augustus Schlegel. The king received him with open arms, and conferred upon him the title of privy councillor. He might have been secretary of state, if he had chosen; indeed, there was no office too good for him, but he loved science too well to change it for politics. Never enamored of that artful, but powerful goddess, who, whatever her faults, is sure in the end to reward her worshippers, he was less likely to be won by her blandishments then, than at any other period of his life. He had a new and grand scheme on foot,—one that he had pondered over for years. He thought of it at Paris, in his study among his books and manuscripts, and in the *salons* of art and fashion, among the wise and the foolish. He thought of it in Mexico, as he groped his way in the darkness of the mines, or wandered among the ruins of vanished nations. He thought of it in Peru, on the rugged sides of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi; in the terrible pass of Quindiu; in the dense forests of the Orinoco, and at Cumana among the earthquakes. He thought of it on the deck of the Pizarro in the midst of the sea, and on the crater of Teneriffe in the illimitable wilderness of air. He thought of it everywhere, by day and at night, in his waking moments, and in his dreams. It was always with him. It was the one thought of his thoughts, his first and last conception, the most majestic statue of his house of life. It was "Kosmos." "Its undefined image," he wrote in 1844, "has floated before my mind for almost half a century."

All the travels that he had undertaken, and all the books that he had written, related to this great work. It was not as a traveller that he had crossed the sea, and explored unknown lands: nor yet as a man of science: but as *the* traveller, *the* man of science. He aimed at no common fame. Indeed, he aimed at none. It was to a nobler object than "the bauble reputation" that he devoted his life; it was a thirst for knowledge, a passion for wisdom, not in one thing, or many things, but in all things. To be a wise man was not enough; he would be the wisest of men. His wisdom was universal, like the Universe to which it was directed, and which he understood, if ever man did, or can understand it.

From "*Life of Humboldt.*"

LA VALETTE AT MALTA.

PRESCOTT.

LA VALETTE was one of those rare men whom Providence seems to raise up for special occasions, so wonderfully are their peculiar qualities suited to the emergency. To that attachment to his order which he had in common with his brethren, he united a strong religious sentiment, sincere and self-sacrificing, which shone through every act of his life. This gave him an absolute ascendancy over his followers, which he had the capacity to turn to full account. He possessed many of the requisites for success in action; great experience, a quick eye, a cool judgment. To these was united a fixedness of purpose not to be shaken by menace or entreaty; and which was only to be redeemed from the imputation of obstinacy by the extraordinary character of the circumstances in which he was placed. The reader will recall a memorable example, when La Valette insisted on defending St. Elmo to the last, in defiance not only of the remonstrance, but the resistance of its garrison. Another equally pertinent is his refusal, though in opposition to his council, to abandon the town and retire to St. Angelo. One can hardly doubt that on his decision, in both these cases, rested the fate of Malta.

La Valette was of a serious turn, and, as it would seem, with a tendency to sadness in his temperament. In the portraits that remain of him, his noble features are touched with a shade of melancholy, which, taken in connection with his history, greatly heightens the interest of their expression. His was not the buoyant temper, the flow of animal spirits, which carries a man over every obstacle in his way. Yet he could comfort the sick, and cheer the desponding; not by making light of danger, but by encouraging them like brave men fearlessly to face it. He did not delude his followers by the promises—after he had himself found them to be delusive—of foreign succor. He taught them, instead, to rely on the succor of the Almighty, who would never desert those who were fighting in his cause. He infused into them the spirit of martyrs,—that brave spirit which, arming the soul with contempt of death, makes the weak man stronger than the strongest.

From "*Philip II.*"

THE MAHOMETAN CORSAIR.

PRESCOTT.

THE corsair's life was full of maritime adventure. Many a tale of tragic interest was told of his exploits, and many a sad recital of the sufferings of the Christian captive, tugging at the oar, or pining in the

dungeons of Tripoli and Algiers. Such tales formed the burden of the popular minstrelsy of the period, as well as of more elegant literature,—the drama, and romantic fiction. But fact was stranger than fiction. It would have been difficult to exaggerate the number of the Christian captives, or the amount of their sufferings. On the conquest of Tunis by Charles the Fifth, in 1535, ten thousand of these unhappy persons, as we are assured, walked forth from its dungeons, and knelt, with tears of gratitude and joy, at the feet of their liberator. Charitable associations were formed in Spain, for the sole purpose of raising funds to ransom the Barbary prisoners. But the ransom demanded was frequently exorbitant, and the efforts of these benevolent fraternities made but a feeble impression on the whole number of captives.

Thus the war between the Cross and the Crescent was still carried on along the shores of the Mediterranean, when the day of the Crusades was past in most of the other quarters of Christendom. The existence of the Spaniard—as I have often had occasion to remark—was one long crusade; and in the sixteenth century he was still doing battle with the infidel, as stoutly as in the heroic days of the Cid. The furious contests with the petty pirates of Barbary engendered in his bosom feelings of even keener hostility than that which grew up in his contests with the Arabs, where there was no skulking, predatory foe, but army was openly arrayed against army, and they fought for the sovereignty of the Peninsula. The feeling of religious hatred rekindled by the Moors of Africa extended, in some degree, to the Morisco population, who still occupied those territories on the southern borders of the monarchy which had belonged to their ancestors, the Spanish Arabs. This feeling was increased by the suspicion, not altogether without foundation, of a secret correspondence between the Moriscos and their brethren on the Barbary coast. These mingled sentiments of hatred and suspicion sharpened the sword of persecution, and led to most disastrous consequences.

From "*Philip II.*"

DR. ARNOLD AT RUGBY.

HUGHES.

MORE worthy pens than mine have described that scene. The oak pulpit standing out by itself, above the school seats. The tall gallant form, the kindling eye, the voice, now soft as the low notes of a flute, now clear and stirring as the call of the light infantry bugle, of him who stood there Sunday after Sunday, witnessing and pleading for his Lord, the King of righteousness and love and glory, with whose spirit he was filled, and in whose power he spoke. The long lines of young faces rising tier above tier down the whole length of the chapel, from

the little boy's who had just left his mother to the young man's who was going out next week into the great world rejoicing in his strength. It was a great and solemn sight, and never more so than at this time of year, when the only lights in the chapel were in the pulpit and at the seats of the præpositors of the week, and the soft twilight stole over the rest of the chapel, deepening into darkness in the high gallery behind the organ.

But what was it after all which seized and held these three hundred boys, dragging them out of themselves, willing or unwilling, for twenty minutes on Sunday afternoons? True, there always were boys scattered up and down the school, who, in heart and head, were worthy to hear and able to carry away the deepest and wisest words then spoken. But these were a minority always, generally a very small one, often so small a one as to be countable on the fingers of your hand. What was it that moved and held us, the rest of the three hundred reckless childish boys, who feared the Doctor with all our hearts, and very little besides in heaven or earth; who thought more of our sets in the school than of the church of Christ, and put the traditions of Rugby and the public opinion of boys in our daily life above the laws of God? We couldn't enter into half that we heard; we hadn't the knowledge of our own hearts or the knowledge of one another, and little enough of the faith, hope, and love needed to that end. But we listened, as all boys in their better moods will listen (ay, and man too for the matter of that), to a man whom we felt to be with all his heart and soul and strength striving against whatever was mean and unmanly and unrighteous in our little world. It was not the cold clear voice of one giving advice and warning from serene heights, to those who were struggling and sinning below, but the warm living voice of one who was fighting for us and by our sides, and calling on us to help him and ourselves and one another. And so, wearily and little by little, but surely and steadily on the whole, was brought home to the young boy, for the first time, the meaning of his life: that it was no fool's or sluggard's paradise into which he had wandered by chance, but a battle-field, ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death. And he who roused this consciousness in them, showed them at the same time, by every word he spoke in the pulpit, and by his whole daily life, how that battle was to be fought; and stood there before them their fellow-soldier and the captain of their band. The true sort of captain too for a boys' army, one who had no misgivings and gave no uncertain word of command, and, let who would yield or make truce, would fight the fight out (so every boy felt) to the last gasp and the last drop of blood. Other sides of his character might take hold of and influence boys here and there, but it was this thoroughness and

undaunted courage which more than anything else won his way to the hearts of the great mass of those on whom he left his mark, and made them believe first in him, and then in his Master.

From "*Tom Brown's School Days*."

THE DEATH OF MAJOR HODSON AT LUCKNOW.

HUGHES.

FOR a week the siege had gone on, and work after work of the enemy had fallen. On the 11th of March the Begum's Palace was to be assaulted. Hodson had orders to move his regiment nearer to the walls, and while choosing a spot for his camp heard firing, rode on, and found his friend Brigadier Napier directing the assault. He joined him, saying, "I am come to take care of you; you have no business to go to work without me to look after you." They entered the breach together, were separated in the *mêlée*, and in a few minutes Hodson was shot through the chest. The next morning the wound was declared to be mortal, and he sent for Napier to give his last instructions.

"He lay on his bed of mortal agony," says this friend, "and met death with the same calm composure which so much distinguished him on the field of battle. He was quite conscious and peaceful, occasionally uttering a sentence, 'My poor wife,' 'My poor sisters.' 'I should have liked to have seen the end of the campaign and gone home to the dear ones once more, but it was so ordered.' 'It is hard to leave the world just now, when success is so near, but God's will be done.' 'Bear witness for me that I have tried to do my duty to man. May God forgive my sins, for Christ's sake.' 'I go to my Father.' 'My love to my wife,—tell her my last thoughts were of her.' 'Lord receive my soul.' These were his last words, and without a sigh or struggle his pure and noble spirit took its flight."

"It was so ordered." They were his own words; and now that the first anguish of his loss is over, will not even those nearest and dearest to him acknowledge "it was ordered for the best?" For is there not something painful to us in calculating the petty rewards which we can bestow upon a man who has done any work of deliverance for his country? Do we not almost dread—eagerly as we may desire his return—to hear the vulgar, formal phrases which are all we can devise to commemorate the toils and sufferings that we think of with most gratitude and affection? There is somewhat calming and soothing in the sadness which follows a brave man to his grave in the very place where his work was done, just when it was done. Alas! but it is a bitter lesson to learn, even to us his old schoolfellows, who have never seen him since we parted at his "leaving breakfast." May God make

us all braver and truer workers at our own small tasks, and worthy to join him, the hard fighter, the glorious Christian soldier and Englishman, when our time shall come.

On March 13th, he was carried to a soldier's grave, in the presence of the head-quarters, staff, and of Sir Colin, his last chief, who writes thus to his widow:—

"I followed your noble husband to the grave myself, in order to mark, in the most public manner, my regret and esteem for the most brilliant soldier under my command, and one whom I was proud to call my friend."

What living Englishman can add one iota to such praise from such lips? The man of whom the greatest of English soldiers could thus speak, needs no mark of official approbation, though it is a burning disgrace to the authorities that none such has been given. But the family which mourns its noblest son may be content with the rewards which his gallant life and glorious death have won for him and them,—we believe that he himself would desire no others. For his brothers-in-arms are erecting a monument to him in Lichfield Cathedral; his schoolfellows are putting up a window to him, and the other Rugbæans who have fallen with him, in Rugby Chapel; and the three regiments of Hodson's Horse will hand down his name on the scene of his work and of his death as long as Englishmen bear rule in India. And long after that rule has ceased, while England can honor brave deeds and be grateful to brave men, the heroes of the Indian mutiny will never be forgotten, and the hearts of our children's children will leap up at the names of Lawrence, Havelock, and Hodson.

WASHINGTON'S PRESENCE.

SPARKS.

THE person of Washington was commanding, graceful, and fitly proportioned; his stature six feet, his chest broad and full, his limbs long and somewhat slender, but well shaped and muscular. His features were regular and symmetrical, his eyes of a light blue color, and his whole countenance, in its quiet state, was grave, placid, and benignant. When alone, or not engaged in conversation, he appeared sedate and thoughtful; but, when his attention was excited, his eye kindled quickly and his face beamed with animation and intelligence. He was not fluent in speech, but what he said was apposite, and listened to with the more interest as being known to come from the heart. He seldom attempted sallies of wit or humor, but no man received more pleasure from an exhibition of them by others; and, although contented in seclusion, he sought his chief happiness in society, and par-

ticipated with delight in all its rational and innocent amusements. Without austerity on the one hand, or an appearance of condescending familiarity on the other, he was affable, courteous, and cheerful; but it has often been remarked, that there was a dignity in his person and manner, not easy to be defined, which impressed every one that saw him for the first time with an instinctive deference and awe. This may have arisen in part from a conviction of his superiority, as well as from the effect produced by his external form and deportment.

From "*Life of Washington.*"

WASHINGTON'S MORAL CHARACTER.

SPARKS.

His moral qualities were in perfect harmony with those of his intellect. Duty was the ruling principle of his conduct; and the rare endowments of his understanding were not more constantly tasked to devise the best methods of effecting an object, than they were to guard the sanctity of conscience. No instance can be adduced, in which he was actuated by a sinister motive, or endeavored to attain an end by unworthy means. Truth, integrity, and justice were deeply rooted in his mind; and nothing could rouse his indignation so soon, or so utterly destroy his confidence, as the discovery of the want of these virtues in any one whom he had trusted. Weaknesses, follies, indiscretions, he could forgive; but subterfuge and dishonesty he never forgot, rarely pardoned. He was candid and sincere, true to his friends, and faithful to all, neither practising dissimulation, descending to artifice, nor holding out expectations which he did not intend should be realized. His passions were strong, and sometimes they broke out with vehemence, but he had the power of checking them in an instant. Perhaps self-control was the most remarkable trait of his character. It was in part the effect of discipline; yet he seems by nature to have possessed this power to a degree which has been denied to other men.

A Christian in faith and practice, he was habitually devout. His reverence for religion is seen in his example, his public communications, and his private writings. He uniformly ascribed his successes to the beneficent agency of the Supreme Being. Charitable and humane, he was liberal to the poor, and kind to those in distress. As a husband, son, and brother, he was tender and affectionate. Without vanity, ostentation, or pride, he never spoke of himself or his actions, unless required by circumstances which concerned the public interests. As he was free from envy, so he had the good fortune to escape the envy of others, by standing on an elevation which none could hope to

attain. If he had one passion more strong than another, it was love of his country. The purity and ardor of his patriotism were commensurate with the greatness of its object. Love of country in him was invested with the sacred obligation of a duty; and from the faithful discharge of this duty he never swerved for a moment, either in thought or deed, through the whole period of his eventful career.

From "*Life of Washington.*"

THE FATE OF ANDRÉ.

C. J. BIDDLE.

FEW men have possessed in a higher degree the power of captivating the feelings of those around them. Young, with no family influence, and but lately entered from commercial business into military life, he had so ingratiated himself with his commander, that Clinton actually extorted from the British ministry the promotion which he desired for his favorite. The sense of obligation was deeply felt and warmly expressed by André; and it no doubt stimulated his efforts to secure, at every personal hazard, the triumph that would have established the fortunes of his friend. Of Swiss parentage, and educated upon the continent of Europe, André possessed all the lighter accomplishments which, with his natural vivacity and graceful bearing, rendered him the delight of every society in which he moved. The protraction of individual lives so connects the past generation with the present, that I have, myself, heard one who knew him descant upon the charms of his conversation and the elegance of his manners, as exhibited in the social circles of this city.

I conceive him to have been in temperament sanguine and mercurial—easily elated, easily depressed—and, though emulous of distinction, governed rather by impulse than reflection; with some proneness—from circumstances and education rather than from nature—to arts of insinuation and intrigue, which brought him, through their slippery pathways, to a bitter expiation. In his brief captivity, he turned enemies into friends. The narrative of Hamilton perpetuates, in all their original freshness, the feelings of the hour, as they overflowed in the generous bosoms of the young American soldiers, whose ministrations of respect and love lightened to the ill-fated André the shame of an ignominious death. In the last disastrous days of his career, his mind was elevated by misfortune; and his final hour displayed—what seldom graces a public exit from the scene of life—an unaffected courage, alike removed from weakness or bravado.

Yet time will but confirm the judgment that the men of the Revolution passed upon André. They condemned him, yet they pitied him—

so we may do—without yielding to the morbid sensibility that can find a saint and martyr in “the amiable spy,” and would sacrifice the fame of great and just men to his memory.

“The warmest panegyrists of Washington,” says Lord Mahon, “sometimes imply that his character was wholly faultless;” they err then,—for to be faultless is to be more than human: yet in no other of the world’s heroes is it so difficult to trace the common infirmities of nature. That, in the transaction here discussed, the “faulty point” of his character has been laid bare, through the acumen of the English historian, few will agree with him in thinking. For never was more manifest, than in the disposal of the case of André, the constant, calm, and high devotion to duty, that made the life of Washington an example of as near approach to complete moral greatness as has yet exalted the dignity of man.

From “*Contributions to American History.*”

WEST POINT.

LOSSING.

IN the midst of wild mountain scenery, picturesque but not magnificent when compared with the White Mountains of New Hampshire, the Adirondack and Catskill range in New York, or the Alleghanies in Western Pennsylvania and Virginia, is a bold promontory called West Point, rising more than one hundred and fifty feet above the waters of the Hudson, its top a perfectly level and fertile plateau, and every rood hallowed by associations of the deepest interest. West Point! What a world of thrilling reminiscences has the utterance of that name brought to ten thousand memories in times past, now, alas! nearly all slumbering in the dreamless sleep of the dead! How does it awaken the generous emotions of patriotic reverence for the men, and things, and times of the Revolution, in the bosoms of the present generation! Nor is it by the associations alone that the traveller is moved with strong emotions when approaching West Point; the stranger, indifferent to our history and of all but the present, feels a glow of admiration as he courses along the sinuous channel of the river or climbs the rough hills that embosom it. The inspiration of nature then takes possession of his heart and mind, and

“When he treads
The rock-encumbered crest, and feels the strange
And wild tumultuous throbbings of his heart,
Its every chord vibrating with the touch
Of the high power that reigns supreme o’er all,
He well may deem that lips of angel-forms
Have breathed to him the holy melody
That fills his o’erfraught heart.”

The high plain is reached by a carriage-way that winds up the bank from the landing; the visitor overlooking, in the passage, on the right, the little village of Camptown, which comprises the barracks of United States soldiers and a few dwellings of persons not immediately connected with the military works. On the left, near the summit, is "the Artillery Laboratory," and near by, upon a little hillock, is an obelisk erected to the memory of Lieutenant-colonel Wood. On the edge of the cliff, overlooking the steamboat landing, is a spacious hotel, where I booked myself as a boarder for a day or two. A more delightful spot, particularly in summer, for a weary traveller or a professed loungeur, cannot easily be found, than the broad piazza of that public dwelling presents. Breezy in the hottest weather, and always enlivened by pleasant company, the sojourner need not step from beneath its shadow to view a most wonderful variety of pleasing objects in nature and art. Upon the grassy plain before him are buildings of the military establishment—the Academic Halls, the Philosophical and Library buildings, the Observatory, the Chapel, the Hospital, the Barracks and Mess Hall of the cadets, and the beautifully shaded dwellings of the officers and professors that skirt the western side of the plateau at the base of the hills. On the parade, the cadets, in neat uniform, exhibit their various exercises, and an excellent band of music delights the ear. Lifting the eyes to the westward, the lofty summit of Mount Independence, crested by the gray ruins of Fort Putnam, and beyond it the loftier apex of Redoubt Hill, are seen. Turning a little northward, Old Cro' Nest and Butter Hill break the horizon nearly half way to the zenith; and directly north, over Martelaer's Rock or Constitution Island, through the magnificent cleft in the chain of hills through which the Hudson flows, is seen the bright waters of Newburgh Bay, the village glittering in the sunbeams, and the beautiful cultivated slopes of Dutchess and Orange. The scenery at the eastward is better comprehended and more extensive as seen from Fort Putnam, whither we shall presently climb.

From "*Pictorial-Field Book of the Revolution.*"

THE IMPOSSIBLE.

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

RETURNED as it were from the dead, survivor of a voyage overhung with preternatural horrors, his great problem, as in despite of man and nature, triumphantly resolved, Columbus, the visionary, was welcomed as the conqueror; the needy adventurer was recognised as Admiral of the Western Ocean and Viceroy of a New Continent; was received, in solemn state, by the haughtiest sovereigns in the world, rising at his approach, and invited (Castilian punctilio overcome by

intellectual power) to be seated before them. He told his wondrous story, and exhibited, as vouchers for its truth, the tawny savages and the barbaric gold. King, queen, and court sunk on their knees; and the *Te Deum* sounded, as for some glorious victory.

That night, in the silence of his chamber, what thoughts may have thronged on Columbus's mind! What exultant emotions must have swelled his heart! A past world had deemed the Eastern Hemisphere the entire habitable earth. Age had succeeded to age, century had passed away after century, and still the interdict had been acquiesced in, that westward beyond the mountain pillars it belonged not to man to explore. And yet he, the chosen of God to solve the greatest of terrestrial mysteries, affronting what even the hardy mariners of Palos had regarded as certain destruction,—he, the hopeful one where all but himself despaired,—had wrested from the Deep its mighty secret,—had accomplished what the united voice of the Past had declared to be an impossible achievement.

But now, if, in the stillness of that night, to this man, enthusiast, dreamer, believer as he was, there had suddenly appeared 'some *Nos- tradamus* of the fifteenth century, of prophetic mind instinct with the future, and had declared to the ocean-compeller that not four centuries would elapse before that vast intervening gulf of waters—from the farther shore of which, through months of tempest, he had just groped back his weary way—should interpose no obstacle to the free communication of human thought; that a man standing on the western shore of Europe should, within three hundred and seventy years from that day, engage in conversation with his fellow standing on the eastern shore of the new-found world; nay,—marvel of all marvels!—that the same fearful bolt which, during his terrible voyage, had so often lighted up the waste of waters around him, should itself become the agent of communication across that storm-tossed ocean; that mortal creatures, unaided by angel or demon, without intervention of heaven or pact with hell, should bring that lightning under domestic subjection, and employ it, as they might some menial or some carrier-dove, to bear their daily messages;—to a prediction so wildly extravagant, so surpassingly absurd, as that, what credence could even Columbus lend? What answer to such a prophetic vision may we imagine that he, with all a life's experience of a man's short-sightedness, would have given? Probably some reply like this: that, though in the future many strange things might be, such a tampering with Nature as *that*—short of a direct miracle from God—was IMPOSSIBLE!

From "*Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.*"

HAVELOCK'S HIGHLANDERS.

W. BROCK.

THE Highlanders had never fought in that quarter of India before, and their character was unknown to the foe. Their advance has been described by spectators as a beautiful illustration of the power of discipline. With sloped arms and rapid tread, through the broken and heavy lands, and through the well-directed fire of artillery and musketry, linked in their unfaltering lines they followed their mounted leaders, the mark for many rifles. They did not pause to fire—did not even cheer; no sound from them was heard as that living wall came on and on, to conquer or to die. Now they are near the village; but their enemies occupy every house, and from every point a galling fire is poured on them from the heavy guns. The men lie down till the iron storm passes over. It was but for a moment. The General gave the word, “Rise up! Advance!” and wild cheers rung out from those brave lines—wilder even than their fatal fire within a hundred yards; and the pipes sounded the martial pibroch, heard so often as earth’s latest music by dying men. The men sprung up the hill covered by the smoke of their crushing volley, almost with the speed of their own bullets; over, and through all obstacles, the gleaming bayonets advanced; and then followed those moments of personal struggle, not often protracted, when the Mahratta learned, too late for life, the power of the Northern arm. The position was theirs. All that stood between them and the guns fled the field or was cut down. General Havelock was with his men. Excited by the scene, some letter-writers say that he exclaimed, “Well done, 78th. You shall be my own regiment. Another charge like that will win the day.”

From “*Life of Havelock.*”

THE NEWS FROM LEXINGTON.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

DARKNESS closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war-message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village; the sea to the backwoods; the plains to the highlands; and it was never suffered to droop, till it had been borne north, and south, and east, and west, throughout the land. It spread over the bays that receive the Saco and the Penobscot. Its loud reveille broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and ringing like bugle-notes from peak to peak, overleapt the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean river, till the responses were echoed from the cliffs of Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale. As the summons hurried to the south, it was one day at New York;

in one more at Philadelphia; the next it lighted a watchfire at Baltimore; thence it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac near Mount Vernon, it was sent forward without a halt to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond, along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina. It moved onwards and still onwards, through boundless groves of evergreen, to Newbern and to Wilmington. "For God's sake, forward it by night and by day," wrote Cornelius Harnett by the express which sped for Brunswick. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border, and despatched it to Charleston, and through pines and palmettoes and moss-clad live-oaks, still further to the south, till it resounded among the New England settlements beyond the Savannah. Hillsborough and the Mecklenburg district of North Carolina rose in triumph, now that their wearisome uncertainty had its end. The Blue Ridge took up the voice and made it heard from one end to the other of the valley of Virginia. The Alleghanies, as they listened, opened their barriers that the "loud call" might pass through to the hardy riflemen on the Holston, the Watauga, and the French Broad. Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough even to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring word to the first settlers of Kentucky; so that hunters who made their halt in the matchless valley of the Elkhorn, commemorated the nineteenth day of April by naming their encampment "LEXINGTON."

From "*History of the United States.*"

ALLEN'S CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

THE men were at once drawn up in three ranks, and as the first beams of morning broke upon the mountain peaks, Allen addressed them: "Friends and fellow-soldiers: We must this morning quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress; and inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, I do not urge it on, contrary to will. You that will undertake voluntarily, poise your firelock."

At the word every firelock was poised. "Face to the right," cried Allen; and placing himself at the head of the centre file, Arnold keeping emulously at his side, he marched to the gate. It was shut, but the wicket was open. The sentry snapped a fuzee at him. The Americans rushed into the fort, darted upon the guards, and raising the Indian war whoop, such as had not been heard there since the days of Montcalm, formed on the parade in hollow square, to face each of the barracks. One of the sentries, after wounding an officer, and being slightly wounded himself, cried out for quarter, and showed the way to

the apartment of the commanding officer. "Come forth instantly, or I will sacrifice the whole garrison," cried Ethan Allen, as he reached the door. At this, Delaplace, the commander, came out undressed, with his breeches in his hand. "Deliver to me the fort instantly," said Allen. "By what authority?" asked Delaplace. "In the name of the great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress!" answered Allen. Delaplace began to speak again, but was peremptorily interrupted, and at sight of Allen's drawn sword near his head, he gave up the garrison, ordering his men to be paraded without arms.

Thus was Ticonderoga taken in the gray of the morning of the tenth of May. What cost the British nation eight millions sterling, a succession of campaigns and many lives, was won in ten minutes by a few undisciplined men, without the loss of life or limb.

From "*History of the United States.*"

THE DOWNFALL OF NAPOLEON.

THOMAS ARNOLD, D. D.

IN 1792 there broke out by far the most alarming danger of universal dominion, which had ever threatened Europe. The most military people in Europe became engaged in a war for their very existence. Invasion on the frontiers, civil war and all imaginable horrors raging within, the ordinary relations of life went to wrack, and every Frenchman became a soldier. It was a multitude numerous as the host of Persia, but animated by the courage and skill and energy of the old Romans. One thing alone was wanting, that which Pyrrhus said the Romans wanted, to enable them to conquer the world, a general and a ruler like himself. There was wanted a master hand to restore and maintain peace at home, and to concentrate and direct the immense military resources of France against her foreign enemies. And such a one appeared in Napoleon. Pacifying La Vendée, receiving back the emigrants, restoring the church, remodelling the law, personally absolute, yet carefully preserving and maintaining all the great points which the nation had won at the revolution, Napoleon united in himself not only the power but the whole will of France, and that power and will were guided by a genius for war such as Europe had never seen since Cæsar. The effect was absolutely magical. In November, 1799, he was made First Consul; he found France humbled by defeats, his Italian conquests lost, his allies invaded, his own frontier threatened. He took the field in May, 1800, and in June the whole fortune of the war was changed, and Austria driven out of Lombardy by the victory of Marengo. Still the flood of the tide rose higher and higher, and every successive wave of its advance swept away a kingdom.

Earthly state has never reached a prouder pinnacle, than when Napoleon in June, 1812, gathered his army at Dresden, that mighty host, unequalled in all time, of 450,000, not men merely, but effective soldiers, and there received the homage of subject kings. And now what was the principal adversary of this tremendous power? by whom was it checked, and resisted, and put down? By none, and by nothing, but the direct and manifest interposition of God. I know of no language so well fitted to describe that victorious advance to Moscow, and the utter humiliation of the retreat, as the language of the prophet with respect to the advance and subsequent destruction of the host of Sennacherib. "When they arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses," applies almost literally to that memorable night of frost in which twenty thousand horses perished, and the strength of the French army was utterly broken. Human instruments no doubt were employed in the remainder of the work, nor would I deny to Germany and to Prussia the glories of that great year 1813, nor to England the honor of her victories in Spain, or of the crowning victory of Waterloo. But at the distance of thirty years, those who lived in the time of danger, and remember its magnitude, and now calmly review what there was in human strength to avert it, must acknowledge, I think, beyond all controversy, that the deliverance of Europe from the dominion of Napoleon was effected neither by Russia, nor by Germany, nor by England, but by the hand of God alone.

From "*Lectures on Modern History.*"

ISABELLA OF SPAIN AND ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND.

PRESCOTT.

THE feature of bigotry, which has thrown a shade over Isabella's otherwise beautiful character, might lead to a disparagement of her intellectual power compared with that of the English queen. To estimate this aright, we must contemplate the results of their respective reigns. Elizabeth found all the materials of prosperity at hand, and availed herself of them most ably to build up a solid fabric of national grandeur. Isabella created these materials. She saw the faculties of her people locked up in a death-like lethargy, and she breathed into them the breath of life for those great and heroic enterprises which terminated in such glorious consequences to the monarchy. It is when viewed from the depressed position of her early days, that the achievements of her reign seem scarcely less than miraculous. The masculine genius of the English queen stands out relieved beyond its natural dimensions by its separation from the softer qualities of her sex. While her rival's, like some vast, but symmetrical edifice, loses in

appearance somewhat of its actual grandeur from the perfect harmony of its proportions.

The circumstances of their deaths, which were somewhat similar, displayed the great dissimilarity of their characters. Both pined amidst their royal state, a prey to incurable despondency rather than any marked bodily distemper. In Elizabeth it sprung from wounded vanity, a sullen conviction that she had outlived the admiration on which she had so long fed,—and even the solace of friendship and the attachment of her subjects. Nor did she seek consolation, where alone it was to be found, in that sad hour. Isabella, on the other hand, sunk under a too acute sensibility to the sufferings of others. But, amidst the gloom which gathered around her, she looked with the eye of faith to the brighter prospects which unfolded of the future; and when she resigned her last breath, it was amidst the tears and universal lamentations of her people.

From "*Ferdinand and Isabella*."

VENICE.

G. S. HILLARD.

IN external Venice there are but three things to be seen; the sea, the sky, and architecture. There are no gardens, no wide spaces over which the eye may range; no landscapes, properly so called. There are no slopes, no gradations, no blending of curved lines. What is not horizontal is perpendicular: where the plane of the sea ends, the plumb-line of the façade begins. It is only by climbing some tower or spire, and looking down, that we can see things massed and grouped together. The streets are such passages as would naturally be found in a city where there were no vehicles, and where every foot of earth is precious. They are like lateral shafts cut through a quarry of stone. In walking through them, the houses on either hand can be touched. The mode of life on the first floor is easily visible, and many agreeable domestic pictures may be observed by a not too fastidious eye. These streets, intersected by the smaller canals, are joined together by bridges of stone, and frequently expand into small courts, in the middle of which is generally found a well, with a parapet, or covering, of stone, often curiously carved. Here, at certain seasons of the day, the people of the neighborhood collect together to draw water, gossip, and make love; and here the manners and life which are peculiar to Venice may be studied to advantage. Goethe complains of the dirt which he found in the streets. Time and the Austrians have remedied that defect, and they are now quite clean. But nowhere else have I heard the human voice so loud. Whether this arises from the absence of all other sounds, or whether these high and narrow streets multiply and reverberate

every tone, I cannot say, but everybody seems to be putting forth the utmost capacity of his lungs. I recall a sturdy seller of vegetables in Shylock's Rialto—which is not the bridge so called, but a square near it—whose voice was like the voice of three, and who seemed to take as much pleasure in his explosive cries, as a boy in beating his first drum.

From "*Six Months in Italy.*"

SPRING.

HAWTHORNE.

THANK Providence for Spring! The earth—and man himself, by sympathy with his birth-place—would be far other than we find them, if life toiled wearily onward, without this periodical infusion of the primal spirit. Will the world ever be so decayed, that spring may not renew its greenness? Can man be so dismally age-stricken, that no faintest sunshine of his youth may revisit him once a year? It is impossible. The moss on our time-worn mansion brightens into beauty; the good old pastor, who once dwelt here, renewed his prime, regained his boyhood, in the genial breezes of his ninetieth spring. Alas for the worn and heavy soul, if, whether in youth or age, it have outlived its privilege of spring-time sprightliness! From such a soul the world must hope no reformation of its evil—no sympathy with the lofty faith and gallant struggles of those who contend in its behalf. Summer works in the present, and thinks not of the future; Autumn is a rich conservative; Winter has utterly lost its faith, and clings tremulously to the remembrance of what has been; but Spring, with its outgushing life, is the true type of the Movement!

From "*Mosses from an Old Manse.*"

SCANDINAVIAN AMAZONS.

H. WHEATON.

SCANDINAVIAN women of illustrious birth sometimes became pirates and roved the seas. More frequently, however, they shared the toils and dangers of land-battles. These Amazons were called *Skjöld-meyar*, or virgins of the shield. The romantic Sagas are filled with the most striking traits of their heroic bearing. In the *Völsungasaga* we have the romantic tale of Alfilda, daughter of Sigurdr, king of the Ostrogoths, who was chaste, brave, and fair. She was always veiled from the gaze of vulgar curiosity, and lived in a secluded bower, where she was guarded by two champions of prodigious strength and valor. Sigurdr had proclaimed that whoever aspired to his daughter's hand, must vanquish the two gigantic champions,—his own life to be the forfeit if he failed in the perilous enterprise. Alf, a young sea-

king, who had already signalized himself by his heroic exploits, encountered and slew the two champions; but Alfilda herself was not disposed to surrender tamely. She boldly put to sea with her female companions, all clothed, like herself, in male attire, and completely armed for war. They fell in with a fleet of Vikingar, who, having just lost their chieftain, elected the intrepid heroine for his successor. She continued thus to rove the Baltic Sea, at the head of this band of pirates, until the wide-spread fame of her exploits came to the ear of Alf, her suitor, who gave chase to her squadron, and pursued it into the Gulf of Finland. The brave Alfilda gave battle. Alf boarded the bark of the princess, who made a gallant and obstinate resistance, until her helmet being cloven open by one of his champions, disclosed to their astonished view the fair face and lovely locks of his coy mistress, who, being thus vanquished by her magnanimous lover, no longer refuses him the hand he had sought, whilst his gallant champion espouses one of her fair companions.

From "*History of the Northmen.*"

CHRISTMAS IN ST. PETER'S.

G. S. HILLARD.

AT an early hour on that day I found the church already occupied by a great crowd. A double row of soldiers stretched from the entrance to the altar, around which the Pope's guards, in their fantastic uniform, looking like the knaves in a pack of cards, were stationed; while a series of seats on either side were filled by ladies dressed in black and wearing veils. The foreign ambassadors were in a place appropriated to them in the tribune. Among the spectators were several in military uniforms. A handsome young Englishman, in a rich hussar dress, of scarlet and gold, attracted much attention. In a recess, above one of the great piers of the dome, a choir of male singers was stationed, whose voices, without any instrumental accompaniment, blended into complete harmony, and gave the most perfect expression to that difficult and complicated music which the church of Rome has consecrated to the use of its high festivals. We waited some time for the advent of the Pope, but, with such objects around us, were content to wait. The whole spectacle was one of animated interest and peculiar beauty. The very defects of the church—its gay, secular, and somewhat theatrical character—were, in this instance, embellishments which enhanced the splendor of the scene. The various uniforms, the rich dresses, the polished arms of the soldiery, were in unison with the marble, the stucco, the bronze, and the gilding. The impression left upon the mind was not that of sacredness; that is, not upon a mind that had been

formed under Protestant and Puritan influences ; but rather of a gorgeous ceremonial belonging to some "gay religion, full of pomp and gold." But we travel to little purpose if we carry with us the standard which is formed at home, and expect the religious sentiment to manifest itself at all times, and in all places, in the same manner. The Scotch Covenanter upon the hillside, the New England Methodist at a camp-meeting, worship God in spirit and in truth ; but shall we presume to say that the Italian is a formalist and a hypocrite, because his devotion requires the aid of music, painting, and sculpture, and, without visible symbols, goes out like a flame without air ?

In due season the Pope appeared, seated in the "*sedia gestatoria*," a sort of capacious arm-chair, borne upon men's shoulders, flanked on either side by the enormous fan of white peacock feathers. He was carried up the whole length of the nave, distributing his blessing with a peculiar motion of the hand upon the kneeling congregation. It seemed by no means a comfortable mode of transportation, and the expression of his countenance was that of a man ill at ease, and sensible of the awkwardness and want of dignity of his position. His dress was of white satin, richly embroidered with gold ; a costume too gaudy for daylight, and by no means so becoming as that of the cardinals, whose flowing robes of crimson and white produced the finest and richest effect. The chamberlains of the Pope, who attended on this occasion in considerable numbers, wear the dress of England in the time of Charles I., so well known in the portraits of Vandyke. It looks better in pictures than in the life, and shows so much of the person that it requires an imposing figure to carry it off. A commonplace man, in such a costume, looks like a knavish valet who has stolen his master's clothes.

High mass was said by the Pope in person, and the responses were sung by the choir. He performed the service with an air and manner expressive of true devotion ; and, though I felt that there was a chasm between me and the rite which I witnessed, I followed his movements in the spirit of respect, and not of criticism. But one impressive and overpowering moment will never be forgotten. When the tinkling of the bell announced the elevation of the Host, the whole of the vast assemblage knelt or bowed their faces. The pavement was suddenly strewn with prostrate forms. A silence like that of death fell upon the church—as if some celestial vision had passed before the living eyes, and hushed into stillness every pulse of human feeling. After the pause of a few seconds, during which every man could have heard the beating of his own heart, a band of wind instruments near the entrance, of whose presence I had not been aware, poured forth a few sweet and solemn strains, which floated up the nave and overflowed the whole interior. The effect of this invisible music was beyond anything I have

ever heard or ever expect to hear. The air seemed stirred with the trembling of angelic wings; or, as if the gates of heaven had been opened, and a "wandering breath" from the songs of seraphs had been borne to the earth. How fearfully and wonderfully are we made! A few sounds, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been merely a passing luxury to the ear, heard at this moment, and beneath this dome, were like a purifying wave, which, for an instant, swept over the soul, bearing away with it all the soil and stains of earth, and leaving it pure as infancy. There was, it is true, a reflux tide; and the world displaced by the solemn strain came back with the echo; but though we "cannot keep the heights we are competent to gain," we are the better for the too brief exaltation.

From "*Six Months in Italy*."

WASHINGTON AT GERMANTOWN.

SIDNEY G. FISHER.

IN 1793, whilst the yellow fever was in Philadelphia, Washington resided in Germantown. He lived in the house on the south-west side of the main street below Schoolhouse Lane, then the property of Isaac Franks, now owned and occupied by the family of the late estimable and respected Samuel B. Morris. It is a large and comfortable mansion, old-fashioned in its style of architecture, but in better taste than many modern houses of more pretension. There Washington dwelt; and every day his stately and graceful form was seen in the street and lanes, on foot and on horseback, returning with grave courtesy the salutations of the people; conversing with the humblest and the highest with unaffected kindness and simplicity, mingled with native dignity; and inspiring in the hearts of all, veneration and love by his aspect and manner, as well as by his achievements and character. No man depended less for the respect of others upon the adventitious and the external. Not to what he had, of station or power or wealth, but to what he was, to what he did daily, to what he had done through life, was the spontaneous homage of men rendered, whenever he could be seen among them. There was nothing brilliant or dazzling in his character. He was not a genius, in the sense that implies great powers of original or subtle thought or creative imagination. He was neither a philosopher, a poet, nor an orator. Even in war, there are names whose Plutonian splendors eclipse his own. His mind was distinguished by large, sound, practical good sense, inspired and elevated by noble sentiment. His sagacity was of that high kind that perceives intuitively the great laws that control the action of society, and could neither be deceived by visionary dreams of ideal good, nor degraded to serve the low interests of the passing hour. His views were broad and

general, comprehending the necessities of the present and the hopes of the future; but they were attainable, and contemplated the actual government of human society, not Utopian republics of impossible happiness and virtue. His qualities in action were similar. Judgment, prudence, unwearied fortitude and perseverance, bold and prompt decision, all directed to just and moderate ends, and these gained, satisfied; not sighing for fresh fields of enterprise, and other worlds to conquer. No temptation could have made him cross a Rubicon; no Moscow could have allured him to empire or ruin. He had no selfish designs either of gain or glory; no private purposes. The freedom and independence of his country were the objects to which he devoted himself, and to these only because they were in themselves just and right. He had all

“The king-becoming graces:
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.”

From “*Address at Germantown,*” 1860.

MANHATTAN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

W. IRVING.

IN this dulcet period of my history, when the beauteous island of Manna-hata presented a scene, the very counterpart of those glowing pictures drawn of the golden reign of Saturn, there was, as I have before observed, a happy ignorance, an honest simplicity prevalent among its inhabitants, which, were I even able to depict, would be but little understood by the degenerate age for which I am doomed to write. Even the female sex, those arch innovators upon the tranquillity, the honesty, and gray-beard customs of society, seemed for a while to conduct themselves with incredible sobriety and comeliness.

Their hair, untortured by the abominations of art, was scrupulously pomatumed back from their foreheads with a candle, and covered with a little cap of quilted calico, which fitted exactly to their heads. Their petticoats of linsey-woolsey were striped with a variety of gorgeous dyes—though I must confess these gallant garments were rather short, scarce reaching below the knee; but then they made up in the number, which generally equalled that of the gentlemen’s small clothes; and what is still more praiseworthy, they were all of their own manufacture—of which circumstance, as may well be supposed, they were not a little vain.

These were the honest days, in which every woman stayed at home, read the Bible, and wore pockets—ay, and that too of a goodly size, fashioned with patchwork into many curious devices, and ostentatiously

worn on the outside. These, in fact, were convenient receptacles, where all good housewives carefully stored away such things as they wished to have at hand; by which means they often came to be incredibly crammed—and I remember there was a story current when I was a boy, that the lady of Wouter Van Twiller once had occasion to empty her right pocket in search of a wooden ladle, when the contents filled a couple of corn baskets, and the utensil was discovered lying among some rubbish in one corner—but we must not give too much faith to all these stories; the anecdotes of those remote periods being very subject to exaggeration.

Besides these notable pockets, they likewise wore scissors and pin-cushions suspended from their girdles by red ribands, or among the more opulent and showy classes, by brass, and even silver chains—indubitable tokens of thrifty housewives and industrious spinsters. I cannot say much in vindication of the shortness of the petticoats; it doubtless was introduced for the purpose of giving the stockings a chance to be seen, which were generally of blue worsted with magnificent red clocks—or perhaps to display a well-turned ankle, and a neat, though serviceable foot, set off by a high-heeled leathern shoe, with a large and splendid silver buckle. Thus we find that the gentle sex in all ages have shown the same disposition to infringe a little upon the laws of decorum, in order to betray a lurking beauty, or gratify an innocent love of finery.

From "*Knickerbocker's History of New York.*"

FASHIONABLE PARTIES IN NEW NETHERLANDS.

W. IRVING.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sunset. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable signs of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated round the genial

board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts, or olykoeks—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, except in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft tea-pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup—and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany; but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting—no gambling of old ladies nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets—nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertissements, of smart young gentlemen, with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips excepting to say *yah Mynheer*, or *yah ya Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them; behaving, in all things, like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fire-places were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed—Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet, and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to

their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door: which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present—if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

From "*Knickerbocker's History of New York.*"

SHERIDAN'S CLASSICAL POWERS.

ANONYMOUS.

SHERIDAN commanded the whole Anthology; and was not always satisfied with that. On one occasion, his antagonist on the Treasury bench had made a quotation from a Greek dramatist that quite startled from its aptness. It was the end of a peroration, too, and the house was on the point of dividing, when Sheridan started up, with apparent warmth, and taxed the right honorable gentleman opposite with having uncandidly stopped short in his quotation; for that, if he had continued it to the close, he must have announced a principle and an illustration wholly subversive of the first proposition—a pernicious hypothesis, merely put forward in order to be demolished by the sequel. He then delivered a number of Greek lines, without any apparent effort of memory; and so perfectly in accordance with his assertion, that the minister admitted the application, and declared that he really had forgotten the solution which Mr. Sheridan supplied. This incident balked the expectation of the ministry on division; and being questioned by some classical friend, who had vainly referred to his library for the lines, Sheridan confessed that he had *improvisated* the verses he professed to supply in continuation.

IRVING'S WASHINGTON.

G. W. GREENE.

WE regard the brilliant success of these volumes as an occasion of joyful congratulation to the citizens of our republic. Irving's *Life of Washington* is eminently a national work, upon which they can all look with unmingled pride. It has not merely enriched our literature with a production of rare beauty, but has given new force to those local associations which bind us, as with hallowed ties, to the spots where great men lived and great things were done. Few will now cross the Delaware without remembering that Christmas night of tempest and victory. Who can look upon the heights of Brooklyn without

fancying that, as he gazes, the spires and streets fade from his view, while in their stead stern and anxious faces rise through the misty air, and amid them the majestic form of Washington, with a smile of triumph just lighting for a moment his care-worn features, at the thought of the prize he has snatched from the grasp of a proud and exulting enemy? And Princeton, and Valley Forge, and Monmouth, and the crowning glory of Yorktown,—how do they live anew for us! With what perennial freshness will their names descend to posterity! And those two noble streams that flow to the sea through alternations of pastoral beauty and rugged grandeur,—the lovely Potomac, the majestic Hudson,—how have they become blended by these magic pages in indissoluble association! The one the cherished home of Washington, the seat of his domestic joys, his rural delights; looked to with eager yearning from the din of camps and battle-fields; sighed for with weary longing amid the pomp and pageantry of official greatness; to which he returned so gladly when his task had been accomplished; and which, dying with the serenity of Christian resignation, he consecrated by the holiest of all associations, the patriot's grave;—the other the scene of cares and triumphs; on whose banks he had passed slow days of hope deferred; whose waters had borne him to and fro through checkered years of dubious fortune; and had witnessed the touching sublimity of his farewell to his companions in arms, and the simple grandeur of his reception as first President of the country he had saved! How meet was it that, while his ashes repose beside the waters of the Potomac, his life should have been written on the banks of the Hudson!

From "*Biographical Studies*."

COMMON CONVERSATION.

BULWER.

HESITATING, Humming, and Drawling, are the three Graces of our conversation.

We are at dinner: a gentleman,—“a man about town,”—is informing us of a misfortune that has befallen his friend: “No—I assure you—now—er—er—that—er—it was the most shocking accident possible—er—poor Chester was riding in the park—er—you know that gray—er—(substantive dropped, hand a little flourished instead),—of his—splendid creature!—er—well, sir, and by Jove—er—the—er—(no substantive,—flourish again),—took fright, and—e—er”—here the gentleman throws up his chin and eyes, sinks back, exhausted, into his chair, and, after a pause, adds, “Well, they took him into—the shop—there—you know—with the mahogany sashes—just by the park—er—and the—er—man there—set his—what d’ye call it—er—collar

bone; but he was—er—ter—ri—bly—terribly”—a full stop. The gentleman shakes his head; and the sentence is suspended to eternity.

Another gentleman takes up the wondrous tale, thus, logically: “Ah! shocking, shocking!—but poor Chester was a very agreeable—er”—full stop.

“Oh! very gentlemanlike fellow!—quite shocking!—quite—did you go into the—er—to-day?”

“No, indeed; the day was so un—er—May I take some wine with you?”

The ladies usually resort to some pet phrases that, after the fashion of short-hand, express as much as possible in a word: “What do you think of Lady ——’s last novel?”

“Oh! they say ’tis not very natural. The characters, to be sure, are a little overdrawn; and then the style—so—so—I don’t know what—you understand me;—but it’s a dear book altogether! Do you know Lady ——?”

“Oh dear! yes; nice creature she is!”

“Very nice person, indeed.”

“What a dear little horse that is of poor Lord ——’s!”

“He is very vicious.”

“Is he really?—nice little thing!”

“Ah! you must not abuse poor Mrs. ——; to be sure, she is very ill-natured, and they say she’s so stingy! but then she really is such a dear——”

“Nice” and “dear” are the great *To Prepon* and *To Kalon* of feminine conversational moralities.

But, perhaps, the genius of our conversation is most shown in the art of explaining.

“Were you in the House last night?”

“Yes—er—Sir Robert Peel made a splendid speech!”

“Ah! and how did he justify his vote? I’ve not seen the papers.”

“Oh, I can tell you exactly—ahem—he said, you see, that he disliked the ministers, and so forth—you understand—but that—er—in these times, and so forth,—and with this river of blood—oh! he was very fine there!—you must read it—well, sir; and then he was very good against O’Connell—capital!—and all this agitation going on—and murder, and so forth;—and then, sir, he told a capital story about a man and his wife being murdered, and putting a child in the fire-place—you see—I forget now—but it was capital: and then he wound up with—a—with—a—in his usual way, in short. Oh! he quite justified himself—you understand—in short, you see, he could not do otherwise.”

Caricatured as this may seem to others, it is a picture from actual life: the explainer, too, is reckoned a very sensible man; and the listener saw nothing inconclusive in the elucidation.

THE COUNSEL OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

DR. DORAN.

MR. BROUGHAM entered on the queen's defence in a speech of great boldness and power. The sentiments put forth in that oration would probably not be endorsed now by *Lord Brougham*. He declared, too, that nothing should prevent him from fulfilling his duty, and that he would recriminate upon the king if he found it necessary to do so. The threat gave some uneasiness to ministers, but they trusted, nevertheless, to the learned counsel's discretion. He would have been justified in the public mind if he had realized his promise. The popular opinion, however, hardly supported him in what followed, when he declared that an English advocate could look to nothing but the rights of his client, and that even if the country itself should suffer, his feelings as a patriot must give way to his professional obligations. This was only one of many instances of the abuse of the very extensively abused, and widely misunderstood maxim of *Fiat justitia ruat cælum*.

Mr. Denman, the queen's solicitor-general, was not less legally audacious, if one may so speak, than his great leader. In a voice of thunder, and in presence of the assembled peerage of the realm, he denounced one of the king's brothers as a calumniator. Mr. Rush, who was present on the occasion, says, "the words were 'Come forth, THOU SLANDERER!'—a denunciation," he goes on to say, "the more severe from the sarcasm with which it was done, and the turn of his eye towards its object." That object was the Duke of Clarence; and in reference to the exclamation, and the fierce spirit of the hour, generally, Mr. Rush says:—"Even after the whole trial had ended, Sir Francis Burdett, just out of prison for one libel, proclaimed aloud to his constituents, and had it printed in all the papers, that the ministers ALL DESERVED TO BE HANGED. This tempest of abuse, incessantly directed against the king and all who stood by him, was borne during several months, without the slightest attempt to check or punish it; and it is too prominent a fact to be left unnoticed, that the same advocate, who so fearlessly uttered the above denunciation, was made attorney-general when the prince of the blood who was the OBJECT OF IT, sat upon the throne; and was subsequently raised to the still higher dignity of lord chief justice."

From "*Lives of the Queens of England*."

RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND DIDACTIC.

THE VOICE OF THE PREACHER.

J. Q. ADAMS.

WHO is it that, with the voice of a Joshua, shall control the course of nature herself in the perverted heart, and arrest the luminaries of wisdom and virtue in their rapid revolutions round this little world of man? It is the genuine orator of heaven, with a heart sincere, upright, and fervent; a mind stored with universal knowledge required as the foundation of the art; with a genius for the invention, a skill for the disposition, and a voice for the elocution of every argument to convince, and of every sentiment to persuade. If, then, we admit that the art of oratory qualifies the minister of the gospel to perform, in higher perfection, the duties of his station, we can no longer question whether it be proper for his cultivation. It is more than proper; it is one of his most solemn and indispensable duties.

From "*Lectures on Rhetoric and Oratory.*"

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND AT HER ACCESSION.

SYDNEY SMITH.

A YOUNG queen, at that period of life which is commonly given up to frivolous amusement, sees at once the great principles by which she should be guided, and steps at once into the great duties of her station. The importance of educating the lower orders of the people is never absent from her mind; she takes up this principle at the beginning of her life, and in all the change of servants, and in all the struggle of parties, looks to it as a source of permanent improvement. A great object of her affections is the preservation of peace; she regards a state of war as the greatest of all human evils, thinks that the lust of conquest is not a glory but a bad crime; despises the folly and miscalculations of war, and is willing to sacrifice everything to peace, but the clear honor of her land.

The patriot queen, whom I am painting, reverences the national church—frequents its worship, and regulates her faith by its precepts; but she withstands the encroachments, and keeps down the ambition natural to establishments, and, by rendering the privileges of the

church compatible with the civil freedom of all sects, confers strength upon, and adds duration to, that wise and magnificent institution. And then this youthful monarch, profoundly but wisely religious, disdaining hypocrisy, and far above the childish follies of false piety, casts herself upon God, and seeks from the gospel of his blessed Son a path for her steps and a comfort for her soul. Here is a picture which warms every English heart, and would bring all this congregation upon their bended knees before Almighty God to pray it may be realized. What limits to the glory and happiness of our native land, if the Creator should, in his mercy, have placed in the heart of this royal woman the rudiments of wisdom and mercy; and if, giving them time to expand, and to bless our children's children with her goodness, He should grant to her a long sojourning upon earth, and leave her to reign over us till she is well stricken in years? What glory! what happiness! what joy! what bounty of God! I of course can only expect to see the beginning of such a splendid period; but when I do see it, I shall exclaim with the Psalmist: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

From "Sermon on the Duties of the Queen."

THE OFFICE OF A JUDGE.

SYDNEY SMITH.

HE who takes the office of a judge, as it now exists in this country, takes in his hands a splendid gem, good and glorious, perfect and pure. Shall he give it up mutilated, shall he mar it, shall he darken it, shall it emit no light, shall it be valued at no price, shall it excite no wonder? Shall he find it a diamond, shall he leave it a stone? What shall we say to the man who would wilfully destroy with fire the magnificent temple of God, in which I am now preaching? Far worse is he who ruins the moral edifices of the world, which time and toil, and many prayers to God, and many sufferings of men, have reared; who puts out the light of the times in which he lives, and leaves us to wander amid the darkness of corruption and the desolation of sin. There may be, there probably is, in this church, some young man who may hereafter fill the office of an English judge, when the greater part of those who hear me are dead, and mingled with the dust of the grave. Let him remember my words, and let them form and fashion his spirit; he cannot tell in what dangerous and awful times he may be placed; but as a mariner looks to his compass in the calm, and looks to his compass in the storm, and never keeps his eyes off his compass, so, in every vicissitude of a judicial life, deciding for the people, deciding against the people, protecting the just rights of kings, or restraining their unlawful ambition, let him ever cling to

that pure, exalted, and Christian independence which towers over the little motives of life; which no hope of favor can influence, which no effort of power can control.

From "Sermon at the Assizes."

THE ABUSE OF CONSCIENCE.

LAURENCE STERNE.

A MAN shall be vicious in his principles; exceptionable in his conduct to the world: shall live shameless,—in the open commission of a sin which no reason nor pretence can justify;—a sin, by which, contrary to all the workings of humanity within, he shall ruin for ever the deluded partner of his guilt;—rob her of her best dowry;—and not only cover her own head with dishonor, but involve a whole virtuous family in shame and sorrow for her sake.—Surely,—you'll think, conscience must lead such a man a troublesome life:—he can have no rest night nor day from its reproaches.

Alas! Conscience had something else to do all this time than break in upon him: as *Elijah* reproached the god *Baal*, this *domestic god* was either *talking, or pursuing, or was in a journey, or, peradventure, he slept, and could not be awoke.* Perhaps he was gone out in company with HONOR, to fight a duel;—to pay off some debt at play;—or dirty annuity, the bargain of his lust.—Perhaps Conscience all this time was engaged at home, talking aloud against petty larceny, and executing vengeance upon some such puny crimes as his fortune and rank in life secured him against all temptation of committing:—so that he lives as merrily,—sleeps as soundly in his bed;—and, at the last, meets death with as much unconcern,—perhaps much more so, than a much better man.

A third is crafty and designing in his nature.—View his whole life,—'tis nothing else but a cunning contexture of dark arts and inequitable subterfuges, basely to defeat the true intent of all laws, plain dealing, and the safe enjoyment of our several properties.—You will see such a one working out a frame of little designs upon the ignorance and perplexities of the poor and needy man:—shall raise a fortune upon the inexperience of a youth,—or the unsuspecting temper of his friend, who would have trusted him with his life. When old age comes on, and repentance calls him to look back upon this black account, and state it over again with his conscience—Conscience looks into the *Statutes at Large*,—finds perhaps no *express law* broken by what he has done;—perceives no penalty or forfeiture incurred:—sees no scourge waving over his head,—or prison opening its gate upon him.—What is there to affright his conscience?—Conscience has got safely entrenched behind the letter of the law, sits there invulnerable, fortified with *cases*

and *reports* so strongly on all sides—that 'tis not preaching can dispossess it of its hold.

From "*Sermons*."

REFLECTION.

COLERIDGE.

READER!—You have been bred in a land abounding with men, able in arts, learning, and knowledges manifold, this man in one, this in another, few in many, none in all. But there is one art, of which every man should be master, the art of REFLECTION. If you are not a *thinking* man, to what purpose are you a *man* at all? In like manner, there is one knowledge, which it is every man's interest and duty to acquire, namely, SELF-KNOWLEDGE: or to what end was man alone, of all animals, indued by the Creator with the faculty of *self-consciousness*? Truly said the Pagan moralist, *E cœlo descendi, Γνωθι Σεαυτον*.

But you are likewise born in a CHRISTIAN land: and Revelation has provided for you new subjects for reflection, and new treasures of knowledge, never to be unlocked by him who remains self-ignorant. Self-knowledge is the key to this casket; and by reflection alone can it be obtained. Reflect on your own thoughts, actions, circumstances, and—which will be of especial aid to you in forming a *habit* of reflection—accustom yourself to reflect on the words you use, hear, or read, their birth, derivation, and history. For if words are not THINGS, they are LIVING POWERS, by which the things of most importance to mankind are actuated, combined, and humanized. Finally, by reflection you may draw from the fleeting facts of your worldly trade, art, or profession, a science permanent as your immortal soul; and make even these subsidiary and preparative to the reception of spiritual truth, "doing as the dyers do, who, having first dipt their silks in colors of less value, then give them the last tincture of crimson in grain."

From Preface of "*Aids to Reflection*."

LIFE.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

"WE are always resolving to live, and yet never set about life in good earnest." Archimedes was not singular in his fate; but a great part of mankind die unexpectedly, while they are poring upon the figures they have described in the sand. O wretched mortals! who, having condemned themselves, as it were, to the mines, seem to make it their chief study to prevent their ever regaining their liberty. Hence, new employments are assumed in the place of old ones; and, as the Roman philosopher truly expresses it, "one hope succeeds

another, one instance of ambition makes way for another ; and we never desire an end of our misery, but only that it may change its outward form." When we cease to be candidates, and to fatigue ourselves in soliciting interest, we begin to give our votes and interest to those who solicit us in their turn. When we are wearied of the trouble of prosecuting crimes at the bar, we commence judges ourselves ; and he who is grown old in the management of other men's affairs for money, is at last employed in improving his own wealth. At the age of fifty, says one, I will retire, and take my ease ; or, the sixtieth year of my life shall entirely disengage me from public offices and business. Fool ! art thou not ashamed to reserve to thyself the last remains and dregs of life ? Who will stand surety that thou shalt live so long ? And what immense folly is it, so far to forget mortality, as to think of beginning to live at that period of years, to which a few only attain !

SUFFERING ENHANCES VIRTUE.

BARROW.

WE might allege the suffrages of eminent philosophers, persons esteemed most wise by improvement of natural light, who have declared that perfection of virtue can hardly be produced or expressed otherwise than by undergoing most sharp afflictions and tortures ; and that God therefore, as a wise Father, is wont with them to exercise those whom He best loveth : we might also produce instances of divers persons, even among Pagans, most famous and honorable in the judgment of all posterity for their singular virtue and wisdom, who were tried in this furnace, and thereby shone most brightly ; their suffering, by the iniquity and ingratitude, by the envy and malignity of their times, in their reputation, liberty, and life ; their undergoing foul slanders, infamous punishments, and ignominious deaths, more than any other practices of their life, recommending them to the regard and admiration of future ages ; although none of them, as our Lord, did suffer of choice, or upon design to advance the interests of goodness, but upon constraint, and irresistible force put on them ; none of them did suffer in a manner so signal, with circumstances so rare, and with events so wonderful ; yet suffering as they did was their chief glory ; whence it seemeth that even according to the sincerest dictates of common wisdom this dispensation was not so unaccountable ; nor ought the Greeks, in consistency with themselves, and in respect to their own admired philosophy, to have deemed our doctrine of the cross foolish, or unreasonable.

THE GREAT ASSIZE.

JOHN WESLEY.

How beautiful are the feet of those who are sent by the wise and gracious providence of God, to execute justice on earth, to defend the injured and punish the wrong-doer! Are they not the ministers of God to us for good, the grand supporters of the public tranquillity, the patrons of innocence and virtue, the security of all our temporal blessings? And does not every one of these represent not only an earthly prince, but the Judge of the earth? Him, whose "name is written upon His thigh; King of kings, and Lord of lords?" Oh that all these sons of the right hand of the Most High, may be holy as He is holy! Wise with the wisdom that sitteth by His throne: like Him who is the eternal Wisdom of the Father! No respecter of persons, as He is none; but rendering to every man according to his works: like Him inflexibly, inexorably just, though pitiful and of tender-mercy! So shall they be terrible, indeed, to them that do evil, as not bearing the sword in vain. So shall the laws of our land have their full use and due honor, and the throne of our King be still established in righteousness.

Ye truly honorable men whom God and the king have commissioned, in a lower degree, to administer justice, may not ye be compared to those ministering spirits who will attend the Judge coming in the clouds? May you not like them burn with love to God and man? May you not love righteousness and hate iniquity? May ye all minister in your several spheres (such honor hath God given you also!) to them that shall be heirs of salvation, and to the glory of your great Sovereign! May ye remain the establishers of peace, the blessing and ornaments of your country, the protectors of a guilty land, the guardian angels of all that are round about you!

MODERN INFIDELITY.

ROBERT HALL.

IN those conjunctures which tempt avarice or inflame ambition, when a crime flatters with the prospect of impunity, and the certainty of immense advantage, what is to restrain an atheist from its commission? To say that remorse will deter him is absurd; for remorse, as distinguished from pity, is the sole offspring of religious belief, the extinction of which is the great purpose of the infidel philosophy.

The dread of punishment or infamy from his fellow-creatures will be an equally ineffectual barrier; because crimes are only committed under such circumstances as suggest the hope of concealment; not to say that crimes themselves will soon lose their infamy and their horror under the influence of that system which destroys the sanctity of virtue,

by converting it into a low calculation of worldly interest. Here the sense of an ever-present Ruler, and of an avenging Judge, is of the most awful and indispensable necessity; as it is that alone which impresses on all crimes the character of *folly*, shows that duty and interest in every instance coincide, and that the most prosperous career of vice, the most brilliant successes of criminality, are but an *accumulation of wrath against the day of wrath*.

The efforts of infidels to diffuse the principles of infidelity among the common people is another alarming symptom peculiar to the present time. Hume, Bolingbroke, and Gibbon, addressed themselves solely to the more polished classes of the community, and would have thought their refined speculations debased by an attempt to enlist disciples from among the populace. Infidelity has lately grown condescending; bred in the speculations of a daring philosophy, immured at first in the cloisters of the learned, and afterward nursed in the lap of voluptuousness and of courts; having at length reached its full maturity, it boldly ventures to challenge the suffrages of the people, solicits the acquaintance of peasants and mechanics, and seeks to draw whole nations to its standard.

It is not difficult to account for this new state of things. While infidelity was rare, it was employed as the instrument of literary vanity; its wide diffusion having disqualified it for answering that purpose, it is now adopted as the organ of political convulsion. Literary distinction is conferred by the approbation of a few; but the total subversion and overthrow of society demands the concurrence of millions.

THE MINISTRY OF THE SCIENCES.

W. B. STEVENS, D. D.

It is pleasant to know that the more perfect a science becomes the more it accords with the Bible. In the youth of every science there is a period when, like the prodigal in the parable, it leaves its father's house, and goes into a far country and wastes its substance in sceptical babbling; but ere long it tires of its husks and its exile, and growing wiser and more reflective, it comes back and asks to be received "as a hired servant" of the God of knowledge; and the God of knowledge, honoring a science which honors him, puts upon it the tokens of a father's love, and permits it to minister before him. And though a surly scepticism, like an "elder son," shall become angry, and refuse to go into the house of wisdom, yet neither the taunts of infidelity nor the scoffs of the profane shall hush one note of that song of gladness which religion shall yet sing over every returning science as it comes

back to its father's house :—"This my son was dead and is alive again was lost and is found."

And what a beautiful ministry will that be, when the great sciences of earth shall come like the twelve Apostles of nature, to worship and kneel before him "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge!" For come they assuredly will. Nothing is more clearly discerned by the observant eye than the fact that, every step which science takes in advance, is a step towards revelation; and this must of necessity be so; for as science is but knowledge, as all human knowledge is confined to God's works, so must a deeper knowledge of God's works become more accordant with God's words, for they have one author,—the God of truth. It is only a shallow science, that babbles because it is shallow, that talks with braggart tongue against the Bible. It is only a vain philosophy, puffed up with its own windiness, that rails at the religion of Jesus. It is only the would-be wise men, with a smattering of scientific terms upon their lips, and real ignorance in their minds, who lift up their vaunting voice in the exclamation of a heathen king, "Who is the Lord that I should serve him; I know not the Lord, neither will I obey his voice."

From "*Sermon on the Religious Teachings of Medical Science.*"

MAN JUSTIFIED.

MARTIN LUTHER.

HERE again comes forth *reason*, our reverend mistress, seeming to be marvellously wise, but who indeed is unwise and blind, gainsaying her God, and reproving Him of lying; being furnished with her follies and feeble honor, to wit, the light of nature, free will, the strength of nature; also with the books of the heathen and the doctrines of men, contending that the works of a man not justified, are good works, and not like those of Cain, yea, and so good that he that worketh them is justified by them; that God will have respect, first to the works, then to the worker. Such doctrine now bears the sway everywhere in schools, colleges, monasteries wherein no other saints than *Cain* was, have rule and authority. Now from this error comes another: they which attribute so much to works, and do not accordingly esteem the worker, and sound justification, go so far that they ascribe all merit and righteousness to works done before justification, making no account of faith, alleging that which James saith, that without works faith is dead. This sentence of the Apostle they do not rightly understand; making but little account of faith, they always stick to works, whereby they think to merit exceedingly, and are persuaded that for their work's sake they shall obtain the favor of God: by this means they continually

disagree with God, showing themselves to be the posterity of *Cain*. God hath respect unto man, these unto the works of man ; God alloweth the work for the sake of him that worketh, these require that for the work's sake the worker may be crowned.

SAFETY OF GOD'S CHILDREN.

MELANCTHON.

OUR pains are best assuaged when something good and beneficial, especially some help toward a happy issue, presents itself. All other topics of consolation, such as men borrow from the unavoidableness of suffering, and the examples of others, bring us no great alleviation. But the Son of God, our Lord Jesus Christ, who was crucified for us and raised again, and now sits at the right hand of the Father, offers us help and deliverance, and has manifested this disposition in many declarations. I will now speak of the words, "No man shall pluck My sheep out of My hands." This expression has often raised me up out of the deepest sorrow, and drawn me, as it were, out of hell.

The wisest men in all times have bewailed the great amount of human misery which we see with our eyes before we pass into eternity—diseases, death, want, our own errors by which we bring harm and punishment on ourselves, hostile men, unfaithfulness on the part of those with whom we are closely connected, banishment, abuse, desertion, miserable children, public and domestic strife, wars, murder, and devastation. And since such things appear to befall good and bad without distinction, many wise men have inquired whether there were any Providence, or whether accident brings everything to pass independently of a Divine purpose. But we in the Church know that the first and principal cause of human woe is this, that on account of sin man is made subject to death and other calamity, which is so much more vehement in the Church, because the devil, from hatred toward God, makes fearful assaults on the Church and strives to destroy it utterly. Therefore it is written, "I will put enmity between the serpent and the seed of the woman." And Peter says, "Your adversary, the devil, goeth about as a roaring lion and seeketh whom he may devour."

HEAVENLY GLORY.

A. CARSON.

SPEAK, ye thrones of this world, tell us the glory of your dignity. Is it comparable to that of the meanest saint in heaven? Speak ye of

being born of the mighty of many generations? No more; the Christian is a son and heir of God. Boast ye of your vast dominions and the power of your empires? Be silent; the Christian is to reign with Christ over all worlds.

Ye conquerors, come forward with all your dazzling glories, that we may view your honors in contrast with those of the Christian. You have triumphed, and now inherit a deathless name. The history of the nations is the record of your exploits; the children of all countries are familiar with your names; learning, and genius, and power unite in raising your temples, and burning incense on your altars. And what can the imagination conceive more glorious on earth? Thrones and kingdoms could not purchase the glory of Wellington. Illustrious man! When we speak of worldly glory, thou standest at the head of the human race. Compared with thine, the glory of kings is but a vulgar glory. Who would not rather enjoy the glories of thy name than sway the most powerful sceptre in the world? Every age produces a multitude of kings; but ages pass away without conferring thy fame on an individual of the human race. Yet all *this* honor is fading; the glory of the most obscure of the children of God is infinitely to be preferred. The *Christian* conqueror is to sit down *on the throne of Christ*, as He has conquered and sat down upon the throne of His Father.

THE FEW CHOSEN.

JOHN BAPTIST MASSILLON.

FOLLOW, from age to age, the history of the just; and see if Lot conformed himself to the habits of Sodom, or if nothing distinguished him from the other inhabitants; if Abraham lived like the rest of his age; if Job resembled the other princes of his nation; if Esther conducted herself, in the court of Ahasuerus, like the other women of that prince; if many widows in Israel resembled Judith; if, among the children of the captivity, it is not said of Tobias alone that he copied not the conduct of his brethren, and that he even fled from the danger of their commerce and society. See, if in those happy ages, when Christians were all saints, they did not shine like stars in the midst of the corrupted nations; and if they served not as a spectacle to angels and men, by the singularity of their lives and manners. If the pagans did not reproach them for their retirement, and shunning of all public theatres, places, and pleasures. If they did not complain that the Christians affected to distinguish themselves in everything from their fellow-citizens; to form a separate people in the midst of the people; to have their particular laws and customs; and if a man from their

side embraced the party of the Christians, they did not consider him as for ever lost to their pleasures, assemblies, and customs. In a word, see, if in all ages the saints whose lives and actions have been transmitted down to us, have resembled the rest of mankind.

THE KING'S POWER.

JOHN KNOX.

As the skilful mariner (being master), having his ship tossed with a vehement tempest, and contrary winds, is compelled oft to traverse, lest that, either by too much resisting to the violence of the waves, his vessel might be overwhelmed; or by too much liberty granted, might be carried whither the fury of the tempest would, so that his ship should be driven upon the shore, and make shipwreck; even so doth our prophet Isaiah in this text, which now you have heard read. For he, foreseeing the great desolation that was decreed in the council of the Eternal, against Jerusalem and Judah, namely, that the whole people that bare the name of God should be dispersed; that the holy city should be destroyed; the temple wherein was the ark of the covenant, and where God had promised to give His own presence, should be burned with fire; and the king taken, his sons in his own presence murdered, his own eyes immediately after be put out; the nobility, some cruelly murdered, some shamefully led away captives; and finally the whole seed of Abraham rased, as it were, from the face of the earth—the prophet, I say, fearing these horrible calamities, doth, as it were, sometimes suffer himself, and the people committed to his charge, to be carried away with the violence of the tempest, without further resistance than by pouring forth his and their dolorous complaints before the majesty of God, as in the thirteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth verses of this present text we may read. At other times he valiantly resists the desperate tempest, and pronounces the fearful destruction of all such as trouble the Church of God; which he pronounces that God will multiply, even when it appears utterly to be exterminated. But because there is no final rest to the whole body till the Head return to judgment, He exhorts the afflicted to patience, and promises a visitation whereby the wickedness of the wicked shall be disclosed, and finally recompensed in their own bosoms.

THE KING'S POWER—*Continued.*

JOHN KNOX.

WOULDST thou, O Scotland! have a king to reign over thee in justice, equity, and mercy? Subject thou thyself to the Lord thy God, obey His commandments, and magnify thou the Word that calleth unto thee, "This is the way, walk in it;" and if thou wilt not, flatter not thyself; the same justice remains this day in God to punish thee, Scotland, and thee Edinburgh especially, which before punished the land of Judah and the city of Jerusalem. Every realm or nation, saith the prophet Jeremiah, that likewise offendeth, shall be likewise punished, but if thou shalt see impiety placed in the seat of justice above thee, so that in the throne of God (as Solomon complains) reigns nothing but fraud and violence, accuse thine own ingratitude and rebellion against God; for that is the only cause why God takes away "the strong man and the man of war, the judge and the prophet, the prudent and the aged, the captain and the honorable, the counsellor and the cunning artificer; and I will appoint, saith the Lord, children to be their princes, and babes shall rule over them. Children are extortioners of my people, and women have rule over them."

If these calamities, I say, apprehend us, so that we see nothing but the oppression of good men and of all godliness, and that wicked men without God reign above us; let us accuse and condemn ourselves, as the only cause of our own miseries. For if we had heard the voice of the Lord our God, and given upright obedience unto the same, God would have multiplied our peace, and would have rewarded our obedience before the eyes of the world. But now let us hear what the prophet saith further: "The dead shall not live," saith he, "neither shall the tyrants, nor the dead arise, because Thou hast visited and scattered them, and destroyed all their memory."

MORAL COURAGE.

HENRY A. BOARDMAN, D.D.

MORAL courage dares TO DO ITS DUTY under all circumstances, and looks not to man but to God for its reward. Founded, as it is, upon Christian principle, it is, in its better manifestations, combined with the other Christian graces. When we hear of "courage," we are apt to think of a character that is somewhat harsh and violent; and these attributes may certainly coexist even with that admirable endowment of which I am speaking. But they are so far from being of its essential elements, that they uniformly detract from its real worth. Nothing is more remarkable in the conduct of these three young Jews than

their modesty. Their reply to the king is a model of blended humility and firmness. History presents no finer model. There is no blustering, no ostentatious proclamation of their creed or their readiness to suffer for it, no effort either to awaken sympathy or to insult their royal persecutor. They announce in the simplest words, their determination not to comply with the imperial edict. And this calm dignity is the proper concomitant of true heroism. "It vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up." It is neither clamorous nor dictatorial. It is the little heroes who boast much; great ones can afford to let their works praise them. The twittering swallow that skims the surface of the earth, and bolts the insects for his evening repast, makes far more ado over his achievements than the eagle who seizes a lamb with his huge talons and soars away with it on majestic wing to his lofty eyrie. Both have their archetypes. There are men whose twitter is as constant as the swallow's; and over achievements perhaps of the same relative calibre; men who are constantly crying with Jehu, "Come with me, and see my zeal for the Lord." And there are others whose lives are read, not in the jubilation of their own trumpets, but in the track of light which marks their footsteps. The image suggested by the spectacle of a truly great mind contending with difficulties in the meek and lofty spirit of these Jews, is that of a massive and polished machine, which moves with tranquil dignity and strength, unimpeded by obstacles, and never swerving from its prescribed sphere.

From "*Sermon before the Young Men's Christian Asso. of Philadelphia.*"

THE INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE.

ALONZO POTTER, D. D.

Our literature is wielding a mighty power alike over the many and over the few. It penetrates everywhere, under the guidance of the press, and of popular education; and it speaks with a directness and force which have rarely been surpassed. It deals too with the most momentous social and political problems, and discusses them often with a reckless and ignorant audacity. Let us at the same time acknowledge, that, in its better forms, it breathes a spirit of more genial humanity, and manifests a truer reverence for the moral and spiritual capabilities of our race, than it once did. Even its poetry and fiction now plead for social amelioration. Its daily labors send light into the dark places of crime and immorality, and it causes its voice to be heard as it cries aloud in behalf of the poor and down-trodden. Would that we could see in it a due appreciation of the origin and causes of those ills under which mankind still groan. Would that it dealt more wisely and anxiously with the reconstruction of institutions on which it draws a displeasure that may prove simply

destructive; that it probed with searching hand the great spiritual disease that affects our whole race; and that it saw with earnest heart and taught with impressive power, the utter insufficiency of all social palliatives and all political reforms, which do not include as their ground and ultimate aim, repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

From "*Discourses, Addresses,*" &c.

BISHOP WHITE.

ALONZO POTTER, D.D.

No monument of stone or brass can worthily commemorate the services of Bishop White. No care, however pious or affectionate, can guard his memory or honor his services too well. Thanks then to the godly women who in all meekness, but with indomitable patience, have striven through five long years to provide here a lasting and most appropriate memorial. In a church, the seats of which are to be always free, and which is to open its doors alike to poor and rich, they would remember the destitute and needy, and they would remember him, too, who through all his useful life was distinguished by devotion to their wants. The sick, the indigent, the vicious, the ignorant and neglected, the prisoner in his cell, and those bereaved from birth of the most important organs and faculties, ever found in William White a friend and benefactor. May the mantle of his benevolence and meek wisdom descend on those who survive or follow him. May the example of pious zeal and of gratitude to his memory, which our sisters have given us, be gladly imitated; may we take shame to ourselves that this good work has been so long delayed, and may we resolve—would that this resolution could be adopted by every household in our communion in this city,—may we resolve that we will each of us bear some part, however humble, in its early consummation.

From "*Discourses, Addresses,*" &c.

PENN'S MOTIVE.

ALONZO POTTER, D.D.

THAT trust in God, that simple love of Jesus and of those for whom he died, which prompted William Penn to come out to this new land, that he might make what he calls "*the holy experiment,*" setting "an example to the nations of a just and righteous government," that spirit of true and universal brotherhood which drew from him, as he stood unarmed and undefended under the great elm at Shakamaxon, and saw, "as far as his eyes could carry," the painted and plumed children of the forest gazing upon him as a new and strange ruler; ~

that love to God and man, which then impelled his great heart to say to them, "I will not call you brothers or children, but you shall be to me and mine as half of the same body;" which two years later, when he left for England, prompted him to send to this city of brotherly love, which he had founded, the message, "And thou, Philadelphia, virgin of the province, my soul prays for thee, that faithful to the God of thy mercies in the life of righteousness, thou mayest be preserved unto the end:"—And again, when he wrote replying to the charge, that he had manifested, while here, restless ambition and lust of gain, and made this memorable prediction: "If friends here (*i. e.* in Pennsylvania) *keep to God*, and in the justice, mercy, equity, and fear of the Lord, their enemies will be their footstool; if not, their heirs and my heirs too, will lose all." Brethren! Has our course as a people, been thus loyal to God? Has it been true to this, our beginning—faithful to justice, mercy, and the fear of the Lord? If not, we may plume ourselves upon our wealth and enterprise, upon our far-reaching domain, upon our achievements in arts or in arms; but we should tremble, when we remember with whom, as a nation, we are to reckon. We should tremble, when we consider that his retribution is unerring for nations as for individuals, and that, while in the case of individuals, just punishment may wait to another life, in the case of nations it must fall here.

From "*Discourses, Addresses,*" &c.

LIFE IS AN EDUCATION.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

LIFE is an education. The object for which you educate your son is to give him strength of purpose, self-command, discipline of mental energies; but you do not reveal to your son this aim of his education; you tell him of his place in his class, of the prizes at the end of the year, of the honors to be given at college.

These are not the true incentives to knowledge; such incentives are not the highest—they are even mean, and partially injurious; yet these mean incentives stimulate and lead on, from day to day, and from year to year, by a process the principle of which the boy himself is not aware of. So does God lead on, through life's unsatisfying and false reward, ever educating: Canaan first; then the hope of a Redeemer; then the millennial glory. Now, what is remarkable in this is, that the delusion continued to the last; they *all* died in faith, not having received the promises; all were hoping up to the very last, and all died in faith—not in realization; for thus God has constituted the human heart. It never will be believed that this world is unreal. God has mercifully so arranged it that the idea of delusion is incredible.

You may tell the boy or girl, as you will, that life is a disappointment; yet, however you may persuade them to adopt your *tone*, and catch the language of your sentiment, they are both looking forward to some bright distant hope—the rapture of the next vacation, or the unknown joys of the next season—and throwing into it an energy of expectation which a whole eternity is only worth. You may tell the man who has received the heart-shock, from which in this world he will not recover, that life has nothing left; yet the stubborn heart still hopes on, ever near the prize,—“wealthiest when most undone;” he has reaped the whirlwind, but he will go on still, till life is over, sowing the wind.

THE SOPHISTRY OF INFIDELS.

ROBERT HALL.

THE infidels of the present day are the first sophists who have presumed to innovate in the very *substance* of morals. The disputes on moral questions hitherto agitated among philosophers have respected the *grounds* of duty, not the *nature of duty itself*; or they have been merely metaphysical, and related to the *history* of moral sentiments in the mind, the sources and principles from which they were most easily deduced; they never turned on the quality of those dispositions and actions which were to be denominated virtuous. In the firm persuasion that the love and fear of the Supreme Being, the sacred observation of promises and oaths, reverence to magistrates, obedience to parents, gratitude to benefactors, conjugal fidelity, and parental tenderness were primary virtues, and the chief support of every commonwealth, they were unanimous. The curse denounced upon such as remove ancient landmarks, upon those who call good evil, and evil good, put light for darkness, and darkness for light, who employ their faculties to subvert the eternal distinctions of right and wrong, and thus to poison the streams of virtue at their source, falls with accumulated weight on the advocates of modern infidelity, and on them alone.

RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION.

W. B. STEVENS, D. D.

YOUNG men, God has given you a good land, and has laid upon you responsibilities in connection with this land at once vast and solemn. The future of this land will be what the young men of this land shall make it.

The Psalmist, in one of his magnificent passages, calls upon the pious Israelite to “walk about Zion and go round about her, tell the towers thereof, mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that

ye may tell it to the generation following, for this God is our God for ever and ever." So, young men, I call upon you to walk about our American Zion and go round about her, tell the towers of her strength, mark the bulwarks which support her freedom, consider the palaces of her glory: and were I called upon, on this day of our nation's Independence, to indicate the towers, the bulwarks, the palaces which give to our land strength, beauty, glory, I should not point to our public buildings, magnificent as they are; nor to our army and navy, gallant and covered with laurels as they are; nor to our territorial vastness, embracing as it does almost a continent; nor to our commerce, our manufactures, our railroads, marvellous as these are,—but I would point you to the open Bible, the open door of the church, the open door of the school-house, the sacred ministry, the ordinances of grace, the wonderful power of the religious press, the banded associations of religion and benevolence, the unfettered right of conscience, and the reverence which, as a people, we pay to the Christian Sabbath; these are the towers, the bulwarks, the palaces which confer on us a strength, a glory, and an influence such as God has given to no other nation under the whole heaven. Would you preserve and exalt this nation, send abroad the Bible, build up the church of the living God, infuse the principles of divine truth into every school, academy, and university, sustain the institution of the ministry, scatter the products of your religious press as so many leaves from the tree of life, conduct with vigor the great schemes of associated benevolence, preserve intact the rights of conscience, and keep holy the Sabbath day. Do these things, and our nation will have a righteous government, a righteous system of education, a righteous judiciary, a righteous literature, a righteous commerce, and in the individual man, the family group, the social circle, the civic community, the state, and the nation, there will prevail truth, to the exclusion of falsehood and error; peace, to the exclusion of revenge, bloodshed, and war; love, to the exclusion of personal and national animosities and strifes; holiness, to the exclusion of every sin; justice, to the exclusion of all oppression; the Christian graces, Faith, Hope, and Charity, more beautiful than the fabled graces of classic mythology; and the Christian virtues, more lovely than the muses of Grecian song, would adorn each heart, beautify each face, beam out from each eye, Paradise would almost be restored to earth, and God would again come down in the cool of the day to walk with redeemed and sanctified men.

From "*The True Glory of a Nation.*"

THE GLORY OF CHRISTIANITY.

JOHN MCLAURIN.

CHRISTIANITY communicates a glory to all other objects, according as they have any relation to it. It adorns the universe; it gives a lustre to nature, and to Providence; it is the greatest glory of this lower world, that its Creator was for awhile its inhabitant. A poor landlord thinks it a lasting honor to his cottage, that he has once lodged a prince or emperor. With how much more reason may our poor cottage, this earth, be proud of it, that the Lord of glory was its tenant from His birth to His death! yea, that He rejoiced in the habitable parts of it before it had a beginning, even from everlasting!

It is the glory of the world that He who formed it, dwelt on it; of the air, that He breathed in it; of the sun, that it shone on Him; of the ground, that it bore Him; of the sea, that He walked on it; of the elements, that they nourished Him; of the waters, that they refreshed Him; of us men, that He lived and died among us, yea, that He lived and died for us; that he assumed our flesh and blood, and carried it to the highest heavens, where it shines as the eternal ornament and wonder of the creation of God. It gives also a lustre to Providence. It is the chief event that adorns the records of time, and enlivens the history of the universe. It is the glory of the various great lines of Providence, that they point at this as their centre; that they prepared the way for its coming; that after its coming they are subservient to the ends of it, though in a way indeed to us at present mysterious and unsearchable. Thus we know that they either fulfil the promises of the crucified Jesus, or His threatenings; and show either the happiness of receiving Him, or the misery of rejecting Him.

THE HOUR AND THE EVENT AT ALL TIME.

HUGH BLAIR.

WHAT magnanimity in all His words and actions on this great occasion! The court of Herod, the judgment-hall of Pilate, the hill of Calvary, were so many theatres prepared for His displaying all the virtues of a constant and patient mind. When led forth to suffer, the first voice which we hear from Him is a generous lamentation over the fate of His unfortunate though guilty country; and to the last moment of His life we behold him in possession of the same gentle and benevolent spirit. No upbraiding, no complaining expression escaped from His lips during the long and painful approaches of a cruel death. He betrayed no symptom of a weak or a vulgar, of a discomposed or impatient mind. With the utmost attention of filial tenderness He committed His aged mother to the care of His beloved disciple. With all

the dignity of a sovereign, He conferred pardon on a penitent fellow-sufferer. With a greatness of mind beyond example, He spent His last moments in apologies and prayers for those who were shedding His blood.

By wonders in heaven, and wonders on earth, was this hour distinguished. All nature seemed to feel it; and the dead and the living bore witness of its importance. The veil of the temple was rent in twain. The earth shook. There was darkness over all the land. The graves were opened, and "many who slept arose, and went into the holy city." Nor were these the only prodigies of this awful hour. The most hardened hearts were subdued and changed. The judge who, in order to gratify the multitude, passed sentence against Him, publicly attested His innocence. The Roman centurion who presided at the execution, "glorified God," and acknowledged the Sufferer to be more than man. "After he saw the things which had passed, he said, Certainly this was a righteous person: truly this was the Son of God." The Jewish malefactor who was crucified with Him addressed Him as a King, and implored His favor. Even the crowd of insensible spectators, who had come forth as to a common spectacle, and who began with clamors and insults, "returned home smiting their breasts." Look back on the heroes, the philosophers, the legislators of old. View them in their last moments. Recall every circumstance which distinguished their departure from the world. Where can you find such an assemblage of high virtues, and of great events, as concurred at the death of Christ? Where so many testimonials given to the dignity of the dying person by earth and by heaven?

THE EXPULSIVE POWER OF A NEW AFFECTION.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

CONCEIVE a man to be standing on the margin of this green world, and that, when he looked toward it, he saw abundance smiling upon every field, and all the blessings which earth can afford, scattered in profusion throughout every family, and the light of the sun sweetly resting upon all the pleasant habitations, and the joys of human companionship brightening many a happy circle of society—conceive this to be the general character of the scene upon one side of his contemplation, and that on the other, beyond the verge of the goodly planet on which he was situated, he could descry nothing but a dark and fathomless unknown. Think you that he would bid a voluntary adieu to all the brightness and all the beauty that were before him upon earth, and commit himself to the frightful solitude away from it? Would he leave its peopled dwelling-places, and become a solitary

wanderer through the fields of nonentity? If space offered him nothing but a wilderness, would he for it abandon the home-bred scenes of life and of cheerfulness that lay so near, and exerted such a power of urgency to detain him? Would not he cling to the regions of sense, and of life, and of society?—and shrinking away from the desolation that was beyond it, would not he be glad to keep his firm footing on the territory of this world, and to take shelter under the silver canopy that was stretched over it?

But if, during the time of his contemplation, some happy island of the blest had floated by, and there had burst upon his senses the light of its surpassing glories, and its sounds of sweeter melody, and he clearly saw that there a purer beauty rested upon every field, and a more heartfelt joy spread itself among all the families, and he could discern there a peace, and a piety, and a benevolence which put a moral gladness into every bosom, and united the whole society in one rejoicing sympathy with each other, and with the beneficent Father of them all. Could he further see that pain and mortality were there unknown, and above all, that signals of welcome were hung out, and an avenue of communication was made for him—perceive you not that what was before the wilderness, would become the land of invitation, and that now the world would be the wilderness? What unpeopled space could not do, can be done by space teeming with beatific scenes, and beatific society. And let the existing tendencies of the heart be what they may to the scene that is near and visible around us, still if another stood revealed to the prospect of man, either through the channel of faith, or through the channel of his senses—then, without violence done to the constitution of his moral nature, may he die unto the present world, and live to the lovelier world that stands in the distance away from it.

THE VOICE OF SCRIPTURE.

EDWARD IRVING.

OH! if books had but tongues to speak their wrongs, then might this Book well exclaim—Hear, O heavens! and give ear, O earth! I came from the love and embrace of God, and mute Nature, to whom I brought no boon, did me rightful homage. To men I come, and my words were to the children of men. I disclosed to you the mysteries of hereafter, and the secrets of the throne of God. I set open to you the gates of salvation, and the way of eternal life, hitherto unknown. Nothing in heaven did I withhold from your hope and ambition; and upon your earthly lot I poured the full horn of Divine providence and consolation. But ye requited me with no welcome, ye held no festivity

on my arrival: ye sequester me from happiness and heroism, closeting me with sickness and infirmity: ye make not of me, nor use me for, your guide to wisdom and prudence, put me into a place in your last of duties, and withdraw me to a mere corner of your time; and most of ye set me at naught and utterly disregard me. I come, the fulness of the knowledge of God; angels delighted in my company, and desired to dive into my secrets. But ye, mortals, place masters over me, subjecting me to the discipline and dogmatism of men, and tutoring me in your schools of learning. I came not to be silent in your dwellings, but to speak welfare to you and to your children. I came to rule, and my throne to set up in the hearts of men. Mine ancient residence was the bosom of God; no residence will I have but the soul of an immortal; and if you had entertained me, I should have possessed you of the peace which I had with God, "when I was with Him and was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him. Because I have called you and ye have refused, I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind, when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they cry upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me."

THE VOICE OF SCRIPTURE—*Continued.*

EDWARD IRVING.

Go visit a desolate widow with consolation, and help, and fatherhood of her orphan children—do it again and again, and your presence, the second of your approaching footstep, the soft utterance of your voice, the very mention of your name, shall come to dilate her heart with a fulness which defies her tongue to utter, but speaking by the tokens of a swimming eye, and clasped hands, and fervent ejaculations to Heaven upon your head! No less copious acknowledgment of God, the Author of our well-being, and the Father of our better hopes, ought we to feel when His Word discloseth to us the excess of His love. Though a veil be now cast over the Majesty which speaks, it is the voice of the Eternal which we hear, coming in soft cadences to win our favor, yet omnipotent as the voice of the thunder, and overpowering as the rushing of many waters. And though the veil of the future intervene between our hand and the promised goods, still are they from His lips who speaks and it is done, who commands, and all things stand fast. With no less emotion, therefore, should this Book be opened, than if, like him in the Apocalypse, you saw the voice which

spake; or, like him in the trance, you were into the third heaven translated, company and communing with the realities of glory which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived.

DAVID'S SIN.

BISHOP WHITE.

It sometimes happens in a human government that, in the administration of its powers, there is expected to be kept in view some prominent object, connected perhaps with local interests, or perhaps with a certain cast of national character, associated in idea with former events, and with reverence of the wisdom of former times. In estimating the merits of the chief ruler of such a country, we should contemplate him with some reference to the peculiarities of his station, not to the excusing of him from the law of moral right, suited to all persons, and places, and times; but to the making of favorable allowances on the score of his sacred regard to the principles of the constitution. In the theocracy administered by David, the highest duty lying on him was the sustaining of the prerogative of the Great King under whose delegated authority he reigned. In either of the cases stated, our commendations of the ruler in his public acts are not to be tested exclusively by the rule of moral right, and without regard to the claims of official character. It was on a different ground that he stood accountable at the bar of God.

BELIEF IN GOD'S EXISTENCE.

JONATHAN MAXCY.

NEVER be tempted to disbelieve the existence of God, when everything around you proclaims it in a language too plain not to be understood. Never cast your eyes on creation without having your souls expanded with this sentiment, "There is a God!" When you survey this globe of earth, with all its appendages—when you behold it inhabited by numberless ranks of creatures, all moving in their proper spheres, all verging to their proper ends, all animated by the same great source of life, all supported at the same great bounteous table; when you behold not only the earth, but the ocean and the air, swarming with living creatures, all happy in their situation—when you behold yonder sun darting a vast blaze of glory over the heavens, garnishing mighty worlds, and waking ten thousand songs of praise—when you behold unnumbered systems diffused through vast immensity, clothed in splendor, and rolling in majesty—when you behold these things, your affections will rise above all the vanities of time, your full souls will struggle with ecstasy, and your reason, passions, and feelings, all

united, will rush up to the skies, with a devout acknowledgment of the wisdom, existence, power, and goodness of God. Let us behold Him, let us wonder, praise, adore. These things will make us happy. They will wean us from vice, and attach us to virtue.

As a belief of the existence of God is a fundamental point of salvation, he who denies it runs the greatest conceivable hazard. He resigns the satisfaction of a good conscience, quits the hope of a happy immortality, and exposes himself to destruction. All this for what? for the short-lived pleasure of a riotous, dissolute life. How wretched when he finds his atheistical confidence totally destroyed! Instead of his beloved sleep and insensibility, with which he so fondly flattered himself, he will find himself still existing after death, removed to a strange place; he will then find there is a God, who will not suffer his rational beings to fall into annihilation as a refuge from the just punishment of their crimes; he will find himself doomed to drag on a wretched train of existence in unavailing woe and lamentation. Alas! how astonished will he be to find himself plunged into the abyss of ruin and desperation! God forbid that any of us should act so unwisely as to disbelieve, when everything around us proclaims His existence!

THE GOSPEL FOR THE POOR.

JOHN M. MASON.

FROM the remotest antiquity there have been, in all civilized nations, men who devoted themselves to the increase of knowledge and happiness. Their speculations were subtle, their arguings acute, and many of their maxims respectable. But to whom were their instructions addressed? To casual visitors, to selected friends, to admiring pupils, to privileged orders! In some countries, and on certain occasions, when vanity was to be gratified by the acquisition of fame, their appearances were more public. For example, one read a poem, another a history, and a third a play, before the crowd assembled at the Olympic games. To be crowned there, was, in the proudest period of Greece, the summit of glory and ambition. But what did this, what did the mysteries of pagan worship, or what the lectures of pagan philosophy, avail the people? Sunk in ignorance, in poverty, in crime, they lay neglected. Age succeeded age, and school to school; a thousand sects and systems rose, flourished, and fell; but the degradation of the multitude remained. Not a beam of light found its way into their darkness, nor a drop of consolation into their cup. Indeed a plan of raising them to the dignity of rational enjoyment, and fortifying them against the disasters of life, was not to be expected: for as nothing can exceed the contempt in which they were held by the professors of wisdom; so any

human device, however captivating in theory, would have been worthless in fact. The most sagacious heathen could imagine no better means of improving them than the precepts of his philosophy. Now, supposing it to be ever so salutary, its benefits must have been confined to a very few; the notion that the bulk of mankind may become philosophers, being altogether extravagant. They ever have been, and, in the nature of things, ever must be, unlearned. Besides, the grovelling superstition and brutal manners of the heathen, presented insuperable obstacles. Had the plan of their cultivation been even suggested, especially if it comprehended the more abject of the species, it would have been universally derided, and would have merited derision, no less than the dreams of modern folly about the perfectibility of man.

THE SOCIETY OF HEAVEN.

GREGORY T. BEDELL.

WHAT a glorious society! Innumerable company of angels, archangels, cherubim, seraphim! Thousands of thousands ministered unto Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him. This is a part of the society. The spirits of just men made perfect; believers made perfect; their labors finished; their trials over; their race run; the goal reached; the prize obtained; the crown won; the general assembly and Church of the first-born.

What a glorious society! Saints who have served the Lord during every successive period of the world, from righteous Abel to the very last of those who, when the Lord shall come a second time, shall be caught up to meet Him in the air, and so to be ever with the Lord. There is a degree of melancholy grandeur in the idea of a heathen of old, who, amid all the darkness, and ignorance, and superstition in which he lived, could compose his mind to death in the supposition that, in the Elysian fields of his mythology, he should meet with Plato, and with Socrates, and with Homer, and with Hesiod, and a host of other illustrious worthies, and spend his eternity with them in a philosophy refined from the grossness of earth. Miserable comfort! his Elysian fields were fables, not even cunningly devised. "But we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and in those mansions of eternal glory are to be found the martyred Abel; that patriarch who walked with God, and was translated without tasting death; that father of the faithful, Abraham, with Isaac and Jacob, Moses, Joshua, prophets, priests and kings, apostles, martyrs, and innumerable servants of the Lord less distinguished; thousands of thousands, gathered out of every tribe, and kindred, and people, and from every age and generation of the world.

INFLUENCE OF HEAVENLY GLIMPSES.

H. MELVILL.

It were a strange thought, that a glimpse of heaven will make one less alive to the afflictions of earth. Shall the having gazed, though but for an instant, on what is pure, and peaceable, and bright, diminish his sensibility to the pollution and turmoil of the scene in which he still dwells? Shall he, when he returns from his lofty flight, and comes down from his splendid excursion, to engage once more in the business of probation, and be again occupied with keeping under the body, and disciplining unruly passions—shall he, think you, feel less than before the irksomeness of the combat with corruption, or be more at home in the wilderness through which his path lies? Oh, it is not the view of heaven which will lighten the burden laid on us by our sinfulness. I had almost said, it will increase that burden. Indeed, it is not possible that a believer should have gazed on the fair spreadings of the saint's home, and contemplated, however distantly, what God hath prepared for him as a member of his Son, and not have strengthened in the feeling, that heaven is worth all his strivings, and in the resolve, that he will wrestle for its happiness. But I cannot think that he will be more at ease than before in a world which will only seem drearier by contrast. I cannot think that the having listened to the harpings of angels will make the storm and the discord sound less offensively. I cannot think that because he has tasted the fresh waters of the river of life, he will find less bitterness in the wormwood which sin will yet infuse into his cup. I cannot think that, with the earnest in possession, he will be other than more intense in his longings for the perfect fruition. And therefore do I believe that, the richer his anticipations of heaven, the deeper will be his cry, "O that I had the wings of a dove! for then would I flee away and be at rest." So that an apostle, and that apostle, St. Paul, who had actually trodden the firmament, and seen what saints enjoy, and heard what seraphs sing, was of all others the most likely to feel the pressure of spiritual anxieties, and to sigh for deliverance; and who then shall wonder at his using language which shows that he included himself, and other true believers, in his description of a groaning and waiting creation, "The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God?"

From "*Sermons*."

THE IMPORTANT TRUTH.

H. MELVILL.

If there be a cause of exultation, a motive for rejoicing, to a fallen creature, must it not be that he is still dear to his Maker, that notwithstanding all which he hath done to provoke Divine wrath, and make

condemnation inevitable, he is regarded with unspeakable tenderness by the Almighty, watched over with a solicitude, and provided for at a cost, which could not be exceeded if he were the noblest and purest of the beings that throng the intelligent universe? Teach me this, and you teach me everything. And this I learn from Christ crucified. I learn it indeed in a measure from the sun as he walks the firmament, and warms the earth into fertility. I learn it from the moon, as she gathers the stars into her train, and throws over creation her robe of soft light. I gather it from the various operations and provisions of nature, from the faculties of the mind, from the capacities of the soul. But if I am taught by these, the teaching after all is but imperfect and partial: they do indeed give testimony that man is not forgotten of God; but the testimony would be equally given, were there the power of receiving it, to the brute creation, to the innumerable animated tribes which are to perish at death. It is not a testimony, at least not a direct testimony, that we are cared for as immortal beings, and can be pardoned as sinful. It is not a testimony that He who is of purer eyes than to look upon iniquity, can receive into favor even the vilest of those who have thrown off allegiance, and manifest such an exuberance of loving-kindness towards the guilty, as will not leave the worst case without hope and without succor. Show us what will give such testimony as this, and sun, and moon, and the granaries of nature, and the workings of intellect, will drop, in comparison, their office of instructor.

From "*Sermons.*"

CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA.

R. J. BRECKENRIDGE.

ALL the immense problems on whose solution the destiny of man depends—and chief among these, the nature, the position, and the efficacy of all religious institutions—are presented among us in a light altogether singular. Here, for the first time, religion is absolutely free; and having been corrupted everywhere else by its union with the civil power, or pressed everywhere else under the iron hand of persecution, its sublime mission among us is to make manifest its capacity to be at once free and efficacious in the bosom of a people at once great and free. Moreover, the people among whom this vast experiment is to have free scope, differ most remarkably from all others precisely in those respects in which religion might be supposed most capable of being affected for good or ill, by other absorbing interests of man. Here there is cast loose upon society—wholly disconnected with religion, and, therefore, available against it as well as for it—a larger proportion of educated intellect has never before existed in any com-

munity; a greater mass which must needs be influenced, and, when influenced either way, correspondingly powerful; a mass stimulated throughout every portion of it to a degree never witnessed before in any age of the world. Can the religion of Christ establish its dominion, by its own power, over such hearts? Can it maintain supreme sway over such minds by its own simple and divine force? It is a singular proof of its wonderful hold upon the human soul, that, so far from being shaken loose, it has constantly augmented its influence throughout the terrific agitations of the human race during the whole career of our country. It has survived the midnight of the world; and its last office is to preside over the noon of human grandeur. Let us do our part toward the accomplishment of this sublime destiny.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

M. HOPKINS.

THAT onward movement in the march of creation, how grand it is! how mysterious in its origin! How inscrutable, how utterly beyond the scope of science are its issues! Only after the dethronement of chaos, and during the first epoch in which there were orderly arrangements and recurrent movements, was science possible. Then she might have pitched her tent, and polished her glasses, and built her laboratory, and have begun her observations and her records. She might have counted every scale on the placoids, and every spot on the lichens, and every ring on the graptolites, and have analyzed the fog from every standing pool; and so have gone on thousands of years, feeling all the time that her tent was a house with stable foundations, and her recurring movements an inheritance for ever. "Do you suppose," she might have said, "that this fixed order will be broken up?" "Do you not see that since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were?" But that epoch came to its close. The placoids, and lichens, and graptolites, and all the science connected with them, were whelmed beneath the surface, to be known no more except as they might leave their record there. Then again, in the second period, science might have gone the same round, and fallen into the same infidelity. And, indeed, from her own stand-point alone, how could she do otherwise? The circular movement cannot speak of that which is to end it. And so it has been through the epochs.

According to its own records, the coming up of the creation out of the past eternity has been as the march of an army that should move on by separate stages with recruits of new races and orders at the opening of each encampment. During those long days of God there was scope for science, and for a new one in each. In each, science

could pitch the tent, and forage, and perfect the arrangement for the encampment; but she could not tell when the tents were to be struck, or where the army would march next. And so the movement has been onward till our epoch has come, and we have been called in as recruits. And now again science is busy with her fixed arrangements and recurring movements; but knows just as little as before of the rectilinear movement—of the direction and termination of this mighty march. *It is within this movement, and not in the sphere of science that our great interest lies.* Belonging to arrangements and movements in this world, science can do much for us in this world, but she cannot regenerate the world, she cannot secure the interests which lie only in the rectilinear line of movement, and which are “the one thing needful.” Of that movement we can know nothing except through faith. Through that we may know. We believe there is one who has marshalled the hosts of this moving army, and who has the ordering of them, and that he has told us so much of this onward movement as we need to know; and here it is that we find that sphere of faith which we say is distinct from science, but not opposed to it.

MAN'S LOVE TO GOD.

J. MCCLINTOCK.

At every stage of life, man seeks for love. Yet he finds none that endures. What affections are not blasted by sin, by the world's sad changes, by the treachery of feeble natures, by the destroying forces of ambition or of avarice,—those, I say, that are proof against all these—and O! how *few* these are, the bitter experience of life has convinced us all—what becomes of them? Buried, too often, in the graves of those that gave and received them. Who among us has not felt his own love—that went forth warm and gushing—falling back in an Alpine torrent upon his heart, as he has seen the dull earth close upon remains dearer to him than life!

But has God given us these affections, and are they *never* to be satisfied? Is there no object toward which they can be turned, that shall not change? Here, brethren, it is that Religion offers to fill this deepest craving of our nature. She offers to us an object worthy of our highest, purest love in the infinite and unchangeable God. She offers to us the “One altogether lovely,” and tells us that *he* will accept our love, and treasure it up so that it shall never fail us. And she woos us to bestow our affection thus, by showing us that God is not only so infinite in goodness as to be willing to receive our love, but that, in his unbounded condescension, he has *sought* us by pouring out the riches of his own infinite affection upon us! And she tells us, that this

supreme affection will not only have permanence in itself, but will also so sanctify and transfigure all our lower affections as to endow them with its own immortality, that our love for children, parents, husband, wife, or friend, need not perish with them, but may bloom for ever, in the paradise of God. In this sense, we may take as entirely true the beautiful language of Southey :

“ They sin, who tell us love can die !
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity.
 Earthly, these passions of the earth,
 They perish where they had their birth ;
 But love is indestructible,
 Its holy flame for ever burneth—
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.”

RELIGIONISTS.

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

- You have seen the religionist of mere passion. That impulsive temperament is doubtless capable of good services to the master. But, to that end, the master must have the reforming of it. That unsteady purpose must be made steadfast through a thoughtful imitation of the constancy, that said, “ Behold, I go up to Jerusalem to be crucified.” That fluctuating wing of worship, must be poised by some influence from those hills, where whole nights were not too long for a Redeemer’s prayers. That inexpert swimmer in the sea of life, now rising, now sinking, and now noisily splashing the waters, must be schooled by sober experience to glide onward with a firmer and stiller stroke. Ardor must be matched with consistency. You are not to be carried to heaven by a fitful religion, periodically raised from the dead at seasons of social exhilaration ; not by a religion alive at church, but stagnant in the streets and in the market-places ; not by a religion kindling at some favored hour of sentimental meditation, only to sink and flicker in the drudgery of common work. It is to little purpose that we read, and circulate, and preach the Bible, except all our reading and all our living gain thereby a more biblical tone. And it is quite futile that our breasts glow with some fugitive feeling in the house of God, unless that feeling dedicates our common dwellings to be all houses of God.

So have you seen the religious legalist. In business, in the street, in sanctuaries, at home, you have seen him. In business, measuring off his righteousness by some sealed measure of public usage, as mechanically as his merchandise, and making a label or a dye-stuff his cunning proxy to tell the lie that some judicial penalty had frightened from his tongue ; disowning no patent obligation, but cheating the customer, or oppressing the weak, in secret. In the street, wearing an outside of

genial manners, with a frosty temper under it, or a cloak of propriety with a heart of sin ; in the sanctuary, purchasing, with formal professions, one day, the privilege of an untroubled self-seeking the other six, or possibly opening the pew door and the prayer-book here to-day, with the same hand that will wrong a neighbor to-morrow ; and at home, practising that reluctant virtue that would hardly give conjugal affection but for the marriage-bond, and that, by being exported to another continent, would find a Parisian atmosphere a solvent of all its scruples. Not descending, at present, to the depth of depravity, he certainly never rises to a pure piety. Whatever respectable or admirable traits you see in him, you miss that distinctive mark which every eye takes knowledge of as a spiritual consecration.

Engraft, now, on that "wild olive" stock, the sweet juices of Christian love, drawn from their original stock in Bethlehem, "of the seed of David and the root of Jesse ;" soften that hard integrity by Christian charity ; in place of duty done from sheer compulsion, put duty done from a willing, eager, and believing heart. Do this, and thou shalt live.

From "*A Sermon.*"

DUELLING.

ELIPHALET NOTT.

ABSURD as duelling is, were it absurd only, though we might smile at the weakness and pity the folly of its abettors, there would be no occasion for seriously attacking them. But, to what has been said, I add, that duelling is RASH and PRESUMPTUOUS. Life is the gift of God, and it was never bestowed to be sported with. To each, the sovereign of the universe has marked out a sphere to move in, and assigned a part to act. This part respects ourselves not only, but others also. Each lives for the benefit of all. As in the system of nature the sun shines, not to display its own brightness, and answer its own convenience, but to warm, enlighten, and bless the world ; so in the system of animated beings, there is a dependence, a correspondence and a relation through an infinitely extended, dying, and reviving universe, *in which no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.* Friend is related to friend ; the father to his family ; the individual to community. To every member of which, having fixed his station and assigned his duty, the God of nature says, "Keep this trust—defend this post." For whom ? For thy friends—thy family—thy country. And having received such a charge, and for such a purpose, to desert it is rashness and temerity.

Since the opinions of men are as they are, do you ask, how you shall avoid the imputation of cowardice, if you do not fight when you are injured ? Ask your family how you will avoid the imputation of cruelty

—ask your conscience how you will avoid the imputation of guilt—ask God how you will avoid his malediction if you do. These are previous questions. Let these first be answered, and it will be easy to reply to any which may follow them: If you only accept a challenge, when you believe in your conscience that duelling is wrong, you act the coward. The dastardly fear of the world governs you. Awed by its menaces, you conceal your sentiments, appear in disguise, and act in guilty conformity to principles not your own, and that, too, in the most solemn moment, and when engaged in an act which exposes you to death.

But if it be rashness to accept, how passing rashness is it, in a sinner, to *give* a challenge? Does it become him, whose life is measured out by crimes, to be extreme to mark, and punctilious to resent whatever is amiss in others? Must the duellist, who now, disdaining to forgive, so imperiously demands satisfaction to the uttermost—must this man, himself trembling at the recollection of his offences, presently appear a suppliant before the mercy-seat of God? Imagine this, and the case is not imaginary, and you cannot conceive an instance of greater inconsistency or of more presumptuous arrogance. Wherefore, *avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for vengeance is mine, I will repay it, saith the LORD.*

THE CHEERFULNESS OF PIETY.

DR. DURBIN.

THE good man only is rationally and permanently cheerful. No cheerfulness but his is beyond the power of fortune, or the influence of earthly events. If prosperity smile on him, and he and his country are full to overflowing, he does not become proud and vain in his heart, and forget his God. His devotion becomes more intense and uniform by the addition of a large amount of gratitude; and, instead of using the power which the abundance of his wealth gives him, to do harm, he uses it, and his wealth also, to diffuse relief and joy among the afflicted, and thus disposes a thousand hearts to rise up and bless him.

Besides this, he has the pleasure of the consciousness of doing good, and being good—a pleasure, beyond a doubt, the purest and highest a human heart can feel on earth, except the pleasure of a consciousness of sin forgiven, and of the favor of God. Moreover, I may add, he is in *haste* to do all the good he can, during his prosperity, for he knows not but that he may be quickly deprived of the power to do good, by some sudden reverse of fortune. He seizes quickly the opportunity of “laying up for himself a good foundation against the time to come,” that his Saviour may say to him, with others: “Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom; for I was hungry, and ye fed me; thirsty,

and ye gave me drink ; naked, and ye clothed me ; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me ; for, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." With this exalted end in view, he hastens to do all the good he can during his prosperity.

But should he be a child of adversity, from his youth up, or should he experience the deepest reverses of fortune ; do riches take wings and fly away ; do friends forsake ; does health fail ; does he stand like some blasted tree, on the bleak mountain peak, stripped of all its branches, and scathed with the storms and lightnings of ages ; has the very genius of desolation and sorrow taken him into captivity—under any or all those circumstances, he does not, like the ungodly man too frequently, throw away his life foolishly, in a fit of despair : but with a firmness and resignation peculiar to a good man, he bows to the awful dispensations of his God, and repeats, with a chastened smile, "Thy will be done !" and though that will is awfully mysterious at the present time, yet he is sure its issues will be best. Of such an one, under such circumstances, we may well say, with the poet :

"Like some tall cliff, that lifts his awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ;
Though clouds and tempests round its sides are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

DUTY AND PRAISE.

J. B. KERFOOT.

How much of any good deed has sprung from love of praise, or how far it would have been changed if no such reward had been in view, is not an easy thing for any one to decide. How far virtue carries us, and where love of praise takes us up, would often be a wholesome inquiry. Here is peril—all the greater from the fact, that it is right to desire the regards of the virtuous. God implants the desire in us as a help to duty : but it must not be the motive or the measure of duty. Conscience must be cultivated so as to be able to decide and impel without any such aid. Otherwise our virtue will become less real—more hollow every day. We will allow ourselves to receive more credit than is our due. We will gradually forget how little our due is. Weakening principle and growing vanity will be the result. A most subtle selfishness and cowardice will grow up. Appearances will be maintained, but reality will die out. An exterior, felt by us to be unfair, will be more carefully regarded than that honest reality of principle within, which only can make us good men, useful men, and true men. The remedy is this. Let God and your own consciences be the

judges to which you make your hourly appeals. Keep all other appeals in the background. Try yourselves more by your private life—that which no one else knows, than by that which others judge by. Bishop Jeremy Taylor says, truly—“He that does as well in private, between God and his own soul, as in public, in pulpits, in theatres and market-places, hath given himself a good testimony that his purposes are full of honesty, nobleness, and integrity.” “The breath of the people,” he adds, “is but air, and that not often wholesome.” Nor is it—real virtue stifles and grows faint if it breathe it too much. It may exhilarate for a time, but it leaves afterwards the sickening sense of a hollow hypocrisy, for which the honest man will loathe himself in secret. Live, then, before your conscience. Let conscience people your area of action with the spectators whose applause you seek. The great philosopher as well as orator of Rome, may have felt the truth of his words all the more because of his own vanity, when he wrote “*Nullum theatrum virtuti conscientiâ majus est*”—“Virtue can have no theatre greater than conscience.” I may add, that there is no theatre besides in which our deeds and words will not become too much the acting of a player’s part.

From “College of St. James Commencement Addresses.”

THE CONFIRMATION OF FAITH.

RT. REV. WM. WHITE, D. D.

IN regard to the confirming of our faith, there is weighty evidence in this consent of prophecy and history, and of prophecies and events of different ages, in a long succession, respectively answering to one another. Here is an extraordinary series, which, like that of the fortunes of the seed of Abraham, is addressed to all ages. Our Saviour, having read in a synagogue, from the Prophet Isaiah, a description of the character in which he was at that moment manifesting himself, made the appeal to their senses and to their understandings—“This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears.” But in the present subject, we have the detail of successive prophecies, which have been fulfilling through many ages; which, in this, our day, are going on in their fulfilment, and which will continue to be fulfilled, in what remains of time. Balanced with this evidence, how light are difficulties lying on the face of detached parts of the Christian system; the meaning of which we may have mistaken; while this sentiment, pervading it, may be made luminous to every understanding! a sentiment, which a succession of impostors would have found it impossible to sustain through a long tract of time, as it would also have been for them, had they so continued it, to have brought the state of the world, and the conduct, as well of enemies as of friends, to correspond with

the extraordinary scheme, thus supposed to have been contrived. What then should be the result, but our being rendered by it the humble disciples of the blessed Person who once "tabernacled among men," and who is now exalted far above "all principality and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come."

From "*Missionary Sermon.*"

THE BEAUTY OF GOODNESS.

J. B. KERFOOT.

I KNOW not how I can better conclude this address to you all, young gentlemen—especially to you who have now ceased to be our pupils—than by proposing as its title one of the most expressive words with which your Greek studies have familiarized you. I tried to think of some one word in our own language which would express my idea, but none occurred to me. I wished to impress the thought of *virtue beautiful because of its reality*; lovely in appearance because real in its nature. *Καλοαγαθία*—beauty and goodness inseparably united; springing each from the other—the moral state and appearance of the upright man. *Καλοαγαθία* seems to me the very word needed. He who exhibits virtue in a graceless form, belies her scarcely less than he who puts show in the place of reality. Goodness and loveliness belong together; neither can exist apart from the other. Moral goodness must always be beautiful. Moral beauty can never clothe anything but moral goodness. Bend your efforts to the reality, and the loveliness which belongs to it will appear of itself. Desire to exhibit the loveliness of goodness, not for your own sake or praise, but for the sake of virtue and of her One Fountain, and you will avoid needless offences. But feel it to be a degradation to wish to appear, or to consent to appear, in any matter better than you are. Yet rebel not against the exactions of your place and circumstances. They require high virtue and its good name. Concentrate your thoughts upon the former; the latter, the good name, will not fail to come with it. Make yourself *καλοαγαθος*—*καλος και αγαθος*. Seek what I now earnestly commend to you all—*καλοαγαθία*—and do it, in the only true and sure way, by seeking till you find that which has so often been commended to you in a place and on occasions more sacred than this, and in the words of Divine origin—"The Beauty of Holiness!"

From "*College of St. James Commencement Addresses.*"

THE RESURRECTION.

BISHOP McILVAINE.

ALREADY had the Disciples learned, by painful experience, that it was through much tribulation they were to share in his kingdom; but such trials had not shaken their faith. Accustomed to behold him despised, persecuted, and rejected of men, their confidence was continually sustained, as they heard him speak "as never man spake," and with an authority that controlled the sea and raised the dead. But now, deep tribulation, such as they had not known before, had overtaken them. What darkness had come upon their faith! He, who was once so mighty to give deliverance to the captive, had himself been taken captive and bound to the cross. He, who with a word raised the dead, had been violently, wickedly, put to an ignominious death. He, whom they expected to reign as King of kings, and to subdue all nations, had been brought under the dominion of his own nation, and shut up in the sepulchre, and all the people of Israel were now boastfully confident that the death of the cross had proved him a deceiver. O, indeed, it was a season of great heaviness, and dismay, and trial, those days and nights in which their beloved Master was lying in death! The great stone which his enemies had rolled to the door of the sepulchre, lest his disciples should go by night and take away the body, was expressive of the cold, dead weight, which that death and burial had laid upon their hearts. That sepulchre seemed as the tomb of all their hopes. All was buried with Jesus. "For, as yet (it is written), they knew not the Scripture, that he must rise again from the dead." (John, xx. 9.) Had they understood what he had often told them, they would have known "that thus it behooved (the) Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day."

The third day was now come. The Jewish Sabbath was over. The first day of the week was breaking. While it is yet dark, faithful women repair to the sepulchre with spices for the embalming. They find the stone rolled away. Wondering at this, they enter the tomb. The body is not there. Enemies have taken it away, is their first thought. Mary Magdalene hastens to say to Peter and John, "they have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him." Angels appear to the women in their alarm, saying, "He is not here, but is risen." "With fear," and yet "with great joy," they ran "to bring his disciples word." But to the latter, "their words seemed as idle tales, and they believed them not." Peter and John had now reached "the place where the Lord lay," and entering in, they found the grave-clothes remaining, but otherwise an empty sepulchre. "They saw and believed." After a little, came Mary Magdalene to the other disciples, and "told them she had seen the Lord," and what things he

had spoken unto her. Still, "they believed not." It seemed too good to be true. How was it that they did not remember his words, which even the chief priests and Pharisees repeated to Pilate, as a reason for posting a guard around the tomb, "After three days, I will rise again." The terrible shock of the crucifixion must have so stunned their faith, and distracted their thoughts, that what they afterward remembered so clearly, was either forgotten, or not comprehended.

THE PURPOSES OF CHRISTIANITY.

F. WAYLAND.

OUR object will not have been accomplished till the tomahawk shall be buried for ever, and the tree of peace spread its broad branches from the Atlantic to the Pacific; until a thousand smiling villages shall be reflected from the waves of the Missouri, and the distant valleys of the West echo with the song of the reaper; till the wilderness and the solitary place shall have been glad for us, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. Our labors are not to cease until Africa shall have been enlightened and redeemed, and Ethiopia, from the Mediterranean to the Cape, shall have stretched forth her hand unto God.

How changed will then be the face of Asia! Brahmins, and sooders, and castes, and shasters, will have passed away, like the mist which rolls up the mountain's side before the rising glories of a summer's morning; while the land on which it rested, shining forth in all its loveliness, shall, from its numberless habitations, send forth the high praises of God and the Lamb. The Hindoo mother will gaze upon her infant with the same tenderness which throbs in the breast of any Christian mother; and the Hindoo son will pour into the wounded bosom of his widowed parent the oil of peace and consolation.

In a word, point us to the loveliest village that smiles upon a Scottish or New England landscape, and compare it with the filthiness and brutality of a Caffrarian kraal, and we tell you that our object is to render that Caffrarian kraal as happy and as gladsome as that Scottish or New England village. Point us to the spot on the face of the earth, where liberty is best understood and most perfectly enjoyed, where intellect shoots forth in its richest luxuriance, and where all the kindlier feelings of the heart are constantly seen in their most graceful exercise; point us to the loveliest and happiest neighborhood in the world on which we dwell; and we tell you that our object is to render this whole earth, with all its nations, and kindreds, and tongues, and people, as happy, nay, happier than that neighborhood.

CHRISTIAN MOTIVES.

GEORGE F. PIERCE.

THE relative duties of life are performed not to gratify a native generosity, or eke out a dubious popularity, but as part of the service and homage due his Maker. Over the whole circumference of his engagements—in the bosom of his family—the busy marts of trade—the retirement of the closet—the worship of the sanctuary—the citizenship of the world—there presides a solemn recognition of the divine presence, his being and his empire, and every step is taken in reference to him as a witness and a judge. I know that many profess and seem to be religious on lower principles. Public opinion—consistency—ease of conscience, to shun hell, to gain heaven, all operate, and they supersede and dethrone the higher law in the text. Not that these motives are illegitimate, but partial and inferior. They ought not to become principal and paramount; and they cannot without a deleterious unhingement of character, and a transfer of our duty from the ground of what is divine and authoritative, to that which is human and self-pleasing. The motive in the text is comprehensive, embracing all lower ends—harmonizes all, yet subordinates them all to its own sovereign sway. Like a conqueror at the head of his battalions, it marches forth to subdue the insurgent elements that would dispute its dominion. It is the “stronger man” keeping his goods in peace. Without it, there can be no consecration, and with it no compromise of duty. The failure to recognise and adopt this great principle of morality, has fearfully diluted the experience of the church, and embarrassed every department of Christian service. “I will run in the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart,” said the Psalmist. No man can rise above the constraining considerations which spring from interest, feeling, safety, pleasure, in reference to all minor questions of duty, save as he resolves religion into some great general principles and purposes, from the decisions of which there is no appeal.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

C. H. SPURGEON.

THE world hath its night. It seemeth necessary that it should have one. The sun shineth by day, and men go forth to their labors; but they grow weary, and nightfall cometh on, like a sweet boon from heaven. The darkness draweth the curtains, and shutteth out the light, which might prevent our eyes from slumber; while the sweet, calm stillness of the night permits us to rest upon the lap of ease, and there forget awhile our cares, until the morning sun appeareth, and an angel puts his hand upon the curtain, and undraws it once again, touches our eye-

lids, and bids us rise, and proceed to the labors of the day. Night is one of the greatest blessings men enjoy; we have many reasons to thank God for it. Yet night is to many a gloomy season. There is "the pestilence that walketh in darkness;" there is "the terror by night;" there is the dread of robbers and of fell disease, with all those fears that the timorous know, when they have no light wherewith they can discern objects. It is then they fancy that spiritual creatures walk the earth; though, if they knew rightly, they would find it to be true, that

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk this earth,
Unseen, both when we sleep, and when we wake,"

and that at all times they are round about us—not more by night than by day. Night is the season of terror and alarm to most men. Yet even night hath its songs. Have you never stood by the seaside at night, and heard the pebbles sing, and the waves chant God's glories? Or have you never risen from your couch, and thrown up the window of your chamber, and listened there? Listened to what? Silence—save now and then a murmuring sound, which seems sweet music then. And have you not fancied that you heard the harp of God playing in heaven? Did you not conceive, that yon stars, that those eyes of God, looking down on you, were also mouths of song—that every star was singing God's glory, singing, as it shone, its mighty Maker, and his lawful, well-deserved praise? Night hath its songs. We need not much poetry in our spirit, to catch the song of night, and hear the spheres as they chant praises which are loud to the heart, though they be silent to the ear—the praises of the mighty God, who bears up the unpillared arch of heaven, and moves the stars in their courses.

THE DANGER OF DELAY.

J. C. YOUNG.

THE danger of deferring the service of God is further evinced by the fact, that, *the impressions produced upon you, by his truths, have a natural tendency to become weaker.* They become weaker, in accordance with the general laws of our nature. Thus we find, that impunity, in any course, produces in us insensibility to its danger. The young soldier, when, for the first time, he enters the field of battle, is almost always agitated and alarmed; when he first hears the shock, the shout, the groans of war, his heart sinks within him. But each successive conflict, from which he escapes unharmed, hardens his heart against fear; and when he has become a veteran—when he has been long accustomed to such sights and sounds, the roar of artillery, the flash of sabres, and the clash of bayonets, cease to produce their former

impressions upon his mind. Even so it is with the soul, in view of those truths which God presents before us in his word, to alarm us, and urge us to repentance. Their tendency to impress us and awe us from ways of sin, is diminished by each successive presentation, when that presentation fails to produce in us any amendment. Even in diseases of the body, we usually find, that the more frequently a remedy is applied to a disorder, without effecting a decided and favorable change, the less prospect there is of its ultimate success. The remedy seems to become weaker on each successive application. The system appears to gain, from every failure, a greater capacity of resisting its effects. Thus we find it to be with the soul, in its resistance to these truths, which are furnished to us, by God, as the remedies for the disease of sin. When they are often presented without producing a change of life, they become familiar, and cease to excite any emotion. Are they denunciations of the wrath of God against sin, or descriptions of the woes to be endured in the dungeons of despair? They are heard, as we hear the howlings of a stormy blast, from which we apprehend no personal danger. Are they proclamations of mercy—invitations from our heavenly Father, to us wandering and needy prodigals, to return and enjoy the rich blessings he is ever ready to bestow; or are they descriptions of the love, the sufferings, and the glory of our divine, yet condescending Redeemer? They are listened to, as we “listen to the song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and playeth well upon an instrument;” or perhaps the tale has been so often heard, that all its novelty and interest are gone, and it falls upon dull and listless ears.

From “*Sermon before the Judges.*”

THE UNIVERSAL EMPIRE OF DEATH.

D. S. DOGGETT.

CONTEMPLATE for a moment the nature of that event which puts the limit to human life, whether conditionally or otherwise. And, here, we cannot forbear a reflection, upon the universality of this awful curse. It has smitten with blasting and mildew every earthly object. The whole assemblage of living beings, originally designed to luxuriate in the vigor, and to sparkle in the glories of uninterrupted existence, is doomed to die. The glow-worm must extinguish his little spark in the night of death. The myriads of insects that crawl upon the earth, or float upon the atmospheric wave, must die. Quadrupeds, fishes, fowls, must die. Vegetation must die. And, last of all, man himself must die: and the world, instead of being a living temple, animated and adorned with harmonious orders of rejoicing creatures, must become their common vortex, one vast sepulchre, the tomb of all that hath life.

Here, death reigns in dark and dismal dignity, from age to age, and from pole to pole. In all probability, ours is the only spot over which his dread dominion extends. In other places, existence, beyond a doubt, yet glitters in primeval beauty. The angel of death has never visited their healthful abodes, to pour his vial on the air, to scatter over them the seeds of consumption, and to wake from their happy population the wail of lamentation and of woe. Here we breathe the infected atmosphere of a loathsome hospital, and while we witness the havoc which appals us, we expire in our turn.

From "*A Sermon.*"

NATIONAL ERROR.

T. P. AKERS.

WHATEVER may be the lot of those to whom error is an inheritance, woe be to the people by whom it is an adoption. If America, free above all nations, sustained amidst the trials which have covered the earth with burning and slaughter, and enlightened by the fullest knowledge of the Divine will, refuse fidelity to the compact by which those matchless privileges have been given, her condemnation will neither be distant nor delayed. But, if she faithfully repel this deepest of all crimes, and refuse to place Popery, side by side, with Christianity, there may be no bound to the sacred magnificence of her preservation. The coming terrors and tribulations of the earth may but augment her glory. Even in the midst of thunderings and lightnings, which appal the tribes of earth, she may be led up, like the prophet, to the Mount, only to behold the Eternal Majesty; and when the visitation has past, the world may see her coming forth from the cloud, her brow blazing, and her hands holding the "commandments" of mankind.

THE GREAT PRICE.

J. H. NEWMAN.

CHRIST died, not in order to exert a peremptory claim on the divine justice, if I may so speak,—as if He were bargaining in the marketplace or pursuing a plea in a court of law,—but in a more loving, generous, munificent way, He shed that blood, which was worth ten thousand lives of men, worth more than the blood of all the sons of Adam heaped together, in accordance with His Father's will, who, for wise reasons unrevealed, exacted it as the condition of their pardon.

Nor was this all ;—one drop of His blood had been sufficient to satisfy for our sins ; He might have offered His circumcision as an atonement, and it would have been sufficient ; one moment of His agony of blood had been sufficient ; one stroke of the scourge might have wrought a sufficient satisfaction. But neither circumcision, agony, nor scourging was our redemption, because He did not offer them as such. The price He paid was nothing short of the whole treasure of His blood, poured forth to the last drop from His veins and sacred heart. He shed His whole life for us ; He left Himself empty of His all. He left His throne on high, He gave up His home on earth ; He parted with His Mother, He gave His strength and His toil, He gave His body and soul, He offered up His passion, His crucifixion, and His death, that man should not be bought for nothing. This is what the Apostle intimates in saying that we are “bought with a *great price* ;” and the Prophet, while he declares that “with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him a *copious*” or “plenteous redemption.”

From “*Newman's Sermons.*”

THE ENDURANCE OF FAITH.

J. H. NEWMAN.

FAITH alone reaches to the end, faith only endures. Faith and prayer alone will endure in that last dark hour, when Satan urges all his powers and resources against the sinking soul. What will it avail us then to have devised some subtle argument, or to have led some brilliant attack, or to have mapped out the field of history, or to have numbered and sorted the weapons of controversy, and to have the homage of friends and the respect of the world, for our successes,—what will it avail to have had a position, to have followed out a work, to have reanimated an idea, to have made a cause to triumph, if after all we have not the light of faith to guide us on from this world to the next? O how fain shall we be in that day to change our place with the humblest, and dullest, and most ignorant of the sons of men, rather than to stand before the judgment-seat in the lot of him who has received great gifts from God, and used them for self and for man, who has shut his eyes, who has trifled with truth, who has repressed his misgivings, who has been led on by God's grace, but stopped short of its scope, who has neared the land of promise, yet not gone forward to take possession of it!

From “*Newman's Sermons.*”

THE MILLENNIUM.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

It is a great consolation to us to look forward, as I think we are authorized to do, to a time when not only the *knowledge* of the gospel will be greatly extended, but also the *influence* of the gospel on Christians' hearts, and tempers, and lives—"the knowledge and *love* of God," and the "fruits of his Spirit,"—will be still much more increased;—when those who are Christians in name, will be much less disposed to content themselves with the *name*,—much more careful to be Christians in principle and in conduct, than the far greater part of them are now:—when Christians, generally, will not look, as they are apt to do now, on the apostles and others of the early Church whom it is usual to *distinguish* by the title of saint, as possessing a degree and a kind of Christian excellence which it would be vain and presumptuous for ordinary Christians to think of equalling; but will consider and practically remember, that *all* Christians are "called [to be] Saints," and endued with the Holy Spirit of God; not indeed to inspire them with a new revelation, or to confer any miraculous gifts (which do not either *prove*, or *make*, the possessor the more acceptable in God's sight), but to enable them to purify their own hearts and lives. The wicked Balaam was a prophet; and the traitor Judas worked miracles. These extraordinary powers, therefore, are neither any *proof* of superior personal holiness, nor any *substitute* for it in God's sight. Nor is the absence of these miraculous gifts in ourselves, any argument that a less degree of Christian virtue will suffice for our salvation, than was required of the apostles.

Let us hope that the time will come when Christian privileges and duties shall be generally viewed in this manner, and when such views shall be acted upon. Whether any of us shall live to see the beginning of such a change, is more than we can tell. Nay, we cannot tell whether each of us may not even be enabled, by his own example, and his own exertions in enlightening and improving others, to do something towards bringing about this change. But this we do know most certainly; that each of us is bound, in gratitude for Christ's redeeming mercy;—in prudent care for his own immortal soul,—to labor earnestly for such a change in his *own* life and heart. We are, each of us, bound, at his own peril, to think, and live, and act, in such a manner, as *would*, if all Christians *were to do the same*, bring about, and indeed *constitute*, this Millennium of Christian zeal and holiness. And each of us who does this, whether others follow his example or not, "shall in no wise lose his own reward."

From "*A View of the Scripture Revelations concerning a Future State.*"

PATRIOTISM A CHRISTIAN VIRTUE.

HUNTINGTON.

PATRIOTISM, that is, when it is a principle, and not a mere blind instinct of the blood, is an outgrowth and a part of the faith and honor of the Almighty. Analyze it, and you will see it so. For patriotism is only disinterested devotion to the justice, the power, the protection, the right, embodied, after a certain fashion and degree, in the state and its subjects. It is not attachment to the parchment of a constitution, to the letter of an instrument, to the visible insignia of authority, to a strip of painted cloth at a masthead, to a mass of legal precedents and traditions, nor always to the person of the sovereign. It is not a personal interest in the people of the nation, for the most of one's fellow-citizens are unknown, and the few that are met may awaken no special regard. Instituted ideas,—as justice, power, protection,—organized into a national government, and lifted up for the defence of the country, are what inspire an intelligent loyalty, and the same ideas have their perfect embodiment in the person of God. On the other hand, religion, veneration for the Creator, involves a consistent regard for the welfare of great bodies of his family. By the laws of the human nature he has fashioned, this will mount to enthusiasm, as our relations to any one body grow intimate, or look back to an antiquity, or own a history of common sufferings. Less elevated elements may intermix. But whichever you take first,—the feeling for the state, or for the God of states,—the other clings to it, and comes logically with it.

KIND LISTENERS.

F. W. FABER.

THERE is a grace of kind listening, as well as a grace of kind speaking. Some men listen with an abstracted air, which shows that their thoughts are elsewhere. Or they seem to listen, but, by wide answers and irrelevant questions, show that they have been occupied with their own thoughts, as being more interesting, at least in their own estimation, than what you have been saying. Some listen with a kind of importunate ferocity, which makes you feel that you are being put upon your trial, and that your auditor expects beforehand that you are going to tell him a lie, or to be inaccurate, or to say something which he will disapprove, and that you must mind your expressions. Some interrupt, and will not hear you to the end. Some hear you to the end, and then forthwith begin to talk to you about a similar experience which has befallen themselves, making your case only an illustration of their own. Some, meaning to be kind, listen with such a determined, lively, violent attention that you are at once made uncomfortable, and the charm of conversation is at an end. Many persons,

whose manners will stand the test of speaking, break down under the trial of listening. But all these things should be brought under the sweet influences of religion. Kind listening is often an act of the most delicate interior mortification, and is a great assistance toward kind speaking. Those who govern others must take care to be kind listeners, or else they will soon offend God and fall into secret sins.

From "*Spiritual Conferences.*"

THE DESIRE OF DEATH.

F. W. FABER.

FROM the fear of death let us turn to the desire of it. What we have said of the fear of death we may say also of the desire of death, only we should say it still more emphatically, that the desire which is part of holiness must be rather a desire of God than a desire of death. World-weariness is a blessed thing in its way, but it falls short of being a grace. To be weary of the world is very far from being detached from it. I am not sure that there is not a weariness of the world which is itself a form of worldliness. World-wearied men often think and speak of death in a poetical, voluptuous way, which is most ungodly. They talk as if the turf of the churchyard were a bed of down, as if the grassy ridge were a pillow on which to lay our tired heads and slumber, and as if the grave were a cradle in which we should be rocked to sleep as the earth swayed, and so voyage unconsciously through space, like a sleeping child in a ship at sea. None but atheists could speak thus of death, if those who so speak really weighed their words. Such men habitually regard death as an end, and not as a beginning. It has been observed of intellectual men, that such talking of death is often a symptom of incipient mental aberration. It is certainly true that happy men more often desire death than unhappy men, and desire it more strongly, and that their desire is more truthful and more holy. An unhappy man desires death rather than God. He desires it with a kind of heathen despondency. He quotes the *Odyssey* and the *Æneid*. The pathetic imagery of those poems is more congenial to him than the straightforward realities of Christian theology. He fixes his eye morbidly on death; but he is anxious it should not look over death and beyond it. Whereas a happy, light-hearted, sunnyspirited Christian man, who has no quarrel with life except its possibilities of sinning, somehow feels its burden more than the unhappy man, who clings to life with a sort of morose, sulky enjoyment. Yet, while the happy man feels its burden, his happiness inclines him to be eager for beginnings rather than to be impatient for conclusions. Thus death is to him less the end of life than the beginning of eternity. He desires God rather than death; for it is the gift of a joyous heart to find short ways to God from the most unlikely places.

From "*Spiritual Conferences.*"

PART II.
RECITATIONS IN POETRY.

EPIC, LYRIC, AND DESCRIPTIVE.

HUMAN LIFE.

J. R. LOWELL

OVER his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay :
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie ;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies ;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies ;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives,
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicite ;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.
Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us ;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in ;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold ;

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:

'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking,
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.
And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

From "*The Vision of Sir Launfal*."

THE BURIAL AT GETTYSBURG.

E. A. WASHBURN, D. D

A VOICE as of the ocean surge!

I see a mighty nation tread,
With banners drooped and funeral dirge,
Within the city of the dead.

On yonder slope, but yesterday,
Clashed steel with steel, and breast with breast;
And tossed the battle's blood-red spray
O'er hosts who now in silence rest.

Kneel, motherland! in broken prayer
To kiss the dear, the holy ground;

See strong men weep like children, there,
 Spelling in vain each nameless mound;
 And far, by Erie's waters deep,
 Or mid the solemn woods of Maine,
 The gray sire dreams, in troubled sleep,
 Of one who comes not home again.

Sword of the Lord!—that cry of woe
 From many a bleeding wound shall start—
 Rest in thy scabbard, rest! Ah, no!
 While traitors stab a mother's heart!
 As breaks the thunder's gathered roar,
 I hear—I hear a nation's cry
 From stormy cliff and sounding shore:
 No Peace, no Peace, till Treason die!

No! by the sacred toils of all
 Who laid with no cement but truth
 The stones of our Cyclopean wall;
 No! by a people's giant youth;
 No! by the red blood crime hath spilt;
 No! by this heirdom of the free:
 Bare the bright sword, swear on the hilt,
 These years of wrong no more shall be!

Chaunt ye not now the Requiem sad;
 Lift ye the War-song clear and high;
 Sing till it stir the sleepers glad
 Who 'neath these crowded hillocks lie.
 Sing, motherland! ye peaks that bloom
 With wreaths of the eternal snow;
 Ye primal forests, in whose womb
 Navies of oak and iron grow.

Sing, prairies rich with nobler grains,
 Of bearded men, of freeborn sons!
 And thou, great river, through whose veins
 The life-blood of our heroes runs;
 More than the yellow Tiber's wave
 Thy banks shall gleam with deathless fame,
 Sing, with thy torrents, of the brave
 Who died to keep a nation's spotless name!

THE SKIES.

THE skies! the festal skies
 Of a laughing summer morn!
 Some love the dazzling glory
 That with their light is born,

MARY E. LEE.

And gaze, with ravished sense, upon
The shadowless expanse,
Where not one tissued cloud is seen
To dim its radiance.

While others joy to catch
The fulness of its smile,
When at his evening portal,
The Day God rests awhile,
To tint with matchless coloring
The ether's fluid tide,
That round this prison sphere of ours
Floods out on either side.

And midnight's solemn sky,
Like a blue curtain hung,
And studded with bright star-gems,
As diamonds yet unstrung,
Is filled through its wide concave
With echoes of the strain,
Breathed out by hosts of worshippers
From earth's extended fane.

Each has its charm, but oh !
Not such, not such for me ;
Morn's skies reveal a brightness
That wakes too much of glee ;
Eve's firmament too holy seems
For unison with earth,
And oft beneath still midnight's vault,
Wild, startling thoughts have birth.

Oh ! rather would I choose,
If but the choice were mine,
Those skies, where cloud and sunshine
In fitfulness combine,
Where midday's glare is softened, as
By sudden phantom-wings,
And through night's net-work veil, the stars
Look down, like loving things.

The heart ! the human heart !
How, everywhere, it turns
To drink in blessed sympathy
From nature's mystic urns ;

And ah ! methinks no emblem
Is fitter found for life,
With all its changes, than a sky
Where light and shade hold strife.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THOMAS MILLER.

TREAD lightly here ! this spot is holy ground,
And every footfall wakes the voice of ages :
These are the mighty dead that hem thee round,
Names that still cast a halo o'er our pages :
Listen ! 'tis Fame's loud voice that now complains,
" Here sleeps more sacred dust, than all the world contains."

Thou mayst bend o'er each marble semblance now :
That was a monarch,—see how mute he lies !
There was a day when, on his crumbling brow,
The golden crown flashed awe on vulgar eyes ;
That broken hand did then a sceptre sway,
And thousands round him kneeled his mandates to obey.

Turn to the time, when he thus low was laid
Within this narrow house, in proud array ;
Dirges were sung, and solemn masses said,
And high-plumed helms bent o'er him as he lay ;
Princes and peers were congregated here,
And all the pomp of death assembled round his bier.

Then did the mid-night torches flaming wave,
And redly flashed athwart the vaulted gloom ;
And white-robed boys sang requiems o'er his grave ;
And muttering monks kneeled lowly round his tomb ;
And lovely women did his loss deplore,
And, with their gushing tears, bathed the cold marble floor.

See ! at his head, a rude-carved lion stands,
In the dark niche where never sunbeams beat ;
And still he folds his supplicating hands :
A watchful dragon crouches at his feet,—
How oddly blended !—He all humble lies,
While they defiance cast from their fierce stony eyes.

Here sleeps another, clothed in scaly mail ;
 Battle's red field was where he loved to be ;
 Oft has his banner rustled in the gale,
 In all the pomp of blazing heraldry !
 Where are his bowmen now, his shield, and spear,
 His steed, and battle axe, and all he once held dear ?

His banner wasted on the castle wall,
 His lofty turrets sunk by slow decay ;
 His bowmen in the beaten field did fall,
 His plated armor, rust hath swept away ;
 His plumes are scattered, and his helmet cleft,
 And this slow-crumbling tomb is all he now hath left.

And this is fame ! For this he fought and bled !
 See^h his reward !—No matter ; let him rest ;
 Vacant and dark is now his ancient bed,
 The dust of ages dims his marble breast ;
 And, in that tomb, what thinkest thou remains ?
 Dust ! 'tis the only glory, that on earth man gains.

And kings, and queens, here slumber, side by side,
 Their quarrels hushed in the embrace of death ;
 All feelings calmed of jealousy or pride,
 Once fanned to flame by Slander's burning breath ;
 Even the crowns they wear from cares are free,
 As those on children's heads, who play at royalty.

And awful Silence here does ever linger ;
 Her dwelling is this many-pillared dome ;
 On her wan lip she plants her stony finger,
 And, breath-hushed, gazes on her voiceless home ;
 Listening, she stands, with half averted head,
 For echoes never heard among the mute-tongued dead.

From "*Friendship's Offering*."

DON GARZIA.

ROGERS.

Among those awful forms, in elder time
 Assembled, and through many an after-age
 Destined to stand as genii of the Place
 Where men most meet in Florence, may be seen
 His who first played the tyrant. Clad in mail,
 But with his helmet off—in kingly state,

Aloft he sits upon his horse of brass ;
And they, that read the legend underneath,
Go and pronounce him happy. Yet, methinks,
There is a chamber that, if walls could speak,
Would turn their admiration into pity.
Half of what passed died with him ; but the rest,
All he discovered when the fit was on,
All that, by those who listened, could be gleaned
From broken sentences and starts in sleep,
Is told, and by an honest chronicler.

Two of his sons, Giovanni and Garzia,
(The eldest had not seen his nineteenth summer,)
Went to the chase ; but only one returned.
Giovanni, when the huntsman blew his horn
O'er the last stag that started from the brake,
And in the heather turned to stand at bay,
Appeared not, and at close of day was found
Bathed in his innocent blood. Too well, alas !
The trembling Cosmo guessed the deed, the doer ;
And, having caused the body to be borne
In secret to that chamber, at an hour
When all slept sound, save she who bore them both,
Who little thought of what was yet to come,
And lived but to be told—he bade Garzia
Arise and follow him. Holding in one hand
A winking lamp, and in the other a key,
Massive and dungeon-like, thither he led ;
And, having entered in, and locked the door,
The father fixed his eyes upon the son,
And closely questioned him. No change betrayed,
Or guilt, or fear. Then Cosmo lifted up
The bloody sheet. “Look there ! Look there !” he cried,
“Blood calls for blood—and from a father's hand !
Unless thyself will save him that sad office.
What !” he exclaimed, when, shuddering at the sight,
The boy breathed out, “I stood but on my guard.”
“Darest thou then blacken one who never wronged thee,
Who would not set his foot upon a worm ?
Yes, thou must die, lest others fall by thee,
And thou shouldst be the slayer of us all.”
Then from Garzia's belt he drew the blade,
That fatal one which spilt his brother's blood ;
And, kneeling on the ground, “Great God !” he cried,
“Grant me the strength to do an act of justice.

Thou knowest what it costs me ; but, alas !
 How can I spare myself, sparing none else ?
 Grant me the strength, the will—and oh ! forgive
 The sinful soul of a most wretched son.
 'Tis a most wretched father who implores it."
 Long on Garzia's neck he hung and wept,
 Long pressed him to his bosom tenderly ;
 And then, but while he held him by the arm,
 Thrusting him backward, turned away his face,
 And stabbed him to the heart.

Well might a youth,
 Studious of men, anxious to learn and know,
 When in the train of some great embassy
 He came, a visitant, to Cosmo's court,
 Think on the past ; and, as he wandered through
 The ample spaces of an ancient house,
 Silent, deserted—stop awhile to dwell
 Upon two portraits there, drawn on the wall
 Together, as of Two in bonds of love,
 Those of the unhappy brothers, and conclude,
 From the sad looks of him who could have told
 The terrible truth. Well might he heave a sigh
 For poor humanity, when he beheld
 That very Cosmo shaking o'er his fire,
 Drowsy, and deaf, and inarticulate,
 Wrapped in his night-gown, o'er a sick man's mess,
 In the last stage—death-struck and deadly pale,
 His wife, another, not his Eleanor,
 At once his nurse and his interpreter.

REQUIEM.

JULIA R. McMASTERS.

Lowly, shining head, where we lay thee down
 With the lowly dead, droop thy golden crown !

Meekly, marble palms, fold across the breast,
 Sculptured in white calms of unbreaking rest !

Softly, starry eyes, veil your darkened spheres,
 Nevermore to rise in summershine or tears !

Calmly, crescent lips, yield your dewy rose
 To the wan eclipse of this pale repose !

Slumber, aural shells! No more dying Even
Through your spiral cells weaveth gales of heaven.

Stilly, slender feet, rest from rosy rhyme,
With the ringing sweet of her silver clime!

Holy smile of God, spread the glory mild
Underneath the sod on this little child!

ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

MILTON.

HAIL holy light! offspring of heaven first-born;
Or of th' Eternal, co-eternal beam
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachèd light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hearest thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes, than to th' Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief,
Thee Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget
Those other two equalled with me in fate.

So were I equalled with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias and Phineus prophets old.
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note: thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works to me expunged and rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou celestial Light
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

From "*Paradise Lost*."

ETERNAL TRUTH.

COWPER.

ALL truth is from the sempiternal source
 Of Light Divine. But Egypt, Greece, and Rome
 Drew from the stream below. More favored, we
 Drink, when we choose it, at the fountain head.
 To them it flowed much mingled and defiled
 With hurtful error, prejudice, and dreams
 Illusive of philosophy, so called,
 But falsely. Sages after sages strove
 In vain to filter off a crystal draught
 Pure from the lees, which often more enhanced
 The thirst than slaked it, and not seldom bred
 Intoxication and delirium wild.
 In vain they pushed inquiry to the birth
 And springtime of the world; asked, Whence is man?
 Why formed at all? and wherefore as he is?
 Where must he find his Maker? with what rites
 Adore him? Will he hear, accept, and bless?

Or does he sit regardless of his works ?
 Has man within him an immortal seed ?
 Or does the tomb take all ? If he survive
 His ashes, where ? and in what weal or woe ?
 Knots worthy of solution, which alone
 A Deity could solve. Their answers, vague
 And all at random, fabulous and dark,
 Left them as dark themselves. Their rules of life,
 Defective and unsanctioned, proved too weak
 To bind the roving appetite, and lead
 Blind nature to a God not yet revealed.
 'Tis Revelation satisfies all doubts,
 Explains all mysteries, except her own,
 And so illuminates the path of life,
 That fools discover it, and stray no more.
 Now tell me, dignified and sapient sir,
 My man of morals, nurtured in the shades
 Of Academus—is this false or true ?
 Is Christ the abler teacher, or the schools ?
 If Christ, then why resort at every turn
 To Athens or to Rome, for wisdom short
 Of man's occasions, when in him reside
 Grace, knowledge, comfort—an unfathomed store ?
 How oft, when Paul has served us with a text,
 Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully, preached !
 Men that, if now alive, would sit content
 And humble learners of a Saviour's worth,
 Preach it who might. Such was their love of truth,
 Their thirst of knowledge, and their candor too !

COUNTRY AND TOWN.

COWPER.

God made the country, and man made the town.
 What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
 That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
 That life holds out to all, should most abound
 And least be threatened in the fields and groves ?
 Possess ye, therefore, ye who, borne about
 In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
 But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
 But such as art contrives, possess ye still
 Your element ; there only can ye shine ;

There only minds like yours can do no harm.
 Our groves were planted to console at noon;
 The pensive wanderer in their shades. At eve
 The moonbeam, sliding softly in between
 The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,
 Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
 The splendor of your lamps; they but eclipse
 Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
 Our more harmonious notes: the thrush departs
 Scared, and the offended nightingale is mute.
 There is a public mischief in your mirth;
 It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
 Graced with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
 Has made, what enemies could ne'er have done,
 Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
 A mutilated structure, soon to fall.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

BYRON.

HUSHED is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,
 With milk-white crest, gold-spur, and light-poised lance,
 Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
 And lowly bending to the lists advance;
 Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance:
 If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
 The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,
 Best prize of better acts, they bear away,
 And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak arrayed,
 But all afoot, the light-limbed Matadore
 Stands in the centre, eager to invade
 The lord of lowing herds; but not before
 The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
 Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed:
 His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
 Can man achieve without the friendly steed—
 Alas! too oft condemned for him to bear and bleed.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
 The den expands, and Expectation mute
 Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
 Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,

And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
 The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe ;
 Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
 His first attack, wide waving to and fro
 His angry tail ; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

Sudden he stops ; his eye is fixed : away,
 Away, thou heedless boy ! prepare the spear :
 Now is thy time, to perish, or display
 The skill that yet may check his mad career.
 With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers veer ;
 On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes ;
 Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear :
 He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes ;
 Dart follows dart ; lance, lance ; loud bellowings speak his woes.

Again he comes ; nor dart nor lance avail,
 Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse ;
 Though man, and man's avenging arms assail,
 Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
 One gallant steed is stretched a mangled corse ;
 Another, hideous sight ! unseamed appears,
 His gory chest unveils life's panting source ;
 Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears,
 Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharmed he bears.

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
 Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
 'Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
 And foes disabled in the brutal fray ;
 And now the Matadores around him play,
 Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand :
 Once more through all he bursts his thundering way :
 Vain rage ! the mantle quits the conynge hand,
 Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand !

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
 Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.
 He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline :
 Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
 Without a groan, without a struggle, dies.
 The decorated car appears—on high
 The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—
 Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
 Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

THE COLISEUM.

BYRON.

A RUIN—yet what ruin ! from its mass
 Walls, palaces, half-cities have been reared ;
 Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
 And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
 Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared ?
 Alas ! developed, opens the decay,
 When the colossal fabric's form is neared ;
 It will not bear the brightness of the day,
 Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
 Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there ;
 When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
 And the low night-breeze waves along the air
 The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,
 Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head ;
 When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
 Then in this magic circle raise the dead :
 Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.

“ While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand ;
 When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall ;
 And when Rome falls—the World.” From our own land
 Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
 In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
 Ancient ; and these three mortal things are still
 On their foundations, and unaltered all ;
 Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
 The World, the same wide den—of thieves, or what ye will.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
 Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
 From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time ;
 Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
 Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
 His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome !
 Shalt thou not last ? Time's scythe and tyrant's rods
 Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
 Of art and Piety—Pantheon !—pride of Rome !

THE DESTINY OF AMERICA.

BRYANT.

HERE the free spirit of mankind, at length,
 Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
 A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
 Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?
 Far like the comet's way through infinite space,
 Stretches the long untravelled path of light,
 Into the depths of ages: we may trace,
 Distant, the brightening glory of its flight,
 Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,
 And writhes in shackles; strong the arms that chain
 To earth her struggling multitude of states;
 She too is strong, and might not chafe in vain
 Against them, but shake off the vampyre train
 That batten on her blood, and break their net.
 Yes, ye shall look on brighter days, and gain
 The meed of worthier deeds; the moment set
 To rescue and raise up, draws near—but is not yet.

But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,
 But with thy children—thy maternal care,
 Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all—
 These are thy fetters—seas and stormy air
 Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where
 Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,
 Thou laugh'st at enemies: who shall then declare
 The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell
 How happy, in thy lap, the sons of men shall dwell?

From "*The Ages*."

RELIGION.

YOUNG.

RELIGION's all. Descending from the skies
 To wretched man, the goddess in her left
 Holds out this world, and in her right the next.
 Religion! the sole voucher man is man;
 Supporter sole of man above himself:
 Even in this night of frailty, change and death,
 She gives the soul a soul that acts a God.
 Religion! Providence! an after-state!

Here is firm footing ; here is solid rock ;
 This can support us ; all is sea besides ;
 Sinks under us ; bestorms, and then devours.
 His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
 And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

Religion ! thou the soul of happiness ;
 And groaning Calvary, of thee ! There shine
 The noblest truths ; there strongest motives sting ;
 There, sacred violence assaults the soul ;
 There, nothing but compulsion is forborne.
 Can love allure us ? or can terror awe ?
 He weeps !—the falling drops put out the sun :
 He sighs !—the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.
 If, in his love, so terrible, what then
 His wrath inflamed ? his tenderness on fire ;
 Like soft, smooth oil, outblazing other fires ?
 Can prayer, can praise avert it ?—Thou, my all !
 My theme ! my inspiration ! and my crown !
 My strength in age ! my rise in low estate !
 My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth !—my world !
 My light in darkness ! and my life in death !
 My boast through time ! bliss through eternity !
 Eternity, too short to speak Thy praise !
 Or fathom Thy profound of love to man !
 To man, of men the meanest, even to me ;
 My Sacrifice ! my God !—what things are these !

From "*Night Thoughts*."

TO THE PAST.

BRYANT.

Thou unrelenting Past !
 Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
 And fetters, sure and fast,
 Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn
 Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
 And glorious ages gone,
 Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
 Youth, Manhood, Age, that draws us to the ground,

And last, Man's Life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years,
Thou hast my earlier friends—the good—the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears—
The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain—thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou givest them back—nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown—to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea.

Labors of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith,—
Love, that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

Full many a mighty name,
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered,
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

Thine for a space are they—
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last.
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth, to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no!
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,

Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat.

All shall come back, each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again ;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
And her, who still and cold,
Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.

ADONAIS.

SHELLEY.

HERE pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each ; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou ! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become ?

The One remains, the many change and pass ;
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek !
Follow where all is fled !—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart ?
Thy hopes are gone before : from all things here
They have departed ; thou shouldst now depart !
A light is past from the revolving year,
And man, and woman ; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near :
'Tis Adonais calls ! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together

That light whose smile kindles the Universe,
 That Beauty in which all things work and move,
 That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
 Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
 Which through the web of being blindly wove
 By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
 Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
 Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
 The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
 I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;
 Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

LONGFELLOW.

I SAW, as in a dream sublime
 The balance in the hand of Time.
 O'er East and West its beam impended;
 And day, with all its hours of light,
 Was slowly sinking out of sight,
 While, opposite, the scale of night
 Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of eld,
 In that bright vision I beheld
 Greater and deeper mysteries.
 I saw, with its celestial keys,
 Its chords of air, its frets of fire,
 The Samian's great Æolian lyre,
 Rising, through all its sevenfold bars,
 From earth unto the fixèd stars.
 And through the dewy atmosphere,
 Not only could I see, but hear,
 Its wondrous and harmonious strings,
 In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,

From Dian's circle light and near,
Onward to vaster and wider rings,
Where, chanting through his beard of snows,
Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,
And down the sunless realms of space
Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch
This music sounded like a march,
And with its chorus seemed to be
Preluding some great tragedy.
Sirius was rising in the east;
And, slow ascending one by one,
The kindling constellations shone.
Begirt with many a blazing star,
Stood the great giant Algebar,
Orion, hunter of the beast!
His sword hung gleaming by his side.
And, on his arm, the lion's hide
Scattered across the midnight air
The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint;
And beautiful as some fair saint,
Serenely moving on her way
In hours of trial and dismay.
As if she heard the voice of God,
Unharm'd with naked feet she trod
Upon the hot and burning stars,
As on the glowing coals and bars
That were to prove her strength, and try
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,
And triumph in her sweet pale face,
She reached the station of Orion,
Aghast he stood in strange alarm!
And suddenly from his outstretched arm
Down fell the red skin of the lion
Into the river at his feet.
His mighty club no longer beat
The forehead of the bull; but he
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,
When, blinded by Cænopion,
He sought the blacksmith at his forgo,

And, climbing up the mountain gorge,
Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then, through the silence overhead,
An angel with a trumpet said,
"For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o'er!"
And, like an instrument that flings
Its music on another's strings,
The trumpet of the angel cast
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,
And on from sphere to sphere the words
Re-echoed down the burning chords,—
"For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o'er!"

THE BUILDERS.

LONGFELLOW.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builder wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
 Both the unseen and the seen ;
 Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
 Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
 Standing in these walls of Time,
 Broken stairways, where the feet
 Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
 With a firm and ample base ;
 And ascending and secure
 Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
 To those turrets, where the eye
 Sees the world as one vast plain,
 And one boundless reach of sky.

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

LONGFELLOW.

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the hot clime
 Of Arab deserts brought,
 Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,
 The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been
 About those deserts blown !
 How many strange vicissitudes has seen,
 How many histories known !

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
 Trampled and passed it o'er,
 When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight
 His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,
 Crushed it beneath their tread ;
 Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
 Scattered it as they sped ;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
 Held close in her caress,

Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith
Illumed the wilderness ;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms
Pacing the Dead Sea beach,
And singing slow their old Armenian psalms
In half-articulate speech ;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate
With westward steps depart ;
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate,
And resolute in heart !

These have passed over it, or may have passed !
Now in this crystal tower
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand ;
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And, borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,
Across the boundless plain,
The column and its broader shadow run,
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes ! These walls again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain :
The half-hour's sand is run !

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.

MILTON.

Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld
In ample space under the broadest shade
A table richly spread, in regal mode,
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort

And savor, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
Gris-amber steamed ; all fish from sea or shore,
Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drained
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
Alas how simple, to these cates compared,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve !
And at a stately side-board by the wine
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed or Hylas ; distant more
Under the trees now tripped, now solemn stood
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of the Hesperides, that seemed
Fairer than feigned of old, or fabled since
Of fairy damsels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore ;
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming strings or charming pipes, and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odors fanned
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.
Such was the splendor, and the tempter now
His invitation earnestly renewed.

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat ?
These are not fruits forbidden ; no interdict
Defends the touching of these viands pure ;
Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,
Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their lord :
What doubt'st thou, Son of God ? sit down and eat.

From "*Paradise Regained*."

THE MINSTREL'S FAREWELL TO HIS HARP.

HARP of the North, farewell ! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending ;

SCOTT.

In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark ;
 The deer, half seen, are to the covert wending.
 Resume thy wizard elm ! the fountain lending,
 And the wild breeze, thy wilder Minstrelsy ;
 Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
 With distant echo from the fold and lea,
 And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou minstrel Harp ;
 Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
 And little reck I of the censure sharp,
 May idly cavil at an idle lay.
 Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
 Through secret woes the world has never known,
 When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
 And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.
 That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress ! is thine own.

Hark ! as my lingering footsteps slow retire—
 Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string ;
 'Tis now a Seraph bold, with touch of fire,
 'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
 Receding now, the dying numbers ring
 Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
 And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
 A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
 And now, 'tis silent all ! Enchantress, fare thee well !

THE HIGHLAND CHASE.

SCOTT.

THE Stag at eve had drunk his fill,
 Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
 And deep his midnight lair had made
 In lone Glenartney's hazel shade ;
 But, when the sun his beacon red
 Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
 The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
 Resounded up the rocky way,
 And faint, from further distance borne,
 Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

As chief who hears his warder call,
 " To arms ! the foemen storm the wall,"—

The antlered monarch of the waste
 Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
 But, e'er his fleet career he took,
 The dew-drops from his flanks he shook ;
 Like crested leader proud and high,
 Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky ;
 A moment gazed adown the dale,
 A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
 A moment listened to the cry,
 That thickened as the chase drew nigh ;
 Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
 With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
 And, stretching forward free and far,
 Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

Yelled on the view the opening pack,
 Rock, glen and cavern paid them back ;
 To many a mingled sound at once
 The awakened mountain gave response.
 A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
 Clattered a hundred steeds along,
 Their peal the merry horns rung out,
 A hundred voices joined the shout :
 With hark and whoop, and wild halloo,
 No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
 Far from the tumult fled the roe,
 Close in her covert cowered the doe,
 The falcon, from her cairn on high,
 Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
 Till far beyond her piercing ken
 The hurricane had swept the glen.
 Faint, and more faint, its failing din
 Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,
 And silence settled, wide and still,
 On the lone wood and mighty hill.

THE CLOUD.

SHELLEY.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams ;
 I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
 In their noon-day dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits ;
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,

Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky :
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

SPEED THE PROW.

MONTGOMERY.

Not the ship that swiftest saileth,
But which longest holds her way
Onward, onward, never faileth,
Storm and calm, to win the day ;
Earliest she the haven gains,
Which the hardest stress sustains.

O'er life's ocean, wide and pathless,
Thus would I with patience steer ;
No vain hope of journeying scathless,
No proud boast to face down fear ;
Dark or bright his Providence,
Trust in God be my defence.

Time there was,—'t is so no longer,—
When I crowded every sail,
Battled with the waves, and stronger
Grew, as stronger grew the gale ;
But my strength sunk with the wind,
And the sea lay dead behind.

There my bark had foundered surely,
But a power invisible
Breathed upon me ;—then securely,
Borne along the gradual swell,
Helm and shrouds, and heart renewed,
I my humbler course pursued.

Now, though evening shadows blacken,
And no star comes through the gloom,
On I move, nor will I slacken
Sail, though verging towards the tomb :
Bright beyond,—on heaven's high strand,
Lo, the lighthouse !—land, land, land !

Cloud and sunshine, wind and weather,
Sense and sight are fleeing fast ;
Time and tide must fail together,
Life and death will soon be past ;
But where day's last spark declines,
Glory everlasting shines.

THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

MONTGOMERY.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there ;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 't is found ;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou knowest not which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry—"Harvest home !"

AN INCIDENT AT RATISBON.

BROWNING.

You know we French stormed Ratisbon :
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day ;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall;"
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 Just by his horse's mane, a boy:
 You hardly could suspect—
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through,)
 You looked twice e'er you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
 We've got you Ratisbon!
 The marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him." The chief's eye flashed; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes:
 "You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said;
 "I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,
 Smiling, the boy fell dead.

GINEVRA.

ROGERS.

If ever you should come to Modena,
 (Where among other relics you may see
 Tassoni's bucket—but 'tis not the true one)
 Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Donati.
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
 Will long detain you—but, before you go,
 Enter the house—forget it not, I pray you—
 And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
 The last of that illustrious family;
 Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
 He who observes it—ere he passes on,
 Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
 That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
 Her lips half open, and her finger up,
 As though she said "Beware!" her vest of gold
 Broïdered with flowers and clasped from head to foot,
 An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
 A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowings of an innocent heart—
 It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
 Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs
 Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
 An oaken-chest, half-eaten by the worm,
 But richly carved by Antony of Trent,
 With scripture-stories from the Life of Christ;
 A chest that came from Venice, and had held
 The ducal robes of some old ancestor—
 That, by the way—it may be true or false—
 But don't forget the picture; and you will not,
 When you have heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child—her name Ginevra;
 The joy, the pride of an indulgent father;
 And in her fifteenth year became a bride,

Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the nuptial feast,
When all sate down, the bride herself was wanting.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
" 'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed.
But that she was not!

Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and, embarking,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Donati lived—and long might you have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
When on an idle day, a day of search
Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished—save a wedding-ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"Ginevra."

There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever!

THE FOUR ERAS.

ROBERTS

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky;
The bees have hummed their noontide harmony;
Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound:
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine:
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
“’Twas on these knees he sate so oft and smiled.”

And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round; and old and young,
In every cottage porch, with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene;
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weepings heard where only joy has been;
When by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

TO NIGHT.

SHELLEY

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
 Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
 Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
 Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
 I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?—and I replied,
 No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

BETTER MOMENTS.

N. P. WILLIS.

My mother's voice ! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours !
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.

I can forget her melting prayer
While leaping pulses madly fly,
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tone comes stealing by—
And years, and sin, and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

I have been out at eventide
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garnished like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing—
When bursting leaves, and diamond grass,
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that make the pulses pass
With wilder fleetness, thronged the night—
When all was beauty—then have I
With friends on whom my love is flung
Like myrrh on winds of Araby,
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung,
And when the beautiful spirit there
Flung over me its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the ear
Like the light dropping of the rain—
And resting on some silver star
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've poured out low and fervent prayer
That our eternity might be
To rise in heaven, like stars at night,
And tread a living path of light.

I have been on the dewy hills,
When night was stealing from the dawn,
And mist was on the waking rills,
And tints were delicately drawn
In the gray East—when birds were waking,
With a low murmur in the trees,

And melody by fits was breaking
 Upon the whisper of the breeze—
 And this when I was forth, perchance
 As a worn reveller from the dance—
 And when the sun sprang gloriously
 And freely up, and hill and river
 Were catching upon wave and tree
 The arrows from his subtle quiver—
 I say a voice has thrilled me then,
 Heard on the still and rushing light,
 Or, creeping from the silent glen,
 Like words from the departing night,
 Hath stricken me, and I have pressed
 On the wet grass my fevered brow,
 And pouring forth the earliest
 First prayer, with which I learned to bow,
 Have felt my mother's spirit rush
 Upon me as in by-past years,
 And, yielding to the blessed gush
 Of my ungovernable tears,
 Have risen up—the gay, the wild—
 Subdued and humble as a child.

DEATH OF GENERAL HARRISON.

N. P. WILLIS.

DEATH! Death in the White House! Ah, never before,
 Trod his skeleton foot on the President's floor!
 He is looked for in hovel, and dreaded in hall—
 The king in his closet keeps hatchment and pall—
 The youth in his birth-place, the old man at home,
 Make clean from the door-stone the path to the tomb;—
 But the lord of this mansion was cradled not here—
 In a churchyard far off stands his beckoning bier!
 He is here as the wave-crest heaves flashing on high—
 As the arrow is stopped by its prize in the sky—
 The arrow to earth, and the foam to the shore—
 Death finds them when swiftness and sparkle are o'er—
 But Harrison's death fills the climax of story—
 He went with his old stride—from glory to glory!

What more? Shall we on, with his ashes? Yet, stay!
 He hath ruled the wide realm of a king in his day!

At his word, like a monarch's, went treasure and land—
 The bright gold of thousands has passed through his hand—
 Is there nothing to show of his glittering hoard?
 No jewel to deck the rude hilt of his sword—
 No trappings—no horses?—what had he, but now?
 On!—on with his ashes!—HE LEFT BUT HIS PLOUGH!
 Brave old Cincinnatus! Unwind ye his sheet!
 Let him sleep as he lived—with his purse *at his feet!*

Follow now, as ye list! The first mourner to-day
 Is the nation—whose father is taken away!
 Wife, children, and neighbor, may moan at his knell—
 He was “lover and friend” to his country, as well!
 For the stars on our banner, grown suddenly dim,
 Let us weep, in our darkness—but weep not for him!
 Not for him—who, departing, leaves millions in tears!
 Not for him—who has died full of honor and years!
 Not for him—who ascended Fame's ladder so high
 From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky!

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

HORACE SMITH.

DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes with man, to twinkle
 From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
 And dew-drops on her holy altars sprinkle
 As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly
 Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye!
 Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
 Incense on high.

Ye bright Mosaics! that with storied beauty
 The floor of nature's temple tessellate
 With numerous emblems of instructive beauty,
 Your forms create.

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
 And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
 Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
 A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
 Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,

But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned ;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply ;
Its choir the winds and waves—its organ thunder—
Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers ! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles ! that in dewy splendor,
“ Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,”
Oh may I deeply learn, and ne’er surrender
Your lore sublime !

“ Thou wert not, Solomon ! in all thy glory,
Arrayed,” the lilies cry, “ in robes like ours ;
How vain your grandeur ! ah, how transitory,
Are human flowers !”

In the sweet scented pictures, heavenly Artist !
With which thou paintest nature’s wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all !

Not useless are ye, flowers ! though made for pleasure,
Blooming o’er field and wave by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages ! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope ?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories ! angel-like collection !
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
A second birth.

Were I, O God ! in churchless lands remaining,
 Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
 My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
 Priests, sermons, shrines !

THE MUMMY.

HORACE SMITH.

AND thou hast walked about—how strange a story !

In Thebes's streets, three thousand years ago !

When the Memnonium was in all its glory,

And time had not begun to overthrow

Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,

Of which the very ruins are tremendous !

Speak !—for thou long enough hast acted dummy,

Thou hast a tongue,—come—let us hear its tune !

Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above-ground, mummy !

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,—

Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,

But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs and features !

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,—

To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?—

Was Cheops, or Cephrenes architect

Of either pyramid that bears his name ?—

Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer ?—

Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a mason,—and forbidden,

By oath, to tell the mysteries of thy trade :

Then say, what secret melody was hidden

In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played ?

Perhaps thou wert a priest ;—if so, my struggles

Are vain,—for priestcraft never owns its juggles !

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,

Hath hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass,—

Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,—

Or doffed thine own, to let Queen Dido pass,—

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,

A torch, at the great temple's dedication !

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,

Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled ?

For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :—
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green !—
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent !—Incommunicative elf !
Art sworn to secrecy ? Then keep thy vows !
But, prithee, tell us something of thyself,—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house :—
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered ?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations ;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,—
New worlds have risen,—we have lost old nations,—
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb, with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,—
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold !
A heart hath throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled :—
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face ?
What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh !—Immortal of the dead !
Imperishable type of evanescence !
Posthumous man,—who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence !
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning !

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
Oh! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue,—that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

SONG OF THE STARS.

BRYANT.

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty and spheres of flame
From the void abyss by myriads came,—
In the joy of youth as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung:

“Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,—
The fair blue fields that before us lie,—
Each sun, with the worlds that around him roll,
Each planet, poised on her turning pole;
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

“For the Source of Glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o’erflows unbounded space;
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides:
Lo, yonder the living splendors play;
Away, on our joyous path, away!

“Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!
How the verdure runs o’er each rolling mass!
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

“And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;

And the morn and eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews;
And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone the night goes round!

"Away, away! in our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See, love is brooding, and life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice like us, in motion and light.

"Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
To weave the dance that measures the years;
Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent,
To the furthest wall of the firmament,—
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow your lamps are dim.

SMALL THINGS.

CHARLES MACKAY.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twig,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood, a glory in its place—
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern—
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.

He passed again ; and, lo ! the well,
 By summers never dried,
 Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
 And saved a life beside !

A dreamer dropped a random thought,
 'T was old, and yet 't was new—
 A simple fancy of the brain,
 But strong in being true ;
 It shone upon a genial mind,
 And, lo ! its light became
 A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
 A monitory flame.
 The thought was small—its issues great,
 A watch-fire on a hill ;
 It sheds its radiance far adown,
 And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
 That thronged the daily mart,
 Let fall a word of hope and love,
 Unstudied, from the heart ;
 A whisper on the tumult thrown—
 A transitory breath ;
 It raised a brother from the dust,
 It saved a soul from death.
 O germ ! O fount ! O word of love !
 O thought at random cast !
 Ye were but little at the first,
 But mighty at the last.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

CHARLES SWAIN.

FORGIVE and forget ! why the world would be lonely,
 The garden a wilderness left to deform ;
 If the flowers but remembered the chilling winds only,
 And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm !
 Oh, still in thy loveliness emblem the flower,
 Give the fragrance of feeling to sweeten life's sway ;
 And prolong not again the brief cloud of an hour,
 With tears that but darken the rest of the day !

Forgive and forget ! there's no breast so unfeeling
 But some gentle thoughts of affection there live ;

And the best of us all require something concealing,
 Some heart that with smiles can forget and forgive !
 Then away with the cloud from those beautiful eyes,
 That brow was no home for such frowns to have met ;
 Oh, how could our spirits e'er hope for the skies,
 If Heaven refused to Forgive and Forget ?

THE FIRST PRAYER.

CHARLES SWAIN.

TELL me, O ye stars of night—
 In the ages ye have seen,
 Aught more gentle, mild, and bright,
 Aught more dear to angels' sight,
 Hath there been ;
 Or more innocent and fair,
 Than an infant's earliest prayer ?

Tell me, O ye flowers that meet
 By the valley, or the stream,
 Have ye incense half so sweet,—
 Fragrance in your rich retreat,—
 That ye deem
 Half so dear to Heaven's care,
 As an infant's quiet prayer ?

Speak, and tell me, thou, O Time,
 From the coming of the Word,
 Aught more holy, more sublime,
 From the heart of any clime,
 Hast thou heard,
 Than the voice ascending there,
 Than that lowly infant's prayer ?

THE DEEP.

BRAINERD.

THERE's beauty in the deep :—
 The wave is bluer than the sky ;
 And, though the lights shine bright on high,
 More softly do the sea-gems glow,
 That sparkle in the depths below ;

The rainbow's tints are only made
When on the waters they are laid ;
And sun and moon most sweetly shine
Upon the ocean's level brine.
There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep :—
It is not in the surf's rough roar,
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore,—
They are but earthly sounds, that tell
How little of the sea-nymph's shell,
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
Or winds its softness through the flood,
Echoes through groves, with coral gay,
And dies, on spongy banks, away.
There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep :—
Above, let tides and tempests rave,
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave ;
Above, let care and fear contend
With sin and sorrow, to the end :
Here, far beneath the tainted foam
That frets above our peaceful home ;
We dream in joy, and wake in love,
Nor know the rage that yells above.
There's quiet in the deep.

THE OLD MAN'S CAROUSAL.

PAULDING.

DRINK ! drink ! to whom shall we drink ?
To friend or a mistress ? Come, let me think !
To those who are absent, or those who are here ?
To the dead that we loved, or the living still dear ?
Alas ! when I look, I find none of the last !
The present is barren—let's drink to the past.

Come ! here's to the girl with a voice sweet and low,
The eye all of fire and the bosom of snow,
Who erewhile in the days of my youth that are fled,
Once slept on my bosom, and pillowed my head !
Would you know where to find such a delicate prize ?
Go seek in yon churchyard, for there she lies.

And here's to the friend, the one friend of my youth,
 With a head full of genius, a heart full of truth,
 Who travelled with me in the sunshine of life,
 And stood by my side in its peace and its strife!
 Would you know where to seek a blessing so rare?
 Go drag the lone sea, you may find him there.

And here's to a brace of twin cherubs of mine,
 With hearts like their mother's, as pure as this wine,
 Who came but to see the first act of the play,
 Grew tired of the scene, and then both went away.
 Would you know where this brace of bright cherubs have hied?
 Go seek them in heaven, for there they abide.

A bumper, my boys! to a gray-headed pair,
 Who watched o'er my childhood with tenderest care,
 God bless them, and keep them, and may they look down,
 On the head of their son, without tear, sigh, or frown!
 Would you know whom I drink to? go seek mid the dead,
 You will find both their names on the stone at their head.

And here's—but alas! the good wine is no more,
 The bottle is emptied of all its bright store;
 Like those we have toasted, its spirit is fled,
 And nothing is left of the light that it shed.
 Then, a bumper of tears, boys! the banquet here ends,
 With a health to our dead, since we've no living friends.

CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

BERNARD BARTON.

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
 That fellowship of love
 His Spirit only can bestow,
 Who reigns in light above.
 Walk in the light!—and sin, abhorred,
 Shall ne'er defile again;
 The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord
 Shall cleanse from every stain.

Walk in the light!—and thou shalt find
 Thy heart made truly His,
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
 In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light!—and thou shalt own
 Thy darkness passed away,
 Because that light hath on thee shone
 In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light!—and e'en the tomb
 No fearful shade shall wear;
 Glory shall chase away its gloom,
 For Christ hath conquered there!
 Walk in the light!—and thou shalt be
 A path, though thorny, bright;
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
 And God himself is light!

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

PIERPONT,

DAY of glory! welcome day!
 Freedom's banners greet thy ray;
 See! how cheerfully they play
 With thy morning breeze,
 On the rocks where pilgrims kneeled,
 On the heights where squadrons wheeled,
 When a tyrant's thunder pealed
 O'er the trembling seas.

God of armies! did thy "stars
 In their courses" smite his cars,
 Blast his arm, and wrest his bars
 From the heaving tide?
 On our standard, lo! they burn,
 And, when days like this return,
 Sparkle o'er the soldiers' urn
 Who for freedom died.

God of peace!—whose spirit fills
 All the echoes of our hills,
 All the murmurs of our rills,
 Now the storm is o'er;—
 O, let freemen be our sons;
 And let future Washingtons
 Rise, to lead their valiant ones,
 Till there's war no more.

By the patriot's hallowed rest,
By the warrior's gory breast,—
Never let our graves be pressed
By a despot's throne;
By the pilgrims' toils and cares,
By their battles and their prayers,
By their ashes,—let our heirs
Bow to thee alone.

THE TRUE GLORY OF AMERICA.

G. MELLIN.

ITALIA's vales and fountains,
Though beautiful ye be,
I love my soaring mountains
And forests more than ye;
And though a dreamy greatness rise
From out your cloudy years,
Like hills on distant stormy skies,
Seen dim through Nature's tears,
Still, tell me not of years of old,
Of ancient heart and clime;
Ours is the land and age of gold,
And ours the hallowed time!

The jewelled crown and sceptre
Of Greece have passed away;
And none, of all who wept her,
Could bid her splendor stay.
The world has shaken with the tread
Of iron-sandalled crime—
And lo! o'ershadowing all the dead,
The conqueror stalks sublime!
Then ask I not for crown and plume
To nod above my land;
The victor's footsteps point to doom,
Graves open round his hand!

Rome! with thy pillared palaces,
And sculptured heroes all,
Snatched, in their warm, triumphal days,
To Art's high festival;
Rome! with thy giant sons of power,
Whose pathway was on thrones,

Who built their kingdoms of an hour
On yet unburied bones,—
I would not have my land like thee,
So lofty—yet so cold !
Be hers a lowlier majesty,
In yet a nobler mould.

Thy marbles—works of wonder !
In thy victorious days,
Whose lips did seem to sunder
Before the astonished gaze ;
When statue glared on statue there,
The living on the dead,—
And men as silent pilgrims were
Before some sainted head !
O, not for faultless marbles yet
Would I the light forego
That beams when other lights have set,
And Art herself lies low !

O, ours a holier hope shall be
Than consecrated bust,
Some loftier mean of memory
To snatch us from the dust.
And ours a sterner art than this,
Shall fix our image here,—
The spirit's mould of loveliness—
A nobler Belvidere !

Then let them bind with bloomless flowers
The busts and urns of old,—
A fairer heritage be ours,
A sacrifice less cold !
Give honor to the great and good,
And wreathe the living brow,
Kindling with Virtue's mantling blood,
And pay the tribute now !

So, when the good and great go down,
Their statues shall arise,
To crowd those temples of our own,
Our fadeless memories !
And when the sculptured marble falls,
And Art goes in to die,

Our forms shall live in holier halls,
The Pantheon of the sky!

THE SUPPLIANT.

TRENCH.

ALL night the lonely suppliant prayed,
All night his earnest crying made;
Till, standing by his side at morn,
The Tempter said in bitter scorn:—
“Oh, peace!—what profit do you gain
From empty words and babblings vain?
‘Come, Lord—oh, come!’ you cry alway;
You pour your heart out night and day;
Yet still no murmur of reply—
No voice that answers, ‘Here am I.’”

Then sank that stricken heart in dust,
That word had withered all its trust;
No strength retained it now to pray,
For Faith and Hope had fled away:
And ill that mourner now had fared,
Thus by the Tempter’s art ensnared,
But that at length beside his bed
His sorrowing angel stood, and said:—
“Doth it repent thee of thy love,
That never now is heard above
Thy prayer, that now not any more
It knocks at heaven’s gate as before?”

—“I am cast out—I find no place,
No hearing at the-throne of grace:
‘Come, Lord—oh, come!’ I cry alway;
I pour my heart out night and day;
Yet never until now have won
The answer—‘Here am I, my son.’”
—“Oh, dull of heart! enclosed doth lie,
In each ‘Come, Lord,’ a ‘Here am I.’
Thy love, thy longing, are not thine,
Reflections of a love divine:
Thy very prayer to thee was given,
Itself a messenger from heaven.
Whom God rejects, they are not so;
Strong bands are round them in their woe;

Their hearts are bound with bands of brass,
 That sigh or crying cannot pass.
 All treasures did the Lord impart
 To Pharaoh, save a contrite heart :
 All other gifts unto his foes,
 He freely gives, nor grudging knows ;
 But Love's sweet smart, and costly pain,
 A treasure for his friends remain."

WEARY OF LIFE.

BOKER.

I sit beneath the sunbeams' glow,
 Their golden currents round me flow,
 Their mellow kisses warm my brow,
 But all the world is dreary.
 The vernal meadow round me blooms,
 And flings to me its faint perfumes ;
 Its breath is like an opening tomb's—
 I'm sick of life, I'm weary !

The mountain brook skips down to me,
 Tossing its silver tresses free,
 Humming like one in revery ;
 But, ah ! the sound is dreary.
 The trilling blue-birds o'er me sail,
 There's music in the faint-voiced gale ;
 All sound to me a mourner's wail—
 I'm sick of life, I'm weary.

The night leads forth her starry train,
 The glittering moonbeams fall like rain,
 There's not a shadow on the plain ;
 Yet all the scene is dreary.
 The sunshine is a mockery,
 The solemn moon stares moodily ;
 Alike is day or night to me—
 I'm sick of life, I'm weary.

I know to some the world is fair,
 For them there's music in the air,
 And shapes of beauty everywhere ;
 But all to me is dreary.

I know in me the sorrows lie
That blunt my ear and dim my eye ;
I cannot weep, I fain would die—
I'm sick of life, I'm weary.

THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

T. B. READ.

I stood by the open casement
And looked upon the night,
And saw the westward-going stars
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession
Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discerned the music
Of their long triumphal march ;

Till the great celestial army,
Stretching far beyond the poles,
Became the eternal symbol
Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, for ever onward,
Red Mars led down his clan ;
And the Moon, like a mailed maiden,
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,
And some were faint and small,
But these might be in their great height
The noblest of them all.

Downward, for ever downward,
Behind Earth's dusky shore
They passed into the unknown night,
They passed, and were no more.

No more ! Oh, say not so !
And downward is not just ;
For the sight is weak and the sense is dim
That looks through heated dust.

The stars and the mailed moon,
Though they seem to fall and die,

Still sweep with their embattled lines
An endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of Death
May hide the bright array,
The marshalled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its upward way.

Upward, for ever upward,
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of Time.

And long let me remember,
That the palest, fainting one
May to diviner vision be
A bright and blazing sun.

NAPOLEON'S EXILE.

MRS. BROWNING.

NAPOLEON! 'twas a high name lifted high!
It met at last God's thunder sent to clear
Our compassing and covering atmosphere,
And open a clear sight, beyond the sky,
Of supreme empire: this of earth's was done—
And kings crept out again to feel the sun.

The kings crept out—the peoples sat at home,
And finding the long-invoked peace
A pall embroidered with worn images
Of rights divine, too scant to cover doom
Such as they suffered,—cursed the corn that grew
Rankly, to bitter bread, on Waterloo.

A deep gloom centered in the deep repose—
The nations stood up mute to count their dead—
And *he* who owned the NAME which vibrated
Through silence,—trusting to his noblest foes,
When earth was all too gray for chivalry—
Died of their mercies, 'mid the desert sea.

O wild St. Helen! very still she kept him,
With a green willow for all pyramid,—
Which stirred a little if the low wind did,

A little more, if pilgrims overwept him
 Disparting the lithe boughs to see the clay
 Which seemed to cover his for judgment-day.

Nay! not so long!—France kept her old affection,
 As deeply as the sepulchre the corse,
 Until dilated by such love's remorse
 To a new angel of the resurrection,
 She cried, "Behold, thou England! I would have
 The dead whereof thou wottest, from that grave."

And England answered in the courtesey
 Which, ancient foes turned lovers, may befit,—
 "Take back thy dead! and when thou buriest it,
 Throw in all former strifes 'twixt thee and me."
 Amen, mine England! 'tis a courteous claim—
 But ask a little room too . . . for thy shame!

Because it was not well, it was not well,
 Nor tuneful with thy lofty-chanted part
 Among the Oceanides,—that heart
 To bind and bare, and vex with vulture fell.
 I would, my noble England, men might seek
 All crimson stains upon thy breast—not cheek!

SOUTHERN AUTUMN.

WM. H. TIMROD.

SLEEPS the soft South—nursing its delicate breath,
 To fan the first buds of the early spring;
 And summer sighing, mourns his faded wreath,
 Its many-colored glories withering.
 Beneath the kisses of the new-waked North,—
 Who yet in storms approaches not, but smiles
 On the departing season, and breathes forth
 A fragrance as of summer,—till, at whiles,
 All that is sweetest in the varying year,
 Seems softly blent in one delicious hour,
 Waking dim visions of some former sphere
 Where sorrows, such as earth owns, had no power
 To veil the changeless lustre of the skies,
 And mind and matter formed one paradise.

EVENING IN WINTER.

T. B. READ

ROBED like an abbess the snowy earth lies,
While the red sundown fades out of the skies.

Up walks the evening veiled like a nun,
Telling her starry beads one by one.

Where like the billows the shadowy hills lie,
Like a mast the great pine swings against the bright sky.

Down in the valley the distant lights quiver,
Gilding the hard-frozen face of the river.

When o'er the hilltops the moon pours her ray,
Like shadows the skaters skirr wildly away ;

Whirling and gliding, like summer-clouds fleet,
They flash the white lightning from glittering feet

The icicles hang on the front of the falls,
Like mute horns of silver on shadowy walls ;

Horns that the wild huntsman spring shall awake,
Down flinging the loud blast toward river and lake!

TO TIME, "THE OLD TRAVELLER."

WM. H. TIMROD

THEY slander thee, old Traveller,
Who say that thy delight
Is to scatter ruin far and wide,
In thy wantonness of might ;
For not a leaf that falleth
Before thy restless wings
But in thy flight thou changest,
To a thousand brighter things.

Thou passest o'er the battle-field
Where the dead lie stiff and stark,
Where nought is heard save the vulture's scream,
And the gaunt wolf's famished bark ;
But thou hast caused the grain to spring
From the blood-enrichèd clay,

And the waving corn-tops seem to dance
To the rustic's merry lay :

Thou hast strewn the lordly palace
In ruin o'er the ground,
And the dismal screech of the owl is heard
Where the harp was wont to sound ;
But the self-same spot thou coverest
With the dwellings of the poor,
And a thousand happy hearts enjoy
What one usurped before.

'T is true, thy progress layeth
Full many a loved one low,
And for the brave and beautiful
Thou hast caused our tears to flow ;
But always, near the couch of Death
Nor thou, nor we can stay,
And the breath of thy departing wing
Dries all our tears away.

THE MYSTERY OF SONG.

ANONYMOUS.

WHENCE come ye, saddening chords ?
Thou wailing melody, thou martial strain ?
Where is the fountain deep, too deep for words,
Whence gush your ambient waters to the main ?

Art thou a prince, O Song ?
Like to the wind-god, or the lightning-king ?
Of wayward gentleness, of fierceness strong—
An infant's cry, a seraph's sweeping wing ?

Or art thou God's own voice,
Echoing afar through Earth's majestic halls ;
Now caught in whisperings low, when men rejoice,
Now pealed in thunder-bolts and water-falls ?

Poor instruments of Earth
Catch the stray voices circling round the spheres,
With scarce an echo of their heavenly birth ;
And yet, how sadly sweet to mortal ears !

Hark! distant swells of song
 Steal o'er the moon-lit waters to my ear;
 And, as the rippling waves their notes prolong,
 They bear unto my spirit hope and fear.

Hope, that, o'er moon-lit seas,
 Our inner life may catch sweet lingering strains:
 Vague fear, lest soul-heard melodies like these
 Die in our hearts while memory yet remains.

Where fly ye, touching chords,
 Thus speaking tones of heavenly harmony?
 Have ye some cloistered home which Earth affords,
 Or course ye back to far Infinity?

Or haply are ye sent
 To sink and dwell in hearts of god-like mould?
 To give the bright imagination vent,
 To regions vast, of melody untold?

I call—but ye are gone!
 A slight vibration moans along the sky,
 And seems to whisper, as it circles on,
 These saddening words: "Like all things else, we die!"

Yet, stay! Can Beauty die?
 Can golden life from Purity be riven?
 List! list! the answering strains come floating by:
 "The home of all sweet melody is Heaven!"

THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.

In hoc signo vinces.

ANONYMOUS.

HIGH above the conquering march,
 Where the Roman cohorts stride;—
 High above triumphal arch,
 Under which crowned Cæsars ride;—
 Lo! where once Rome's eagle flew,
 Cresting standard, spear and boss,
 Bathed in Heaven's own morning dew,
 Floats the Banner of the Cross!

Mystic sign, but mighty spell,
 Now thy blood-red gonfalon,

Fluttering, sees the Infidel
Ride in blood at Ascalon.
Now it falters,—now it flies,—
Now 'tis trailing on the sod,—
Now again its glories rise
O'er the sepulchre of God!

Far it shone, for see! unfurled
O'er the western surges free,
Now it greets the new-found world—
“Waiting islands of the sea”—
Chanting priests are crowding round,
Dusky forms in wonder stand,
Brothers! this is “holy ground,”
Given to the Saviour's hand.

Rent by shot and torn by shell,
On thy billows, Trafalgar,
See its flutterings sink and swell,
O'er the lurid clouds of war.
Dark, in storm, it lowers too,
Where the gathering nations met
Him on whom at Waterloo,
Victory's sun for ever set.

Saviour! in these latter days,
Let no more thy banner fly
Where the fires of battle blaze,
Where the lust of power burns high.
'Neath its folds bid passion cease,
Hush the storms of wrath and fear,
Be it now the flag of Peace—
To the nations everywhere.

And, oh Lord! when here below,
All our pilgrim work is done;
Let it lead thy children through
To the Kingdom of thy Son.
Then above that heavenly fane,
Be its glorious station given,
Where to praise “the Lamb once slain,”
Is the “banner cry” of heaven!

ODE TO DUTY.

WORDSWORTH.

STERN daughter of the voice of God!
 O Duty! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove;
 Thou, who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe;
 From vain temptations dost set free;
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them; who, in love and truth,
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth:
 Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;
 Who do thy work and know it not;
 Oh! if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed;
 Yet find thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust:
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task, in smoother walks to stray;
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control;
 But in the quietness of thought:
 Me this unchartered freedom tires;
 I feel the weight of chance-desires:

My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

I GIVE MY SOLDIER BOY A BLADE.

MAGINN.

I GIVE my soldier boy a blade,
In fair Damascus fashioned well;
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not, but I hope to know
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling base or low,
I give my soldier boy a blade.

Cool, calm, and clear, the lucid flood
In which its tempering work was done,
As calm, as clear, as cool of mood,
Be thou whene'er it sees the sun;
For country's claim, at honor's call,
For outraged friend, insulted maid,
At mercy's voice to bid it fall,
I give my soldier boy a blade.

THE SELECT ACADEMIC SPEAKER.

The eye which marked its peerless edge,
 The hand that weighed its balanced poise,
 Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
 Are gone with all their flame and noise—
 And still the gleaming sword remains ;
 So, when in dust I low am laid,
 Remember, by those heart-felt strains,
 I gave my soldier boy a blade.

THE INFLUENCE OF FAME.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

O, who shall lightly say that fame
 Is nothing but an empty name,
 Whilst in that sound there is a charm,
 The nerves to brace, the heart to warm ;
 As, thinking of the mighty dead,
 The young, from slothful couch will start,
 And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
 Like them to act a noble part ?

O, who shall lightly say that fame
 Is nothing but an empty name,
 When, but for those, our mighty dead,
 All ages past a blank would be ;
 Sunk in oblivion's murky bed—
 A desert bare—a shipless sea ?
 They are the distant objects seen,
 The lofty marks of what hath been.

O, who shall lightly say that fame
 Is nothing but an empty name,
 When memory of the mighty dead
 To earth-worn pilgrims' wistful eye
 The brightest rays of cheering shed,
 That point to immortality ?

THE LAST MAN.

CAMPBELL.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
 The Sun himself must die,

Before this mortal shall assume
 Its immortality !
 I saw a vision in my sleep,
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep
 Adown the gulf of Time !
 I saw the last of human mould
 That shall Creation's death behold,
 As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
 The Earth with age was wan,
 The skeletons of nations were
 Around that lonely man !
 Some had expired in fight,—the brands
 Still rusted in their bony hands ;
 In plague and famine some !
 Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;
 And ships were drifting with the dead
 To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
 With dauntless words and high,
 That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
 As if a storm passed by,
 Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun !
 Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
 'Tis Mercy bids thee go :
 For thou ten thousand thousand years
 Hast seen the tide of human tears,
 That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
 His pomp, his pride, his skill ;
 And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
 The vassals of his will ;—
 Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
 Thou dim discrownèd king of day :
 For all those trophied arts
 And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
 Healed not a passion or a pang
 Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let Oblivion's curtain fall
 Upon the stage of men,

Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe ;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire ;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost !

This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark ;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark !
No ! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led Captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,—
And took the sting from Death !

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the Night that hides thy face,
Thou sawest the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God !

NAPOLEON'S FINAL RETURN.

MRS. BROWNING.

NAPOLEON! he hath come again—borne home
 Upon the popular ebbing heart,—a sea
 Which gathers its own wrecks perpetually,
 Majestically moaning. Give him room!—
 Room for the dead in Paris! welcome solemn
 And grave deep, 'neath the cannon-moulded column!*

There, weapon spent and warrior spent may rest
 From roar of fields: provided Jupiter
 Dare trust Saturnus to lie down so near
 His bolts!—And this he *may*: For, dispossessed
 Of any godship, lies the god-like arm—
 The goat, Jove sucked, as likely to do harm.

And yet . . . Napoleon!—the recovered name
 Shakes the old casements of the world! and we
 Look out upon the passing pageantry,
 Attesting that the Dead makes good his claim
 To a Gaul grave,—another kingdom won—
 The last—of few spans—by Napoleon.

Blood fell like dew beneath his sunrise—sooth!
 But glittered dew-like in the covenanted
 And high-rayed light. He was a despot—granted!
 But the *αυτος* of his autocratic mouth
 Said yea i' the people's French: he magnified
 The image of the freedom he denied.

And if they asked for rights, he made reply,
 "Ye have my glory!"—and so, drawing round them
 His ample purple, glorified and bound them
 In an embrace that seemed identity.
 He ruled them like a tyrant—true! but none
 Were ruled like slaves! Each felt Napoleon!

I do not praise this man: the man was flawed
 For Adam—much more, Christ!—his knee, unbent—
 His hand, unclean—his aspiration, pent
 Within a sword-sweep—pshaw!—but since he had
The genius to be loved, why let him have
 The justice to be honored in his grave.

* It was the first intention to bury him under the column.

I think this nation's tears, poured thus together,
Nobler than shouts: I think this funeral
Grander than crownings, though a Pope bless all:
I think this grave stronger than thrones: But whether
The crowned Napoleon or the buried clay
Be better, I discern not—Angels may.

MY FATHER.

H. R. JACKSON.

As die the embers on the hearth,
And o'er the floor the shadows fall,
And creeps the chirping cricket forth,
And ticks the deathwatch in the wall,
I see a form in yonder chair,
That grows beneath the waning light;
There are the wan, sad features—there
The pallid brow, and locks of white!

My father! when they laid thee down,
And heaped the clay upon thy breast,
And left thee sleeping all alone
Upon thy narrow couch of rest—
I know not why, I could not weep,
The soothing drops refused to roll—
And oh, that grief is wild and deep
Which settles tearless on the soul!

But when I saw thy vacant chair—
Thine idle hat upon the wall—
Thy book—the pencilled passage where
Thine eye had rested last of all—
The tree beneath whose friendly shade
Thy trembling feet had wandered forth—
The very prints those feet had made,
When last they feebly trod the earth—

And thought, while countless ages fled,
Thy vacant seat would vacant stand,
Unworn thy hat, thy book unread,
Effaced thy footsteps from the sand—
And widowed in this cheerless world,
The heart that gave its love to thee—
Torn, like a vine whose tendrils curled
More closely round the fallen tree!—

Oh, father! then for her and thee
 Gushed madly forth the scorching tears;
 And oft, and long, and bitterly,
 Those tears have gushed in later years;
 For as the world grows cold around,
 And things take on their real hue,
 'Tis sad to learn that love is found
 Alone above the stars, with you!

THE CLOSING YEAR.

G. D. PRENTICE.

THE year
 Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng
 Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
 Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,
 It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,
 And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
 Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
 Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
 It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
 The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail,
 Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
 And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
 The battle-plain, where sword and spear and shield
 Flashed in the light of midday—and the strength
 Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
 Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
 The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came
 And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
 Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
 It heralded its millions to their home
 In the dim land of dreams. Remorseless Time—
 Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe—what power
 Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
 His iron heart to pity? On, still on
 He presses, and for ever. The proud bird,
 The condor of the Andes, that can soar
 Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
 The fury of the northern hurricane,
 And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
 Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
 To rest upon his mountain-crag,—but Time
 Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,

And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
 His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
 O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
 Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink,
 Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
 Spring, blazing, from the ocean, and go back
 To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
 To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
 Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
 Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
 And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
 Startling the nations; and the very stars,
 Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
 Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
 And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
 Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away,
 To darkle in the trackless void:—yet Time—
 Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
 Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
 Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
 To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
 Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

GOLDSMITH.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
 The village master taught his little school:
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 I knew him well, and every truant knew;
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round,
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned:
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault;
 The village all declared how much he knew,
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And even the story ran—that he could gauge:

In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
 For even though vanquished, he could argue still;
 While words of learnèd length, and thundering sound,
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

THE TRAVELLER'S EYRIE.

GOLDSMITH.

EVEN now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
 And, placed on high above the storm's career,
 Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
 Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
 Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
 That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man;
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.
 Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crowned;
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
 For me your tributary stores combine:
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

WASHINGTON.

ELIZA COOKE.

LAND of the west! though passing brief the record of thine age,
 Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page!
 Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine shall be loudest far:
 Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the planet star.

Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart;
 'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart;

A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won.
Land of the west! it stands alone—it is thy Washington!

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave; but stain was on his wreath:
He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death.
France had its eagle; but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore.

Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have chained the
waves—

Who fleshed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of slaves—
Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded on—
Oh, where shall be *their* "glory" by the side of Washington?

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend.
He strove to keep his country's right, by reason's gentle word,
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge—sword to sword.

He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and sage;
He showed no deep, avenging hate—no burst of despot rage.
He stood for liberty and truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him victor chief;
He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high disdain,
And cast no sceptre from the links when he had crushed the chain.

He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings down
To change them for the regal vest, and don a kingly crown.
Fame was too earnest in her joy—too proud of such a son—
To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington.

England, my heart is truly thine—my loved, my native earth!—
The land that holds a mother's grave, and gave that mother birth!
Oh, keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from thy shore,
And faltering my breath, that sighed, "farewell for evermore!"

But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to dwell
Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's song to tell.
Away, thou gallant ship! I'd cry, and bear me swiftly on:
But bear me from my own fair land, to that of Washington!

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

TREAD softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! death does keep his state;
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—agen
That short, deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

O change!—O wondrous change!—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment *there*, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

O change!—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The Sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

THE SETTLER.

A. B. STREET

HIS echoing axe the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And, rushing, thundering, down were flung
The Titans of the wood ;
Loud shrieked the eagle, as he dashed
From out his mossy nest, which crashed
With its supporting bough,
And the first sunlight, leaping, flashed
On the wolf's haunt below.

Rude was the garb, and strong the frame
Of him who plied his ceaseless toil :
To form that garb the wild-wood game
Contributed their spoil ;
The soul that warmed that frame disdained
The tinsel, gaud, and glare, that reigned
Where men their crowds collect ;
The simple fur, untrimmed, unstained,
This forest-tamer decked.

The paths which wound mid gorgeous trees,
The stream whose bright lips kissed their flowers,
The winds that swelled their harmonies
Through those sun-hiding bowers,
The temple vast, the green arcade,
The nestling vale, the grassy glade,
Dark cave, and swampy lair :
These scenes and sounds majestic, made
His world, his pleasures, there.

His roof adorned a pleasant spot,
Mid the black logs green glowed the grain,
And herbs and plants the woods knew not,
Throve in the sun and rain.
The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,
The low, the bleat, the tinkling bell,
All made a landscape strange,
Which was the living chronicle
Of deeds that wrought the change.

The violet sprung at spring's first tinge,
The rose of summer spread its glow,

The maize hung out its autumn fringe,
Rude winter brought his snow ;
And still the lone one labored there,
His shout and whistle broke the air,
As cheerily he plied
His garden-spade, or drove his share
Along the hillock's side.

He marked the fire-storm's blazing flood
Roaring and crackling on its path,
And scorching earth, and melting wood,
Beneath its greedy wrath ;
He marked the rapid whirlwind shoot,
Trampling the pine tree with its foot,
And darkening thick the day
With streaming bough and severed root,
Hurled whizzing on its way.

His gaunt hound yelled, his rifle flashed,
The grim bear hushed his savage growl ;
In blood and foam the panther gnashed
His fangs, with dying howl ;
The fleet deer ceased its flying bound,
Its snarling wolf-fœe bit the ground,
And, with its moaning cry,
The beaver sank beneath the wound
Its pond-built Venice by.

Humble the lot, yet his the race,
When Liberty sent forth her cry,
Who thronged in conflict's deadliest place,
To fight—to bleed—to die !
Who cumbered Bunker's height of red,
By hope through weary years were led,
And witnessed Yorktown's sun
Blaze on a nation's banner spread,
A nation's freedom won.

THE CORAL GROVE.

PERCIVAL.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove ;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,

But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air:
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter:
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea:
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

APOSTROPHE TO THE SUN.

PERCIVAL.

CENTRE of light and energy! thy way
Is through the unknown void; thou hast thy throne,
Morning, and evening, and at noon of day,
Far in the blue, untended and alone:
Ere the first-wakened airs of earth had blown,
On thou didst march, triumphant in thy light;
Then thou didst send thy glance, which still hath flown
Wide through the never-ending worlds of night,
And yet thy full orb burns with flash as keen and bright.

We call thee Lord of Day, and thou dost give
 To earth the fire that animates her crust,
 And wakens all the forms that move and live,
 From the fine, viewless mould which lurks in dust,
 To him who looks to heaven, and on his bust
 Bears stamped the seal of God, who gathers there
 Lines of deep thought, high feeling, daring trust
 In his own centered powers, who aims to share
 In all his soul can frame of wide, and great, and fair.

Thy path is high in heaven ; we cannot gaze
 On the intense of light that girds thy car ;
 There is a crown of glory in thy rays,
 Which bears thy pure divinity afar,
 To mingle with the equal light of star,—
 For thou, so vast to us, art in the whole
 One of the sparks of night that fire the air,
 And, as around thy centre planets roll,
 So thou, too, hast thy path around the central soul.

I am no fond idolater to thee,
 One of the countless multitude, who burn,
 As lamps, around the one Eternity,
 In whose contending forces systems turn
 Their circles round that seat of life, the urn
 Where all must sleep, if matter ever dies :
 Sight fails me here, but fancy can discern
 With the wide glance of her all-seeing eyes,
 Where, in the heart of worlds, the ruling Spirit lies.

“LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

MRS. F. H. COOKE.

God said, “Let there be light!” The glorious word
 Thrilled to the bosom of primeval Night,
 And hovering choirs of listening angels heard
 And echoed back the mandate with delight.
 They hailed the boon those simple words conferred,
 “Let there be light!”

Still, though uncounted years have rolled away
 Since Earth first revelled in a gift so bright,
 Some lingering clouds obstruct the rising day,
 The powers of Darkness are not vanquished quite.

Humanity hath often missed the way ;

“ Let there be light !

Light for the doomed one in his lonely cell,

Waiting Conviction's last, most fearful rite :

Light for the brother-bands that pealed his knell,

Claiming the Avenger's office to requite.

Law-makers ! Jurors ! Judges ! where ye dwell

“ Let there be light !”

Light for the poor down-trodden, as they toil

Long hours, with weary limbs and aching sight :

Light for the revellers in the costly spoil

Torn from their brethren. On their foreheads write,

“ The Oak shuts not the Daisy from the soil.”

“ Let there be light !”

Light for the injured, whereso'er they dwell,

And the sweet ties that suffering hearts unite :

Light for the injurers, too, for none may tell

How much their hearts have struggled for the Right.

Guilt is mistake. Then bid the chorus swell,

“ Let there be light !”

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

ALL's for the best. Be sanguine and cheerful ;

Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise ;

Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful ;

Courage for ever is happy and wise ;

All for the best—if man would but know it ;

Providence wishes us all to be blest ;

There is no dream of the pundit or poet ;

Heaven is gracious, and—all's for the best.

All's for the best ! set this in your standard,

Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,

Who to the shores of despair may have wandered,

A way-wearied swallow, or heart-stricken dove ;

All's for the best !—be man but confiding,

Providence tenderly governs the rest,

And the frail bark of His creature is guiding,

Wisely and warily, all for the best.

All's for the best ! Then fling away terrors,
 Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
 And in the midst of your dangers or errors,
 Trust like a child, while you strive like a man ;
 All's-for the best !—unbiassed, unbounded,
 Providence reigns from the east to the west ;
 And by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
 Hope and be happy that all's for the best.

ECHO AND SILENCE.

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

In eddying course when leaves began to fly,
 And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,
 As mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to woo,
 Through glens untrod, and woods that frowned on high,
 Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy !
 And, lo, she's gone !—In robe of dark-green hue
 'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew,
 For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky !
 In shade affrighted Silence melts away.
 Not so her sister.—Hark ! for onward still,
 With far-heard step, she takes her listening way,
 Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill.
 Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful play
 With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill !

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

LOVER.

I'LL seek a four-leaved shamrock in all the fairy dells,
 And if I find the charmèd leaves, oh, how I'll weave my spells !
 I would not waste my magic might on diamond, pearl, or gold,
 For treasure tires the weary sense—*such* triumph is but cold ;
 But I would play th' enchanter's part, in casting bliss around,—
 Oh ! not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honor !—I'd dry the mourner's tears,
 And to the pallid lip recall the smile of happier years,
 And hearts that had been long estranged, and friends that had grown
 cold,
 Should meet again—like parted streams—and mingle as of old !
 Oh ! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter bliss around,
 And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world be found !

The heart that had been mourning o'er vanished dreams of love,
 Should see them all returning,—like Noah's faithful dove,
 And Hope should launch her blessed bark on Sorrow's darkening sea,
 And Mis'ry's children have an Ark, and saved from sinking be;
 Oh! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter bliss around,
 And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world be found!

THE BLEST OF EARTH.

J. GILBORNE LYONS.

Thou shalt not call *him* blest,
 Though born to high command,
 Who sees among his slaves
 The nobles of his land;
 Though banners bear his name
 On many a shining fold,
 Though sparkling gems are his,
 And ruddy piles of gold.

Thou shalt not call *him* blest,
 In lofty wisdom sage,
 Whose searching eye has read
 Creation's boundless page;—
 Who gathers round his hearth
 The wise of ancient days;
 Whose words the learned and great
 Of other times shall praise.

But thou shalt call *him* blest,
 Though all unknown to fame,
 Whose righteous works adorn
 The Christian's sacred name;
 Who loves the toilsome path,
 That high Apostles trod;
 Who keeps with humble faith
 The just decrees of God.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

MRS. HEMANS.

The stately homes of England,
 How beautiful they stand!
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
 O'er all the pleasant land.

The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England !
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light !
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told ;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England !
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours !
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn ;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England !
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England !
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall !
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God !

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

J. GILBORNE LYONS.

ALONG the smooth and slender wires,
The sleepless heralds run
Fast as the clear and living rays
Go streaming from the sun :
No peals or flashes heard or seen
Their wondrous flight betray,
And yet their words are strongly felt
In cities far away.

Nor summer's heat, nor winter's hail
Can check their rapid course ;—
They meet unmoved the fierce wind's rage,—
The rough wave's sweeping force :—
In the long night of rain and wrath,
As in the blaze of day,
They rush, with news of weal or woe,
To thousands far away.

But faster still than tidings borne
On that electric cord,
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
The Christian's life and Lord,—
Of him who, taught in smiles and tears
With fervent lips to pray,
Maintains high converse here below
With bright worlds far away.

Ay! though nor outward wish is breathed,
Nor outward answer given,
The sighing of that humble heart
Is known and felt in Heaven :—
Those long frail wires may bend and break,
Those viewless heralds stray,
But Faith's least word shall reach the throne
Of God, though far away.

MATIN BELLS.

A. C. COXE.

THE Sun is up betimes,
And the dappled East is blushing,

And the merry matin-chimes,
They are gushing—Christian—gushing!
They are tolling in the tower,
For another day begun;
And to hail the rising hour
Of a brighter, brighter Sun!
Rise—Christian—rise!
For a sunshine brighter far
Is breaking o'er thine eyes,
Than the bonny morning star!

The lark is in the sky,
And his morning-note is pouring:
He hath a wing to fly,
So he's soaring—Christian—soaring!
His nest is on the ground,
But only in the night;
For he loves the matin-sound,
And the highest heaven's height.
Hark—Christian—hark!
At heaven-door he sings!
And be thou like the lark,
With thy soaring spirit-wings!

The merry matin-bells,
In their watch-tower they are swinging;
For the day is o'er the dells,
And they're singing—Christian—singing!
They have caught the morning beam
Through their ivied turret's wreath,
And the chancel-window's gleam
Is glorious beneath:
Go—Christian—go,
For the altar flameth there,
And the snowy vestments glow,
Of the presbyter at prayer!

There is morning incense flung
From the child-like lily-flowers;
And their fragrant censer swung,
Make it ours—Christian—ours!
And hark, the morning hymn,
And the organ-peals we love!
They sound like cherubim
At their orisons above!

Pray—Christian—pray,
At the bonny peep of dawn,
Ere the dew-drop and the spray
That christen it, are gone!

LIGHT.

W. P. PALMER.

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom
The sun rolled black and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast,
Of the threads of my golden hair ;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy spars,
I pencilled the hue of its matchless blue,
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen ;
And when the fiend's art, on her trustful heart,
Had fastened its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the Ark's lone few, the tried and true,
Came forth among the dead ;
With the wondrous gleams of my braided beams
I bade their terrors cease ;
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a pulseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept,
Where shepherd swains on the Bethlehem plains
Their lonely vigils kept ;
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright
Of heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born—
Joy, joy to the outcast man !

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
 On the just and unjust I descend ;
 E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears,
 Feel my smile the best smile of a friend :
 Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced,
 As the rose in the garden of kings ;
 As the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
 And lo ! the gay butterfly's wings !

The desolate Morn, like a mourner forlorn,
 Conceals all the pride of her charms,
 Till I bid the bright Hours chase the Night from her bowers,
 And lead the young Day to her arms ;
 And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover,
 And sinks to her balmy repose,
 I wrap their soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west,
 In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep, by the night-brooded deep,
 I gaze with unslumbering eye,
 When the cynosure star of the mariner
 Is blotted from the sky ;
 And guided by me through the merciless sea,
 Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
 His compassless bark, lone, weltering, dark,
 To the haven-home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,
 The birds in their chambers of green,
 And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,
 As they bask in my matinal sheen.
 Or, if such the glad worth of my presence to earth,
 Though fitful and fleeting the while,
 What glories must rest on the home of the blessed,
 Ever bright with the Deity's smile !

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

WHITTIER.

THE ocean looketh up to heaven,
 As 't were a living thing ;
 The homage of its waves is given
 In ceaseless worshipping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee,
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour the glittering treasures out
Which in the deep have birth,
And chant their awful hymns about
The watching hills of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up
From every mountain-shrine,
From every flower and dewy cup
That greeteth the sunshine.

The forest-tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit passed
On nature as on men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world,
E'en as repentant love;
Ere, to the blessed breeze unfurled,
They fade in light above.

The sky is as a temple's arch,
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit-march
Of messengers at prayer.

The gentle moon, the kindling sun,
The many stars are given
As shrines to burn earth's incense on,
The altar-fires of Heaven!

FINGAL AT CARRIC-THURA.

OBSTIAN.

MORNING rose in the east; the blue waters rolled in light. Fingal bade his sails to rise; the winds came rustling from their hills. Inistore rose to sight, and Carric-thura's mossy towers! But the sign of distress was on their top: the warning flame edged with smoke. The king of Morven struck his breast: he assumed at once his spear. His darkened brow bends forward to the coast: he looks back to the lag-

ging winds. His hair is disordered on his back. The silence of the king is terrible!

Night came down on the sea: Rotha's bay received the ship. A rock bends along the coast with all its echoing wood. On the top is the circle of Loda, the mossy stone of power! A narrow plain spreads beneath, covered with grass and aged trees, which the midnight winds, in their wrath, had torn from their shaggy rock. The blue course of a stream is there! the lonely blast of ocean pursues the thistle's beard. The flame of three oaks arose: the feast is spread round; but the soul of the king is sad, for Carric-thura's chief distressed.

The wan cold moon rose in the east. Sleep descended on the youths! Their blue helmets glitter to the beam; the fading fire decays. But sleep did not rest on the king: he rose in the midst of his arms, and slowly ascended the hill, to behold the flame of Sarno's tower.

The flame was dim and distant; the moon hid her red face in the east. A blast came from the mountain, on its wings was the spirit of Loda. He came to his place in his terrors, and shook his dusky spear. His eyes appear like flames in his dark face; his voice is like distant thunder. Fingal advanced his spear in night, and raised his voice on high.

Son of night, retire; call thy winds, and fly! Why dost thou come to my presence, with thy shadowy arms? Do I fear thy gloomy form, spirit of dismal Loda! Weak is thy shield of clouds; feeble is that meteor, thy sword! The blast rolls them together; and thou thyself art lost. Fly from my presence, son of night! call thy winds, and fly!

Dost thou force me from my place? replied the hollow voice. The people bend before me. I turn the battle in the field of the brave. I look on the nations, and they vanish: my nostrils pour the blasts of death. I come abroad on the winds; the tempests are before my face. But my dwelling is calm, above the clouds; the fields of my rest are pleasant.

Dwell in thy pleasant fields, said the king: Let Comhal's son be forgot. Do my steps ascend from my hills into thy peaceful plains? Do I meet thee with a spear on thy cloud, spirit of dismal Loda? Why then dost thou frown on me? Why shake thine airy spear? Thou frownest in vain: I never fled from the mighty in war. And shall the sons of the wind frighten the king of Morven? No! he knows the weakness of their arms!

Fly to thy land, replied the form: receive thy wind and fly? The blasts are in the hollow of my hand; the course of the storm is mine. The king of Sora is my son, he bends at the stone of my power. His battle is around Carric-thura; and he will prevail! Fly to thy land, son of Comhal, or feel my flaming wrath.

He lifted high his shadowy spear! He bent forward his dreadful height. Fingal, advancing, drew his sword; the blade of dark-brown Luno. The gleaming path of the steel winds through the gloomy ghost. The form fell shapeless into the air, like a column of smoke, which the staff of the boy disturbs as it rises from the half-extinguished furnace.

The spirit of Loda shrieked, as, rolled into himself, he rose on the wind. Inistore shook at the sound. The waves heard it on the deep. They stopped in their course with fear; the friends of Fingal started at once, and took their heavy spears. They missed the king: they rose in rage; all their arms resound!

FORGIVENESS.

ANONYMOUS.

MAN hath two attendant angels
 Ever waiting at his side,
 With him whereso'er he wanders,
 Whereso'er his feet abide;
 One to warn him when he walketh
 And rebuke him if he stray;
 One to leave him to his nature,
 And so let him go his way.

Two recording spirits, reading
 All his life's minutest part,
 Looking in his soul, and listening
 To the beatings of his heart;
 Each, with pen of fire electric,
 Writes the good or evil wrought—
 Writes with truth, that adds not, errs not,
 Purpose—action—word—and thought.

One, the Teacher and Reprover,
 Marks each heaven-deserving deed:
 Graves it with the lightning's vigor,*
 Seals it with the lightning's speed;
 For the good that man achieveth—
 Good beyond an angel's doubt—
 Such remains for aye and ever,
 And cannot be blotted out.

One (severe and silent Watcher!)
 Noteth every crime and guile,

Writes it with a holy duty,
 Seals it not, but waits awhile;
 If the evil doer cry not—
 “God forgive me!” ere he sleeps,
 Then the sad, stern spirit seals it,
 And the gentler spirit weeps.

To the sinner, if Repentance
 Cometh soon, with healing wings,
 Then the dark account is cancelled,
 And each joyful angel sings;
 Whilst the erring one perceiveth—
 Now his troublous hour is o’er—
 Music, fragrance wafted to him
 From a yet untrodden shore!

Mild and mighty is Forgiveness,
 Meekly worn, if meekly won;
 Let our hearts go forth to seek it
 Ere the setting of the sun!
 Angels wait and long to hear us
 Ask it ere the time be flown;
 Let us give it and receive it,
 Ere the midnight cometh down!

SONNET.

TRENCH.

ULYSSES, sailing by the Sirens’ isle,
 Sealed first his comrades’ ears, then bade them fast
 Bind him with many a fetter to the mast,
 Lest those sweet voices should their souls beguile,
 And to their ruin flatter them, the while
 Their homeward bark was sailing swiftly past;
 And thus the peril they behind them cast,
 Though chased by those weird voices many a mile.
 But yet a nobler cunning Orpheus used:
 No fetter he put on, nor stopped his ear;
 But ever, as he passed, sang high and clear
 The blisses of the gods, their holy joys,
 And with diviner melody confused
 And marred earth’s sweetest music to a noise.

THE EXECUTION.

BARHAM.

The clock strikes Four!
 Round the debtor's door
 Are gathered a couple of thousands or more;
 As many await
 At the press-yard gate,
 Till slowly its folding-doors open; and straight
 The mob divides; and between their ranks
 A wagon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

The clock strikes Five!
 The sheriffs arrive,
 And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive;

* * * * *

Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks
 With roseate streaks,
 Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks;
 Seemed as that mild and clear blue sky
 Smiled upon all things far and nigh,—
 All,—save the wretch condemned to die!
 Alack! that ever so fair a sun
 As that which its course has now begun,
 Should rise on such scenes of misery!
 Should gild with rays so light and free
 That dismal, dark-frowning gallows tree!

And hark!—a sound comes big with fate,
 The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—Eight!—
 List to that low funeral bell:
 It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell!
 And see!—from forth that opening door
 They come—he steps the threshold o'er
 Who never shall tread upon threshold more.—
 God! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
 That pale man's mute agony,
 The glare of that wild despairing eye,
 Now bent on the crowd, now turned to the sky,
 As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,
 The path of the spirit's unknown career;
 Those pinioned arms, those hands that ne'er
 Shall be lifted again,—not even in prayer;
 That heavin' chest!—Enough, 'tis done!—

The bolt has fallen!—The spirit is gone—
For weal or for woe is known to but One!—
Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight! Ah me!
A deed to shudder at,—not to see.

THE BRITISH BOW.

BISHOP HEBER.

YE spirits of our fathers,
The hardy, bold, and free,
Who chased o'er Cressy's gory field
A fourfold enemy!
From us who love your sylvan game,
To you the song shall flow,
To the fame of your name
Who so bravely bent the bow.

'Twas merry then in England,
(Our ancient records tell,)
With Robin Hood and Little John
Who dwelt by down and dell;
And yet we love the bold outlaw
Who braved a tyrant foe,
Whose cheer was the deer,
And his only friend the bow!

'Twas merry then in England
In autumn's dewy morn,
When echo started from her hill
To hear the bugle-horn.
And beauty, mirth, and warrior worth
In garb of green did go
The shade to invade
With the arrow and the bow.

Ye spirits of our fathers!
Extend to us your care,
Among your children yet are found
The valiant and the fair!
'Tis merry yet in Old England,
Full well her archers know,
And shame on their name
Who despise the British bow.

MORNING.

KEBLE.

HUES of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell ;—

Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing ;—

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven ;—

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight ;
Who day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of Heaven and you partake ?

Oh ! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see :

Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask, and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before ;

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all t' espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise !
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along Life's dullest, dreariest walk !

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky :

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go :—
The secret this of Rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect Rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

EVENING.

KEBLE.

'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out Wisdom, Power, and Love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;—

Or by the light Thy words disclose
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious Providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense:—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou Framers of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark:
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

The Rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordained to stand,—
Guide thou their course, O Lord, aright,
Let all do all as in Thy sight.

Oh! by Thine own sad burthen, borne
 So meekly up the hill of scorn,
 Teach Thou Thy Priests their daily cross
 To bear as Thine, nor count it loss!

If some poor wandering child of Thine
 Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
 Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
 With blessings from Thy boundless store:
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take;
 Till in the ocean of Thy love
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

E. A. POE.

In the greenest of our valleys,
 By good angels tenanted,
 Once a fair and stately palace
 (Snow-white palace) reared its head.
 In the monarch Thought's dominion
 It stood there!
 Never seraph spread a pinion
 Over fabric half so fair.

Banners, yellow, glorious, golden,
 On its roof did float and flow;
 (This, all this, was in the olden
 Time, long ago.)
 And every gentle air that dallied,
 In that sweet day,
 Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
 A wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
 Through two luminous windows saw

Spirits moving musically,
 To a lute's well-tuned law ;
 Round about a throne, where, sitting
 (Porphyrogene !)
 In state his glory well-befitting,
 The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
 Was the fair palace-door,
 Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
 And sparkling evermore,
 A troop of echoes, whose sweet duty
 Was but to sing,
 In voices of surpassing beauty,
 The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
 Assailed the monarch's high estate ;
 (Ah ! let us mourn, for never morrow
 Shall dawn upon him, desolate !)
 And round about his home the glory
 That blushed and bloomed,
 Is but a dim-remembered story
 Of the old time entombed.

And travellers now within that valley,
 Through the red-litten windows see
 Vast forms, that move fantastically
 To a discordant melody ;
 While, like a rapid, ghastly river,
 Through the pale door,
 A hideous throng rush out for ever,
 And laugh—but smile no more.

STAND LIKE AN ANVIL.

BISHOP DOANE.

"Stand, like an anvil," when the stroke
 Of stalwart men falls fierce and fast :
 Storms but more deeply root the oak,
 Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand, like an anvil," when the sparks
 Fly, far and wide a fiery shower ;

Virtue and truth must still be marks,
Where malice proves its want of power.

“Stand, like an anvil,” when the bar
Lies, red and glowing, on its breast:
Duty shall be life’s leading star,
And conscious innocence its rest.

“Stand, like an anvil,” when the sound
Of ponderous hammers pains the ear:
Thine, but the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart that cannot fear.

“Stand, like an anvil;” noise and heat
Are born of earth, and die with time:
The soul, like God, its source and seat,
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

LIFE IN THE AUTUMN WOODS.

P. PENDLETON COOKE.

SUMMER has gone,
And fruitful autumn has advanced so far
That there is warmth, not heat, in the broad sun,
And you may look, with naked eye, upon
The ardors of his car;
The stealthy frosts, whom his spent looks embolden,
Are making the green leaves golden.

What a brave splendor
Is in the October air! How rich, and clear,
And bracing, and all-joyous! we must render
Love to the spring-time, with its sproutings tender.
As to a child quite dear;
But autumn is a thing of perfect glory,
A manhood not yet hoary.

I love the woods,
In this good season of the liberal year;
I love to seek their leafy solitudes,
And give myself to melancholy moods,
With no intruder near,
And find strange lessons, as I sit and ponder,
In every natural wonder.

But not alone,
 As Shakspeare's melancholy courtier loved Ardennes,
 Love I the browning forest; and I own
 I would not oft have mused, as he, but flown
 To hunt with Amiens—
 And little thought, as up the bold deer bounded,
 Of the sad creature wounded.

What passionate
 And keen delight is in the proud swift chase!
 Go out what time the lark at heaven's red gate
 Soars joyously singing—quite infuriate
 With the high pride of his place;
 What time the unrisen sun arrays the morning
 In its first bright adorning.

Hark! the quick horn—
 As sweet to hear as any clarion—
 Piercing with silver call the ear of morn;
 And mark the steeds, stout Curtal and Tophthorne
 And Greysteil and the Don—
 Each one of them his fiery mood displaying
 With pawing and with neighing.

Urge your swift horse,
 After the crying hounds in this fresh hour,
 Vanquish high hills—stem perilous streams perforce,
 On the free plain give free wings to your course,
 And you will know the power
 Of the brave chase—and how of griefs the sorest
 A cure is in the forest.

Or stalk the deer;
 The same red lip of dawn has kissed the hills,
 The gladdest sounds are crowding on your ear,
 There is a life in all the atmosphere:—
 Your very nature fills
 With the fresh hour, as up the hills aspiring
 You climb with limbs untiring.

A strong joy fills
 (A joy beyond the tongue's expressive power)
 My heart in autumn weather—fills and thrills!
 And I would rather stalk the breezy hills,
 Descending to my bower

Nightly, by the sweet spirit of Peace attended,
Than pine where life is splendid.

NIGHT STUDY.

I AM alone; and yet
In the still solitude there is a rush
Around me, as were met
A crowd of viewless wings; I hear a gush
Of uttered harmonies—heaven meeting earth,
Making it to rejoice with holy mirth.

Ye wingèd Mysteries,
Sweeping before my spirit's conscious eye,
Beckoning me to arise,
And go forth from my very self, and fly
With you far in the unknown, unseen immense
Of worlds beyond our sphere—What are ye? Whence?

Ye eloquent voices,
Now soft as breathings of a distant flute,
Now strong as when rejoices,
The trumpet in the victory and pursuit;
Strange are ye, yet familiar, as ye call
My soul to wake from earth's sense and its thrall.

I know you now—I see
With more than natural light—ye are the good,
The wise *departed*—ye
Are come from heaven to claim your brotherhood
With mortal brother, struggling in the strife
And chains, which once were yours in this sad life.

Ye hover o'er the page
Ye traced in ancient days with glorious thought
For many a distant age;
Ye love to watch the inspiration caught
From your sublime examples, and so cheer
The fainting student to your high career.

Ye come to nerve the soul
Like him who near the Atoner stood, when He,
Trembling, saw round him roll
The wrathful potents of Gethsemane,

With courage strong: the promise ye have known
And proved, rapt for me from the Eternal throne.

Still keep! O, keep me near you,
Compass me round with your immortal wings:
Still let my glad soul hear you
Striking your triumphs from your golden strings,
Until with you I mount, and join the song,
An angel, like you, 'mid the white-robed throng.

COLUMBUS.

(On looking at a print after a picture by Parmeggiano.)

B. SIMMONS.

FAME, LOVE, AMBITION! what are ye,
With all your wasting passions' war,
To the great strife that, like a sea,
O'erswept His soul tumultuously,
Whose face gleams on me like a star—
A star that gleams through murky clouds—
As here begirt by struggling crowds
A spell-bound loiterer I stand,
Before a print-shop in the Strand?
What are your eager hopes and fears
Whose minutes wither men like years—
Your schemes defeated or fulfilled,
To the emotions dread that thrilled
His frame on that October night,
When, watching by the lonely mast,
He saw on shore the moving light,
And felt, though darkness veiled the sight,
The long-sought world was his at last?

How Fancy's boldest glances fail,
Contemplating each hurrying mood
Of thought that to that aspect pale
Sent up the heart's o'erboiling flood
Through that vast vigil, while his eyes
Watched till the slow reluctant skies
Should kindle, and the vision dread,
Of all his livelong years be read!
In youth, his faith-led spirit doomed
Still to be baffled and betrayed,

His manhood's vigorous noon consumed
 Ere Power bestowed its niggard aid ;
 That morn of summer, dawning gray,
 When, from Huelva's humble bay,
 He, full of hope, before the gale
 Turned on the hopeless world his sail,
 And steered for seas untracked, unknown,
 And westward still sailed on—sailed on—
 Sailed on till ocean seemed to be
 All shoreless as eternity,
 Till, from its long-loved star estranged,
 At last the constant needle changed,
 And fierce amid his murmuring crew
 Prone terror into treason grew ;
 While on his tortured spirit rose,
 More dire than portents, toils or foes,
 The awaiting world's loud jeers and scorn
 Yelled o'er his profitless Return ;
 No—none through that dark watch may trace
 The feelings wild beneath whose swell,
 As heaves the bark the billows' race,
 His Being rose and fell !
 Yet over doubt, and pride, and pain,
 O'er all that flashed through breast and brain,
 As with those grand, immortal eyes
 He stood—his heart on fire to know
 When morning next illumed the skies,
 What wonders in its light should glow—
 O'er all one thought must, in that hour,
 Have swayed supreme—Power, conscious Power—
 The lofty sense that Truths conceived
 And born of his own starry mind,
 And fostered into might, achieved
 A new creation for mankind !
 And when from off that ocean calm
 The tropic's dusky curtain cleared,
 And those green shores and banks of balm,
 And rosy-tinted hills appeared
 Silent and bright as Eden, ere
 Earth's breezes shook one blossom there—
 Against that hour's proud tumult weighed,
 Love, Fame, Ambition, how ye fade !
 Thou Luther of the darkened deep !
 Nor less intrepid, too, than He

Whose courage broke Earth's bigot sleep,
 Whilst thine unbarred the sea—
 Like his, 'twas thy predestined fate
 Against your grim benighted age,
 With all its fiends of Fear and Hate,
 War, single-handed war, to wage,
 And live a conqueror, too, like him,
 Till Time's expiring light grow dim!
 O, hero of my boyish heart!
 Ere from thy pictured looks I part,
 My mind's maturer reverence now
 In thoughts of thankfulness would bow
 To the Omniscient will that sent
 Thee forth, its chosen instrument,
 To teach us hope, when sin and care,
 And the vile soilings that degrade
 Our dust, would bid us most despair—
 Hope, from each varied deed displayed
 Along thy bold and wondrous story,
 That shows how far one steadfast mind,
 Serene in suffering as in glory,
 May go to deify our kind.

ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

OSSIAN.

My soul has been mournful for Carthon: he fell in the days of his youth; and thou, O Clessámmor! where is thy dwelling in the wind? Has the youth forgot his wound? Flies he on clouds with thee? I feel the sun, O Malvina! leave me to my rest. Perhaps they may come to my dreams: I think I hear a feeble voice! The beam of heaven delights to shine on the grave of Carthon: I feel it warm around.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light! Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven: but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at

the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more: whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O Sun, in the strength of thy youth! age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills: the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

THE POWER OF POETRY.

HOLMES.

IMMORTAL Art! where'er the rounded sky
 Bends o'er the cradle where thy children lie,
 Their home is earth, their herald every tongue
 Whose accents echo to the voice that sung.
 One leap of Ocean scatters on the sand
 The quarried bulwarks of the loosening land;
 One thrill of earth dissolves a century's toil,
 Strewed like the leaves that vanish in the soil;
 One hill o'erflows, and cities sink below,
 Their marbles splintering in the lava's glow;
 But one sweet tone, scarce whispered to the air,
 From shore to shore the blasts of ages bear;
 One humble name, which oft, perchance, has borne
 The tyrant's mockery and the courtier's scorn,
 Towers o'er the dust of earth's forgotten graves,
 As once, emerging through the waste of waves,
 The rocky Titan, round whose shattered spear
 Coiled the last whirlpool of the drowning sphere!

THE SLEEP.

MRS. BROWNING.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
 Borne inward unto souls afar,
 Along the Psalmist's music deep,
 Now tell me if that any is,
 For gift or grace, surpassing this—
 "He giveth His beloved, sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—
“He giveth *His* beloved, sleep.”

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved,
A little dust, to overweep,
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.
“He giveth *His* beloved, sleep.”

“Sleep soft, beloved!” we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
“He giveth *His* beloved, sleep.”

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And “giveth *His* beloved, sleep.”

His dew drops mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
“He giveth *His* beloved, sleep.”

Yea! men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
Confirmed, in such a rest to keep;
But angels say—and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*—
“He giveth *his* beloved, sleep.”

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,

That sees through tears the jugglers leap,—
 Would now its wearied vision close,
 Would childlike on *His* love repose,
 Who “giveth His beloved, sleep!”

And, friends, dear friends,—when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let one, most loving of you all,
 Say, “Not a tear must o’er her fall—
 He giveth His beloved, sleep.”

THE SERAPH AND POET.

MRS. BROWNING.

THE seraph sings before the manifest
 God-one, and in the burning of the Seven,
 And with the full life of consummate Heaven
 Heaving beneath him like a mother’s breast
 Warm with her first-born’s slumber in that nest,
 The poet sings upon the earth grave-riven;
 Before the naughty world soon self-forgiven
 For wronging him; and in the darkness prest
 From his own soul by worldly weights. Even so,
 Sing, seraph with the glory! Heaven is high—
 Sing, poet with the sorrow! Earth is low.
 The universe’s inward voices cry
 “Amen” to either song of joy and woe—
 Sing seraph,—poet,—sing on equally.

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

ELIZABETH LLOYD.

I AM old and blind!
 Men point at me as smitten by God’s frown:
 Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
 Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong:
 I murmur not, that I no longer see;
 Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
 Father Supreme! to Thee.

O merciful One !
When men are farthest, then art Thou most near ;
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—
And there is no more night.

On bended knee,
I recognise Thy purpose, clearly shown ;
My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear ;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing ;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh ! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance from Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go ;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng ;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine :
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine.

THE LIVE-OAK.

H. R. JACKSON

WITH his gnarled old arms, and his iron form,
Majestic in the wood,
From age to age, in the sun and storm,
The live-oak long hath stood ;
With his stately air, that grave old tree,
He stands like a hooded monk,
With the gray moss waving solemnly
From his shaggy limbs and trunk.

And the generations come and go,
And still he stands upright,
And he sternly looks on the wood below,
As conscious of his might.
But a mourner sad is the hoary tree,
A mourner sad and lone,
And is clothed in funeral drapery
For the long since dead and gone.

For the Indian hunter beneath his shade
Has rested from the chase ;
And he here has wooed his dusky maid—
The dark-eyed of her race ;
And the tree is red with the gushing gore
As the wild deer panting dies :
But the maid is gone, and the chase is o'er,
And the old oak hoarsely sighs.

In former days, when the battle's din
Was loud amid the land,
In his friendly shadow, few and thin,
Have gathered Freedom's band ;
And the stern old oak, how proud was he
To shelter hearts so brave !
But they all are gone—the bold and free—
And he moans above their grave.

And the aged oak, with his locks of gray,
Is ripe for the sacrifice ;
For the worm and decay, no lingering prey,
Shall he tower towards the skies !
He falls, he falls, to become our guard,
The bulwark of the free,

And his bosom of steel is proudly bared
To brave the raging sea !

When the battle comes, and the cannon's roar
Booms o'er the shuddering deep,
Then nobly he'll bear the bold hearts o'er
The waves, with bounding leap.
Oh ! may those hearts be as firm and true,
When the war-clouds gather dun,
As the glorious oak that proudly grew
Beneath our southern sun.

THE FAMINE.

LONGFELLOW.

O THE long and dreary Winter !
O the cold and cruel Winter !
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage ;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever !
O the wasting of the famine !
O the blasting of the fever !
O the wailing of the children !
O the anguish of the women !

All the earth was sick and famished ;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them !

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
 Came two other guests, as silent
 As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
 Waited not to be invited,
 Did not parley at the doorway,
 Sat there without word of welcome
 In the seat of Laughing Water;
 Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
 At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said: "Behold me!
 I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
 And the other said: "Behold me!
 I am Fever, Abkosewin!"

And the lovely Minnehaha
 Shuddered as they looked upon her,
 Shuddered at the words they uttered,
 Lay down on her bed in silence,
 Hid her face, but made no answer;
 Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
 At the looks they cast upon her,
 At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
 Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
 In his heart was deadly sorrow,
 In his face a stony firmness;
 On his brow the sweat of anguish
 Started, but it froze and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,
 With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
 With his quiver full of arrows,
 With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
 Into the vast and vacant forest
 On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"
 Cried he with his face uplifted
 In that bitter hour of anguish,
 "Give your children food, O father!
 Give us food, or we must perish!
 Give me food for Minnehaha,
 For my dying Minnehaha!"

From "*Hiawatha*."

HEAVEN'S SUNRISE TO EARTHLY BLINDNESS.

MRS. BROWNING.

THE world waits

For help. Beloved, let us love so well,
 Our work shall still be better for our love,
 And still our love be sweeter for our work,
 And both, commended, for the sake of each,
 By all true workers and true lovers, born.
 Now press the clarion on thy woman's lip
 (Love's holy kiss shall still keep consecrate)
 And breathe the fine keen breath along the brass,
 And blow all class-walls level as Jericho's
 Past Jordan; crying from the top of souls,
 To souls, that they assemble on earth's flats
 To get them to some purer eminence
 Than any hitherto beheld for clouds!
 What height we know not,—but the way we know,
 And how by mounting aye, we must attain,
 And so climb on. It is the hour for souls;
 That bodies, leavened by the will and love,
 Be lightened to redemption. The world's old;
 But the old world waits the hour to be renewed:
 Toward which, new hearts in individual growth
 Must quicken, and increase to multitude
 In new dynasties of the race of men,—
 Developed whence, shall grow spontaneously
 New churches, new oeconomies, new laws
 Admitting freedom, new societies
 Excluding falsehood. He shall make all new.
 My Romney!—lifting up my hand in his,
 As wheeled by Seeing spirits towards the east,
 He turned instinctively,—where, faint and fair,
 Along the tingling desert of the sky,
 Beyond the circle of the conscious hills,
 Were laid in jasper-stone as clear as glass
 The first foundations of that new, near Day
 Which should be builded out of heaven, to God.
 He stood a moment with erected brows,
 In silence, as a creature might, who gazed:
 Stood calm, and fed his blind, majestic eyes
 Upon the thought of perfect noon. And when
 I saw his soul saw,—“Jasper first,” I said,
 “And second, sapphire; third, chalcedony;
 The rest in order, . . last, an amethyst.”

From “*Aurora Leigh*.”

NATIONAL ODES AND BATTLE PIECES.

NATIONAL SONGS.

ANONYMOUS.

Songs of our land, ye are with us for ever :

The power and the splendor of thrones pass away ;
But yours is the might of some deep-rolling river,
Still flowing in freshness through things that decay.
Ye treasure the voices of long-vanished ages ;
Like our time-honored towers, in beauty ye stand ;
Ye bring us the bright thoughts of poets and sages,
And keep them among us, old songs of our land.

The bards may go down to the place of their slumbers,
The lyre of the charmer be hushed in the grave ;
But far in the future the power of their numbers
Shall kindle the hearts of our faithful and brave.
It will waken an echo in souls deep and lonely,
Like voices of reeds by the winter wind fanned ;
It will call up a spirit of freedom, when only
Her breathings are heard in the songs of our land.

For they keep a record of those, the true-hearted,
Who fell with the cause they had vowed to maintain ;
They show us bright shadows of glory departed,
Of love unrewarded, and hope that was vain ;
The page may be lost, and the pen long-forsaken,
And weeds may grow wild o'er the brave heart and hand ;
But ye are still left when all else hath been taken,
Like streams in the desert—sweet songs of our land !

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;

When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
 By angel hands to valor given;
 The stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 For ever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

O! SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
 And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
 O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep
 As it fitfully blows, half-conceals, half-discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
 Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
 'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
 'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
 Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand

Between our loved home and the war's desolation;
Bless'd with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,

And this be our motto, "In God is our trust;"

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

THE CHARGE AT WATERLOO.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

On came the whirlwind—like the last

But fiercest sweep of tempest blast;

On came the whirlwind—steel-gleams broke

Like lightning through the rolling smoke;

The war was waked anew.

Three hundred cannon-mouths roared loud,

And from their throats, with flash and cloud,

Their showers of iron threw.

Beneath their fire, in full career,

Rushed on the ponderous cuirassier,

The lancer couched his ruthless spear,

And, hurrying as to havoc near,

The cohorts' eagles flew.

In one dark torrent, broad and strong,

The advancing onset rolled along,

Forth harbingered by fierce acclaim,

That from the shroud of smoke and flame,

Pealed wildly the imperial name.

But on the British heart were lost

The terrors of the charging host;

For not an eye the storm that viewed

Changed its proud glance of fortitude;

Nor was one forward footstep stayed,

As dropped the dying and the dead.

Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,

Fast they renewed each serried square!

And on the wounded and the slain
 Closed their diminished files again ;
 Till from their lines scarce spears' lengths three,
 Emerging from the smoke they see
 Helmet, and plume, and panoply—

Then waked their fire at once !
 Each musketeer's revolving knell
 As fast, as regularly fell,
 As when they practise to display
 Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,
 Down rent the eagle-banners sent,
 Down reeling steeds and riders went,
 Corselets were pierced, and pennons rent ;
 And to augment the fray,
 Wheeled full against their staggering flanks,
 The English horsemen's foaming ranks

Forced their resistless way :
 Then to the musket knell succeeds
 The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds :
 As plies the smith his clanging trade,
 Against the cuirass rang the blade ;
 And while amid their close array
 The well-served cannon rent their way,
 And while amid their scattered band
 Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
 Recoiled in common rout and fear
 Lancer, and guard, and cuirassier,
 Horsemen and foot,—a mingled host,
 Their leaders fallen, their standards lost.

THE BATTLE MARCH.

GERALD MASSEY.

Now glory to our England,
 As she rises, calm and grand,
 With the ancient spirit in her eyes,—
 The good Sword in her hand !
 Our royal right on battle-ground,
 Was aye to bear the brunt :
 Ho ! brave heart ! for one passionate bound,
 And take thy place in front !

Now glory to our England,
As she rises, calm and grand,
With the ancient spirit in her eyes—
The good Sword in her hand!

Who would not fight for England?
Who would not fling a life
I' the ring, to meet a Tyrant's gage,
And glory in the strife?
Her stem is thorny, but doth burst
A glorious Rose a-top!
And shall our dear Rose wither? First
We'll drain life's dearest drop!
Who would not fight for England?
Who would not fling a life
I' the ring, to meet a Tyrant's gage,
And glory in the strife?

To battle goes our England,
All as gallant and as gay
As Lover to the Altar, on
A merry marriage-day.
A weary night she stood to watch
The battle-dawn up-rolled;
And her spirit leaps within, to match
The noble deeds of old.
To battle goes our England,
All as gallant and as gay
As Lover to the Altar, on
A merry marriage-day.

Now, fair befall our England,
On her proud and perilous road;
And woe and wail to those who make
Her footprints red with blood!
Up with our red-cross banner—roll
A thunder-peal of drums!
Fight on there, every valiant soul,
And courage! England comes!
Now, fair befall our England,
On her proud and perilous road;
And woe and wail to those who make
Her footprints red with blood!

Now, victory to our England!
 And where'er she lifts her hand
 In Freedom's fight, to rescue Right,
 God bless the dear old land!
 And when the storm has passed away,
 In glory and in calm,
 May she sit down i' the green o' the day,
 And sing her peaceful psalm,
 Now, victory to our England!
 And where'er she lifts her hand
 In Freedom's fight, to rescue Right,
 God bless the dear Old Land!

LAISSEZ ALLER!

FRANKLIN LUSHINGTON.

No more words:
 Try it with your swords!
 Try it with the arms of your bravest and your best,
 You are proud of your manhood, now put it to the test:
 Not another word:
 Try it by the sword.

No more *Notes*:
 Try it by the throats.
 Of the cannon that will roar till the earth and air be shaken,
 For they speak what they mean, and they cannot be mistaken:
 No more doubt:
 Come—fight it out.

No child's play!
 Waste not a day:
 Serve out the deadliest weapons that you know,
 Let them pitilessly hail in the faces of the foe:
 No blind strife:
 Waste not one life.

You that in the front
 Bear the battle's brunt—
 When the sun gleams at dawn on the bayonets abreast,
 Think of England still asleep beyond the curtain of the west.
 For love of all you guard,
 Stand, and strike hard.

You that stay at home,
 Behind the wall of foam—
 Leave not a jot to chance, while you rest in quiet ease :
 Quick ! forge the bolts of death ; quick ! ship them o'er the seas :
 If War's feet are lame,
 Yours will be the blame.

 You, my lads, abroad,
 "Steady !" be your word :
 You at home, be the anchor of your host across the wave,
 Spare no cost, none is lost, that may strengthen or may save :
 Sloth were sin and shame :
 Now, play out the game.

MY FATHERLAND.

KERNER.

Where is the minstrel's fatherland ?

Where noble spirits beam in light,
 Where love-wreaths bloom for beauty bright ;
 Where noble minds enraptured dream
 Of every high and hallowed theme.
 This *was* the minstrel's fatherland.

How name ye the minstrel's fatherland ?

Now o'er the corpses of children slain,
 She weeps a foreign tyrant's reign ;
 She once was the land of the good oak-tree,
 The German land—the land of the free.
 So named we once my fatherland !

Why weeps the minstrel's fatherland ?

She weeps, that for a tyrant still,
 Her princes check their people's will ;
 That her sacred words unheeded fly,
 And that none will list to her vengeful cry.
 Therefore weeps my fatherland !

Whom calls the minstrel's fatherland ?

She calls upon the God of Heaven,
 In a voice which vengeance'-self hath given ;
 She calls on a free, devoted band ;
 She calls for an avenging hand ;
 Thus calls the minstrel's fatherland !

What will she do, thy fatherland?

She will drive her tyrant foes away ;
 She will scare the blood-hound from his prey ;
 She will bear her son no more a slave,
 Or will yield him at least a freeman's grave ;
 Thus will she do, my fatherland !

And what are the hopes of thy fatherland?

She hopes at length for a glorious prize ;
 She hopes her people will arise ;
 She hopes in the great award of Heaven,
 And she sees, at length, an avenger given ;
 And these are the hopes of my fatherland !

THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

ROBERT BROWNING.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
 " Good speed !" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ;
 " Speed !" echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
 Neck by neck, stride for stride, never changing our place ;
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
 Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,—
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland, a whit.

'T was moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
 Lokēren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
 At Düffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be ;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
 So Joris broke silence with, " Yet there is time !"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every one,
 To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland, at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
 For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;

And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance,
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongrés, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine.
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

WORDSWORTH.

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain
And Fear and Bloodshed,—melancholy train,—
Turns his necessity to glorious gain:
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure

As more exposed to suffering and distress,
 Thence also more alive to tenderness;
 But who, if he be called upon to face
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
 Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
 Is happy as a lover, and attired
 With sudden brightness as a man inspired,
 And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw.
 He who, though thus endued as with a sense
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,
 Is yet a soul whose master bias leans
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes,
 Who, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause.
 This is the Happy Warrior: this is he
 Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

THE GERMAN'S NATIVE LAND.

UHLAND.

Know ye the land where, tall and green,
 The ancient forest-oaks are seen?
 Where the old Rhine-waves sounding run?
 And glitter gayly in the sun.
 We know the lovely land full well:
 'Tis where the free-souled Germans dwell.

Know ye the land where truth is told,
 Where the word of man is as good as gold?
 The honest land, where love and truth
 Bloom on in everlasting youth?
 I know that honest land full well:
 'Tis where the free-souled Germans dwell.

Know ye the land where each vile song
 Is banished from the jovial throng?
 The sacred land, where, free from art,
 Religion sways the simple heart?
 We know that sacred land full well:
 'Tis where the free-souled Germans dwell.

GUSTAVUS'S BATTLE SONG.

ALTENBURG.

Sung by the whole Swedish army before the battle of Lützen, at which
Gustavus Adolphus fell.

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe,
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power ;
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer,—your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs,
Leave it to Him, our Lord.
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us, and his word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Nor earth, nor hell, with all their crew,
Against us shall prevail,—
A jest and byword are they grown ;
“ *God is with us,*”* we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer !
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare
Fight for us once again !
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

THE SONG OF THE SEA-KING.

FROM THE SCANDINAVIAN.

HARK ! the storm-fiend of the deep
Wakes on old Heimdallar's steep,
Yelling out his mountain glee,
Like a soul in agony.
Rouse thee, then, my bark, to go
Through the night, and the billowy ocean-snow ;

* The watchword of the evangelical army on this occasion.

Strong thy bones and huge thy form,
 Trampler of the howling storm—
 Horse of ocean!

Glorious is the eagle's eye!
 He gazes afar o'er earth and sky!
 He screams from the storm-cloud's misty womb,
 He swells his pride in the ocean-gloom!
 Thine, my bark, is keener sight,
 Broader wing, and longer flight;
 Freer thou, my bark, to roam—
 Ocean's thine, thy boundless home,
 Tempest eagle!

As a warrior in his might,
 Bears him in the wave of fight,
 Quell the waves that round thee dash,
 Round thy breast with thundering crash.
 Though their frown be black as night,
 Though their foamy plume be bright,
 Quell them, though their stroke be strong,
 Though their shout be loud and long,
 Warrior of storms!

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

YE mariners of England!
 That guard our native seas;
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe!
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy tempests blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave!
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And ocean was their grave;
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,

As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow !

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Of Nelson and the north
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :

It was ten of April morn by the chime,
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene,
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back:
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:
Then ceased and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Outspake the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave:
"Ye are brothers, ye are men!
And we conquer but to save;
So peace instead of death let us bring.
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

Then Denmark blessed our chief
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose;
As death withdrew his shades from the day,
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy Old England raise!
 For the tidings of thy might
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 While the wine-cup shines in light;
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep
 Full many a fathom deep
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died
 With the gallant good Riou:
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave!

WAR SONG OF THE ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

Written during the apprehension of an invasion by the French.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
 The bugles sound the call;
 The Gallic navy stems the seas,
 The voice of battle's on the breeze,
 Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
 A band of brothers true;
 Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
 With Scotland's hardy thistle crowned;
 We boast the red and blue.

Though tamely couched to Gallia's frown
 Dull Holland's tardy train;
 Their ravished toys though Romans mourn;
 Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
 And, foaming, gnaw the chain;

Oh! had they marked the avenging call
 Their brethren's murder gave,

Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valor, desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn?

No! though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,
The sun that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabre's deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!
Adieu each tender tie!
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer or to die.

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam;
High sounds our bugle-call;
Combined by honor's sacred tie,
Our word is *Laws and Liberty!*
March forward one and all!

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"Charge!" was the captain's cry;
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;

Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well ;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed all at once in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered :
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Fiercely the line they broke ;
Strong was the sabre-stroke :
Making an army reel
Shaken and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered ;
Stormed with shot and shell,
They that had struck so well
Rode through the jaws of death,
Half a league back again,
Up from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

Honor the brave and bold !
Long shall the tale be told,
Yea, when our babes are old—
How they rode onward.

SOLDIER, WAKE ! THE DAY IS PEEPING.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SOLDIER, wake ! the day is peeping,
Honor ne'er was won in sleeping ;
Never when the sunbeams still
Lay unreflected on the hill.

'Tis when they are glinted back,
 From axe and armor, spear and jack,
 That they promise future story,
 Many a page of deathless glory:
 Shields that are the foeman's terror,
 Ever are the morning's mirror.

Arm, and up! the morning beam
 Hath called the rustic to his team,
 Hath called the falc'ner to the lake,
 Hath called the huntsman to the brake.
 The early student ponders o'er
 The dusty tomes of ancient lore.
 Soldier, wake! thy harvest fame;
 Thy study conquest; war thy game.
 Shield that should be a foeman's terror,
 Still should gleam the morning's mirror.

Poor hire repays the rustic's pain,
 More paltry still the sportsman's gain,
 Vainest of all, the student's theme
 Ends in some metaphysic dream;
 Yet each is up, and each has toiled,
 Since first the peep of dawn has smiled,
 And each is eagerer in his aim,
 Than he who barter life for fame.
 Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror,
 Be thy bright shield the morning's mirror!

THERE CAME FROM THE WARS ON A JET-BLACK STEED.

ANONYMOUS.

THERE came from the wars on a jet-black steed
 A knight with a snowy plume:
 He flew o'er the heath like a captive, freed
 From a dungeon's dreary gloom.

And gayly he rode to his lordly home,
 But the towers were dark and dim,
 And he heard no reply when he called for some
 Who were dearer than life to him.

The gate which was hurled from its ancient place,
 Lay mouldering on the bare ground,
 And the knight rushed in, but saw not a trace
 Of a friend, as he gazed around.

He flew to the grove where his mistress late
 Had charmed him with love's sweet tone ;
 But 'twas desolate now, and the strings were mute,
 And she he adored was gone.

The wreaths were all dead in Rosalie's bower,
 And Rosalie's dove was lost ;
 And the winter's wind had withered each flower
 On the myrtle she valued most.

But a cypress grew where the myrtle's bloom
 Once scented the morning air ;
 And under its shade was a marble tomb,
 And Rosalie's home was there !

THE NORMAN BATTLE-SONG.

THE exclamation, "Aux fils des Preux !" was used to encourage young knights to emulate the glories of their ancestors, and to do nothing unworthy the noble title given them. In many instances it was attended with the most animating consequences.—See *Monstrelet's Chronicles*.

Aux fils des preux ! ye sons of fame !
 Think of your fathers' ashes now ;
 Fight ! for the honor of your name ;
 Fight ! for your valiant sires laid low !

Aux fils des preux ! red be your swords
 With many a crimson battle-stain !
 Fight on ! ye noble knights and lords,
 Stay not to count the warlike slain !

Aux fils des preux ! from many a heart
 The silent prayer now is breathing,
 Who with fond hopes saw ye depart ;
 Fair hands the victor's crown are wreathing !

Aux fils des preux ! On ! soldiers on !
 Your blades are keen, your courage strong !

Soon shall the conqueror's meed be won,
And triumph swell our battle-song!
"Aux fils des preux!"

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

LORD MACAULAY.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green and sunny vines, O pleasant land of
France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy.
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our lord the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! hark to the mingled din
Of fife and steed, and trumpet and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Gueldres and Almayne.

Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
 Charge for the golden lilies now—upon them with the lance!
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest;
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
 And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
 "Remember Saint Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man;
 But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe;
 Down, down, with every foreigner; but let your brethren go!"
 Oh! was there ever such a knight in friendship or in war,
 As our sovereign lord King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne!
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
 Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!
 Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
 Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
 For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
 And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
 Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
 And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

MAGYAR HUSSAR SONG.

GABRIEL DÜBRENTOL.

MOTHER, dost weep that thy boy's right hand
 Hath taken a sword for his fatherland?
 Mother, where should the brave one be
 But in the ranks of bravery?

Mother, and was it not sad to leave
 Mine own sweet maiden alone to grieve?
 Maiden! where should the brave one be
 But in the ranks of bravery?

Mother! if thou in death wert laid;
 Maiden! if thou wert a treacherous maid;

O then it were well that the brave should be
In the front ranks of bravery!

Mother! the thought brings heavy tears,
And I look round on my youth's compeers;
They have their griefs and loves like me,
Touching the brave in their bravery.

Mother! my guardian! O be still!
Maiden! let hope thy bosom fill;
King and country! how sweet to be
Battling for both in bravery!

Bravery! ay, and victory's hand
Shall wreath my cap with golden band;
And in the camp the shout shall be,
Oh! how he fought for liberty!

SONG OF THE GREEKS.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

AGAIN to the battle, Achaïans!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree—
It has been, and yet shall be the land of the free:
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves
May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah! what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretched in our aid—be the combat our own!
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone;
For we've sworn by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That living we shall be victorious,
Or that dying our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not;
The sword that we've drawn we will sheath not!

Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
 And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
 Earth may hide—waves engulf—fire consume us,
 But they shall not to slavery doom us:
 If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves:
 But we've smote them already with fire on the waves,
 And new triumphs on land are before us;
 To the charge!—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day shall ye blush for its story,
 Or brighten your lives with its glory.
 Our women, oh, say, shall they shriek in despair,
 Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in their hair?
 Accursed may his memory blacken,
 If a coward there be that would slacken,
 Till we trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
 Being sprung from and named for the god-like of earth.
 Strike home, and the world shall revere us
 As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion
 Her islands, her isles of the ocean;
 Fanes rebuilt and fair towers shall with jubilee ring,
 And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's spring:
 Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
 That were cold and extinguished in sadness;
 Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white-waving arms,
 Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,
 When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
 Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens.

WAR SONG OF THE GREEKS.

BARRY CORNWALL.

AWAKE! 'tis the terror of war;
 The Crescent is tossed on the wind;
 But our flag flies on high, like the perilous star
 Of the battle. Before and behind,
 Wherever it glitters, it darts
 Bright death into tyrannous hearts.

Who are they that now bid us be slaves?
 They are foes to the good and the free:

Go bid them first fetter the might of the waves ;
 The sea may be conquered,—but we
 Have spirits untameable still,
 And the strength to be free,—and the will.

The Helots are come : In their eyes
 Proud hate and fierce massacre burn,
 They hate us,—but shall they despise ?
 They are come ; shall they ever return ?
 O God of the Greeks ! from thy throne
 Look down, and we'll conquer alone.

Our fathers,—each man was a god,
 His will was a law, and the sound
 Of his voice, like a spirit's, was worshipped : he trode,
 And thousands fell worshippers round :
 From the gates of the West to the Sun
 He bade, and his bidding was done.

And we—shall we die in our chains,
 Who once were as free as the wind ?
 Who is it that threatens,—who is it arraigns ?
 Are they princes of Europe or Ind ?
 Are they kings to the uttermost pole ?
 They are dogs, with a taint on their soul.

MOORISH SONG : ABDALLAH'S BATTLE-CALL.

ANONYMOUS.

BRING me my gleaming scimitar,
 My corselet of bright steel !
 I hear the welcome shout of war,
 “Defiance to Castile !”
 By Muza's conquering sword led on,
 Soon shall the glorious strife be won !

Through serried ranks of lances fierce,
 Marshalled in dread array,
 Our Moorish falchions soon shall pierce,
 And piles of victims slay !
 Bring me my gleaming scimitar,
 My soul is panting for the war !

With arching neck and kindling eye,
 My fiery Arab stands ;

What joy ! in fleet career to fly,
 And strike the invading bands !
 Proud Ferdinand ! thy heart shall quail
 Beneath our storm of arrowy hail.

Legions of Moslem chivalry
 Line Douro's river side,
 Fleet barbs in battle panoply
 Are prancing in their pride !
 The shrill tambour and clarion's sound,
 O'er the Sierra's heights resound.

The shock of steeds, the hard-won fight,
 Are dearer to my mind
 Than all the pleasures which delight,
 In royal courts combined.
 Move on ! ye mailèd cavaliers ;
 I'm eager for the rush of spears.

Now give our banners to the wind !
 The Crescent emblem waves :
 And let the Spanish tyrants find
 We'll yield them only *graves* !
 Bring me my gleaming scimitar !
 Thus spoke the king of Granada.

HAMET AROUSING THE CITIZENS OF GRANADA.

ANONYMOUS.

"Saw ye the banners of Castile displayed,
 The helmets glistening, and the line arrayed !
 Heard ye the march of steel-clad hosts !" he cries ;
 "Children of conquerors ! in your strength arise !
 Oh, high-born tribes ! Oh, names unstained by fear !
 Azarques, Zegriss, Almoradis, hear !
 Be every feud forgotten, and your hands
 Dyed with no blood but that of hostile bands.
 Wake, princes of the land ! the hour is come,
 And the red sabre must decide your doom.
 Where is that spirit which prevailed of yore,
 When Tarik's bands o'erspread the western shore ?
 When the long combat raged on Xeres' plain,
 And Afric's teebir swelled through yielding Spain ?

Is the lance broken, is the shield decayed,
 The warrior's arm unstrung, his heart dismayed?
 Shall no high spirit of ascendant worth
 Arise to lead the sons of Islam forth?
 To guard the regions where our fathers' blood
 Hath bathed each plain, and mingled with each flood;
 Where long their dust hath blended with the soil
 Won by their swords, made fertile by their toil?

"Oh, ye sierras of eternal snow!
 Ye streams that by the tombs of heroes flow;
 Woods, fountains, rocks of Spain! ye saw their might
 In many a fierce and unforgotten fight—
 Shall ye behold their lost, degenerate race,
 Dwell 'midst your scenes in fetters and disgrace?
 With each memorial of the past around,
 Each mighty monument of days renowned?
 May this indignant heart ere then be cold,
 This frame be gathered to its kindred mould!
 And the last life-drop circling through my veins
 Have tinged a soil untainted yet by chains!

"And yet one struggle ere our doom is sealed,
 One mighty effort, one deciding field!
 If vain each hope, we still have choice to be,
 In life the fettered, or in death the free!"

SPANISH NATIONAL AIR.

ANONYMOUS.

"VIVIR EN CADENAS CUAN TRISTE ES VIVIR."

How wretched the fate of the fetter-bound slave!
 How green and how holy the patriot's grave!
 Let us rush to the field! for the trump from afar
 Calls Spaniards to triumph, and heroes to war!
 Our country in tears sends her sons to the plain
 To conquer,—to perish for freedom and Spain!

O list to the summons! the blood of our sires
 Boils high in our veins,—and 'tis vengeance inspires:
 Who bows to the yoke? who bends to the blow?
 No hero will bend, and no Spaniard will bow!
 Our country in tears sends her sons to the plain
 To conquer,—to perish for freedom and Spain!

My children farewell ! my beloved adieu !
 My heart's blood shall flow in its torrents for you ;
 These arms shall be red with the gore of the slain,
 Ere they clasp thee, fond wife ! to this bosom again !
 Our country in tears sends her sons to the plain
 To conquer,—to perish for freedom and Spain !

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS AT BETHLEHEM, AT THE
 CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

LONGFELLOW.

WHEN the dying flame of day
 Through the chancel shot its ray,
 Far the glimmering tapers shed
 Faint light on the cowlèd head ;
 And the censer burning swung,
 Where, before the altar, hung
 The blood-red banner, that with prayer
 Had been consecrated there.
 And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
 Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner ! may it wave
 Proudly o'er the good and brave ;
 When the battle's distant wail
 Breaks the Sabbath of our vale,
 When the clarion music's thrills
 To the hearts of these lone hills,
 When the spear in conflict shakes,
 And the strong lance shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner ! and, beneath
 The battle-cloud's encircling breath,
 Guard it ! till our homes are free !
 Guard it ! God will prosper thee !
 In the dark and dying hour,
 In the breaking forth of power,
 In the rush of steeds and men,
 His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner ! but, when night
 Closes round the ghastly fight,
 If the vanquished warrior bow,
 Spare him ! by our holy vow

By our prayers and many tears,
 By the mercy that endears,
 Spare him! he our love hath shared!
 Spare him! as thou wouldst be spared!

“Take thy banner! and if e’er
 Thou shouldst press the soldier’s bier,
 And the muffled drum should beat
 To the tread of mournful feet,
 Then this crimson flag shall be
 Martial cloak and shroud for thee.”

The warrior took that banner proud,
 And it was his martial cloak and shroud!

THE DEATH SONG OF OUTALISSI.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

“AND I could weep;”—the Oneyda chief
 His descant wildly thus begun:
 “But that I may not stain with grief
 The death-song of my father’s son,
 Or bow this head in woe!
 For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
 To-morrow Areouski’s breath
 (That fires yon heaven with storms of death)
 Shall light us to the foe:
 And we shall share, my Christian boy!
 The foeman’s blood, the avenger’s joy!”

But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
 By milder genii o’er the deep,
 The spirits of the white man’s heaven
 Forbid not thee to weep:—
 Nor will the Christian host,
 Nor will thy father’s spirit grieve,
 To see thee, on the battle’s eve,
 Lamenting, take a mournful leave
 Of her who loved thee most:
 She was the rainbow to thy sight!
 Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

To-morrow let us do or die!
 But when the bolt of death is hurled,

Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
 Shall Outalissi roam the world?
 Seek we thy once-loved home?
 The hand is gone that cropped its flowers:
 Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
 Cold is the hearth within their bowers!
 And should we thither roam,
 Its echoes, and its empty tread,
 Would sound like voices from the dead!

Or shall we cross yon mountain blue,
 Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed,
 And by my side, in battle true,
 A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
 Ah! there, in desolation cold,
 The desert serpent dwells alone,
 Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
 And stones themselves to ruin grown,
 Like me are death-like old.
 Then seek we not their camp,—for there—
 The silence dwells of my despair!

But hark, the trump!—to-morrow thou
 In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
 Even from the land of shadows now
 My father's awful ghost appears,
 Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
 He bids my soul for battle thirst—
 He bids me dry the last—the first—
 The only tears that ever burst
 From Outalissi's soul;
 Because I may not stain with grief
 The death-song of an Indian chief!"

From "*Gertrude of Wyoming*."

THE TENTH AVATAR.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BUT hark! as bowed to earth the Bramin kneels,
 From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals!
 Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
 Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,
 And solemn sounds that awe the listening mind,
 Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

Foes of mankind ! (her guardian spirits say),
 Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
 When heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
 And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew ;
 Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurled
 His awful presence o'er the alarmed world !
 Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,
 Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came ;
 Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain—
 But heaven shall burst her starry gates again !
 He comes ! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
 With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high,
 Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
 Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm !
 Wide waves his flickering sword ; his bright arms glow
 Like summer suns, and light the world below !
 Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,
 Are shook ; and Nature rocks beneath his tread !

“To pour redress on India's injured realm,
 The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm ;
 To chase destruction from her plundered shore
 With arts and arms that triumphed once before,
 The tenth Avater comes ! at Heaven's command
 Shall Seriswattee wave her hallowed wand !
 And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,
 Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime !—
 Come, Heavenly Powers ! primeval peace restore !
 Love !—Mercy !—Wisdom !—rule for evermore !”

From “The Pleasures of Hope.”

WATERLOO.

LORD BYRON.

And wild and high the “Cameron's gathering” rose !
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instills
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass

Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently-stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

From "*Childe Harold*."

HUGO BEFORE HIS FATHER.

LORD BYRON.

AND here stern Azo hid his face—
 For on his brow the swelling vein
 Throbb'd as if back upon his brain
 The hot blood ebb'd and flow'd again;
 And therefore bow'd he for a space,
 And pass'd his shaking hand along
 His eye, to veil it from the throng;
 While Hugo rais'd his chain'd hands,
 And for a brief delay demands
 His father's ear: the silent sire
 Forbids not what his words require.

"It is not that I dread the death—
 For thou hast seen me by thy side
 All redly through the battle ride,
 And that not once a useless brand
 Thy slaves have wrested from my hand,
 Hath shed more blood in cause of thine,
 Than e'er can stain the axe of mine:

"Yet, were a few short summers mine,
 My name should more than Este's shine

With honors all my own.
 I had a sword—and have a breast
 That should have won as haught a crest
 As ever waved along the line
 Of all these sovereign sires of thine.
 Not always knightly spurs are worn
 The brightest by the better born ;
 And mine have lanced my courser's flank
 Before proud chiefs of princely rank,
 When charging to the cheering cry
 Of ' Este and of Victory ! ' ”

From “ *Parisina*.”

GRONGAR HILL.

JOHN DYER.

EVER charming, ever new,
 When will the landscape tire the view !
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
 The woody valleys, warm and low ;
 The windy summit, wild and high,
 Roughly rushing on the sky !
 The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
 The naked rock, the shady bower ;
 The town and village, dome and farm,
 Each give each a double charm,
 As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
 See on the mountain's southern side,
 Where the prospect opens wide,
 Where the evening gilds the tide ;
 How close and small the hedges lie !
 What streaks of meadows cross the eye !
 A step methinks may pass the stream,
 So little distant dangers seem ;
 So we mistake the future's face,
 Eyed through hope's deluding glass ;
 As yon summits soft and fair,
 Clad in colors of the air,
 Which, to those who journey near,
 Barren, brown, and rough appear ;
 Still we tread the same coarse way,
 The present's still a cloudy day.
 O may I with myself agree,
 And never covet what I see :

Content me with an humble shade,
 My passions tamed, my wishes laid ;
 For, while our wishes wildly roll,
 We banish quiet from the soul :
 'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
 And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,
 As on the mountain-turf I lie ;
 While the wanton zephyr sings,
 And in the vale perfumes his wings ;
 While the waters murmur deep ;
 While the shepherd charms his sheep ;
 While the birds unbounded fly,
 And with music fill the sky,
 Now, even now, my joys run high,

Be full, ye courts ; be great who will :
 Search for peace with all your skill :
 Open wide the lofty door,
 Seek her on the marble floor.
 In vain you search, she is not there ;
 In vain ye search the domes of care !
 Grass and flowers quiet treads,
 On the meads and mountain-heads,
 Along with pleasure, close allied,
 Ever by each other's side :
 And often, by the murmuring rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE.

WM. COLLINS.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes bless'd !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there !

FLODDEN FIELD.

D. M. MOIR.

HARK to the turmoil and the shout,
 The war-cry, and the cannon's boom !
 Behold the struggle and the rout,
 The broken lance and draggled plume !
 Borne to the earth, with deadly force,
 Comes down the horseman and his horse ;
 Round boils the battle like an ocean,
 While stripling blithe and veteran stern
 Pour forth their life-blood on the fern,
 Amid its fierce commotion !

Mown down like swathes of summer flowers,
 Yes ! on the cold earth there they lie,
 The lords of Scotland's bannered towers,
 The chosen of her chivalry !
 Commingled with the vulgar dead,
 Perhaps lies many a mitred head ;
 And thou, the vanguard onwards leading,
 Who left the sceptre for the sword,
 For battle-field the festal board,
 Liest low amid the bleeding !

Yes ! here thy life-star knew decline,
 Though hope, that strove to be deceived,
 Shaped thy lone course to Palestine,
 And what it wished full oft believed :—
 An unhewn pillar on the plain
 Marks out the spot where thou wast slain ;
 There pondering as I stood, and gazing
 On its gray top, the linnet sang,
 And, o'er the slopes where conflict rang,
 The quiet sheep were grazing.

And were the nameless dead unsung,
 The patriot and the peasant train,
 Who like a phalanx round thee clung,
 To find but death on Flodden Plain ?
 No ! many a mother's melting lay
 Mourned o'er the bright flowers *wede* away ;
 And many a maid, with tears of sorrow,
 Whose locks no more were seen to wave,
 Wept for the beauteous and the brave,
 Who came not on the morrow !

THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA.

ALBERT PIKE.

FROM the Rio Grandé's waters to the icy lakes of Maine,
Let all exult! for we have met the enemy again—
Beneath their stern old mountains, we have met them in their pride,
And rolled from Buena Vista back the battle's bloody tide;
Where the enemy came surging, like the Mississippi's flood,
And the reaper, Death, was busy with his sickle red with blood.

Santa Anna boasted loudly, that, before two hours were past,
His lancers through Saltillo should pursue us thick and fast;
On came his solid regiments, line marching after line;
Lo, their great standards in the sun like sheets of silver shine:
With thousands upon thousands, yea, with more than four to one,
A forest of bright bayonets gleams fiercely in the sun.

Upon them with your squadrons, May!—Out leaps the flaming steel;
Before his serried column how the frightened lancers reel!
They flee amain. Now to the left, to stay their triumph there,
Or else the day is surely lost in horror and despair;
For their hosts are pouring swiftly on, like a river in the spring:
Our flank is turned, and on our left their cannon thundering.

Now, brave artillery! bold dragoons!—Steady, my men, and calm!
Through rain, cold, hail, and thunder; now nerve each gallant arm!
What though their shot falls round us here, still thicker than the hail!
We'll stand against them, as the rock stands firm against the gale.
Lo! their battery is silenced now: our iron hail still showers:
They falter, halt, retreat! Hurrah! the glorious day is ours!

Now charge again, Santa Anna! or the day is surely lost;
For back, like broken waves, along our left your hordes are tossed.
Still louder roar two batteries—his strong reserve moves on;—
More work is there before you, men, ere the good fight is won;
Now for your wives and children stand! steady, my braves, once more!
Now for your lives, your honor, fight! as you never fought before.

Ho! Hardin breasts it bravely! McKee and Bissell there
Stand firm before the storm of balls that fills th' astonished air.
The lancers are upon them, too!—the foe swarms ten to one—
Hardin is slain—McKee and Clay the last time see the sun;
And many another gallant heart, in that last desperate fray,
Grew cold, its last thoughts turning to its loved ones far away.

Still sullenly the cannon roared—but died away at last,
And o'er the dead and dying came the evening shadows fast,
And then above the mountains rose the cold moon's silver shield,
And patiently and pityingly looked down upon the field;
And careless of his wounded, and neglectful of his dead,
Despairingly and sullen, in the night, Santa Anna fled.

THE BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO.

ANONYMOUS.

SCARCE the tropic dawn is glowing;
Scarce your eye can pierce the dark,
When one voice breaks through the stillness:
'T is our gallant leader—hark!

FORWARD!—like the pealing thunder,
Thousand voices swell the sound!
While mid groans, and smoke, and fire,
Far it echoes round and round.

Every eye is glaring wildly;
Every sabre swinging high;
Every musket at the shoulder,
Ready all to do or die.

All are doing, many dying;
God of mercy, how they fall!
"Forward ever!" fast and fearless,
Now we reach the outer wall.

Here we halt to close together;
Here one "Anglo-Saxon yell,"
And like surging billows breaking,
Pour we on their citadel.

Then thy palisadoed ravine,
Plan del Rio, heard the cries;
Now the "Bravo Santiago,"
Now the shrill "hurrahs" that rise.

Swords are dripping, bayonets bloody,
Prayers and curses blending high;

"Three times three! the fight is over;
Three times three for victory!"

On the "royal road" retreating,
Like the heavings of the sea,
O'er the fields like spray dispersing,
Everywhere for life they flee.

Scarce the battle-din is fainter,
Still the wind brings back the shout,
When like tigers from their coverts
Our dragoons are on the route.

"Spare, oh spare!" the hot blood boileth;
Still the sabres whirl in air;
"Spare, oh spare!" the rich blood poureth:
"For God's holy Mother spare!"

Now the smoky clouds are lifting;
Earth lies drunken, dark, and red;
Now, through dead and dying roaming,
Woman comes to seek her dead.

Cerro Gordo, Cerro Gordo!
Thy rich slopes with men are sown;
At thy base the vulture flieth,
Where his luscious prey is thrown.

Cerro Gordo, on thy summit
War with iron tramp hath trod:
Yet how silent hath he left thee!
Silent till the day of God.

When the mighty angel's trumping
Heaven's eternal arch shall fill,
Once again shall battle-thousands
Stand on Cerro Gordo hill.

"BOIS TON SANG, BEAUMANOIR."

Mrs. Jsgood.

FIERCE raged the combat—the foemen pressed nigh,
When from young Beaumanoir rose the wild cry,

Beaumanoir, mid them all, bravest and first—
 "Give me to drink, for I perish of thirst!"
 Hark! at his side, in the deep tones of ire,
 "Bois ton SANG, Beaumanoir!" shouted his sire.

Deep had it pierced him—the foemen's swift sword,
 Deeper his soul felt the wound of that word:
 Back to the battle, with forehead all flushed,
 Stung to wild fury, the noble youth rushed!
 Scorn in his dark eyes—his spirit on fire—
 Deeds were his answer that day to his sire.
 Still where triumphant the young hero came,
 Glory's bright garland encircled his name:
 But in her bower, to beauty a slave,
 Dearer the guerdon his lady-love gave,
 While on his shield, that no shame had defaced,
 "Bois ton sang, Beaumanoir!" proudly she traced.

THE LAMENTATION OF DON RODERICK.

J. G. LOCKHART.

THE hosts of Don Rodrigo were scattered in dismay,
 When lost was the eighth battle, nor heart nor hope had they;
 He, when he saw that field was lost, and all his hope was flown,
 He turned him from his flying host, and took his way alone.

His horse was bleeding, blind, and lame—he could no farther go;
 Dismounted, without path or aim, the King stepped to and fro;
 It was a sight of pity to look on Roderick,
 For, sore athirst and hungry, he staggered faint and sick.

All stained and strewed with dust and blood, like to some smouldering
 brand
 Plucked from the flame, Rodrigo showed: his sword was in his hand,
 But it was hacked into a saw of dark and purple tint;
 His jewelled mail had many a flaw, his helmet many a dint.

He climbed unto a hill-top, the highest he could see—
 Thence all about of that wide rout his last long look took he;
 He saw his royal banners, where they lay drenched and torn,
 He heard the cry of victory, the Arab's shout of scorn.

He looked for the brave captains that led the hosts of Spain,
 But all were fled except the dead, and who could count the slain?

Where'er his eye could wander, all bloody was the plain,
And, while thus he said, the tears he shed run down his cheeks like
rain :—

“ Last night I was the King of Spain—to-day no King am I ;
Last night fair castles held my train—to-night where shall I lie ?
Last night a hundred pages did serve me on the knee,—
To-night not one I call mine own :—not one pertains to me.

“ Oh, luckless, luckless was the hour, and cursed was the day,
When I was born to have the power of this great senjory !
Unhappy me that I should see the sun go down to-night !
O Death, why now so slow art thou, why fearest thou to smite ?”

THE LORD OF BUTRAGO.

J. G. LOCKHART.

“ Your horse is faint, my King—my Lord ! your gallant horse is sick—
His limbs are torn, his breast is gored, on his eye the film is thick ;
Mount, mount on mine, oh, mount apace, I pray thee, mount and fly !
Or in my arms I'll lift your grace—their trampling hoofs are nigh !

“ My King—my King ! you're wounded sore—the blood runs from
your feet ;

But only lay a hand before, and I'll lift you to your seat :
Mount, Juan, for they gather fast !—I hear their coming cry—
Mount, mount, and ride for jeopardy—I'll save you though I die !

“ Stand, noble steed ! this hour of need—be gentle as a lamb :
I'll kiss the foam from off thy mouth—thy master dear I am—
Mount, Juan, mount ! whate'er betide, away the bridle fling,
And plunge the rowels in his side.—My horse shall save my King !

“ Nay, never speak ; my sires, Lord King, received their land from
yours,

And joyfully their blood shall spring, so be it thine secures :
If I should fly, and thou, my King, be found among the dead,
How could I stand 'mong gentlemen, such scorn on my gray head ?

“ Castile's proud dames shall never point the finger of disdain,
And say there's one that ran away when our good lords were slain !—
I leave Diego in your care—you'll fill his father's place :
Strike, strike the spur, and never spare—God's blessing on your
grace !”

So spake the brave Montañez, Butrago's lord was he;
 And turned him to the coming host in steadfastness and glee;
 He flung himself among them, as they came down the hill—
 He died, God wot! but not before his sword had drunk its fill.

THE CAVALIERS' MARCH TO LONDON.

LORD MACAULAY

To horse! to horse! brave cavaliers!
 To horse for church and crown!
 Strike, strike your tents! snatch up your spears!
 And ho for London town!
 The imperial harlot, doomed a prey
 To our avenging fires,
 Sends up the voice of her dismay
 From all her hundred spires.

The Strand resounds with maidens' shrieks,
 The 'Change with merchants' sighs,
 And blushes stand on brazen cheeks,
 And tears in iron eyes;
 And, pale with fasting and with fright,
 Each Puritan committee
 Hath summoned forth to prayer and fight
 The Roundheads of the city.

And soon shall London's sentries hear
 The thunder of our drum,
 And London's dames, in wilder fear,
 Shall cry, Alack! They come!
 Fling the fascines;—tear up the spikes;
 And forward, one and all.
 Down, down with all their train-band pikes,
 Down with their mud-built wall.

Quarter?—Foul fall your whining noise,
 Ye recreant spawn of fraud!
 No quarter! Think on Strafford, boys.
 No quarter! Think on Laud.
 What ho! The craven slaves retire.
 On! Trample them to mud.
 No quarter! Charge.—No quarter!
 No quarter! Blood! blood! blood!—

Where next? In sooth there lacks no witch,
 Brave lads, to tell us where,
 Sure London's sons be passing rich,
 Her daughters wondrous fair:
 And let that dastard be the theme
 Of many a board's derision,
 Who quails for sermon, cuff, or scream
 Of any sweet precisian.

Their lean divines, of solemn brow,
 Sworn foes to throne and steeple,
 From an unwonted pulpit now
 Shall edify the people:
 Till the tired hangman, in despair,
 Shall curse his blunted shears,
 And vainly pinch, and scrape, and tear,
 Around their leathern ears.

We'll hang, above his own Guildhall,
 The city's grave Recorder,
 And on the den of thieves we'll fall,
 Though Pym should speak to order.
 In vain the lank-haired gang shall try
 To cheat our martial law;
 In vain shall Lenthall trembling cry
 That strangers must withdraw.

Of bench and woolsack, tub and chair,
 We'll build a glorious pyre,
 And tons of rebel parchment there
 Shall crackle in the fire.
 With them shall perish, cheek by jowl,
 Petition, psalm, and libel,
 The colonel's canting muster-roll,
 The chaplain's dog-eared Bible.

We'll tread a measure round the blaze
 Where England's pest expires,
 And lead along the dance's maze
 The beauties of the friars:
 Then smiles in every face shall shine,
 And joy in every soul.
 Bring forth, bring forth the oldest wine,
 And crown the largest bowl.

And as with nod and laugh ye sip
 The goblet's rich carnation,

Whose bursting bubbles seem to tip
 The wink of invitation ;
 Drink to those names,—those glorious names,—
 Those names no time shall sever,—
 Drink, in a draught as deep as Thames,
 Our church and king for ever !

THE COMBAT OF HERMINIUS AND MAMILIUS.

LORD MACAULAY.

RIGHT glad were all the Romans
 Who, in that hour of dread,
 Against great odds bare up the war
 Around Valerius dead,
 When from the south the cheering
 Rose with a mighty swell ;
 “ Herminius comes, Herminius,
 Who kept the bridge so well !”

Mamilius spied Herminius,
 And dashed across the way.
 “ Herminius ! I have sought thee
 Through many a bloody day.
 One of us two, Herminius,
 Shall never more go home.
 I will lay on for Tusculum,
 And lay thou on for Rome !”

All round them paused the battle,
 While met in mortal fray
 The Roman and the Tusculan,
 The horses black and gray.
 Herminius smote Mamilius
 Through breast-plate and through breast ;
 And fast flowed out the purple blood
 Over the purple vest.
 Mamilius smote Herminius
 Through head-piece and through head ;
 And side by side those chiefs of pride
 Together fell down dead.
 Down fell they dead together
 In a great lake of gore ;
 And still stood all who saw them fall
 While men might count a score.

From “ *The Battle of the Lake Regillus.*”

ATTILA ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF CHALONS.

W. HERBERT.

STREWN on every side

Lay dead and dying, like the scattered seed
Cast by the husbandman, with other thoughts
Of unstained harvest; chariots overthrown,
Shields cast behind, and wheels, and severed limbs,
Rider and steed, and all the merciless shower
Of arrows barbed, strong shafts, and feathered darts
Winged with dismay. As when of Alpine snows
The secret fount is opened, and dread sprites,
That dwell in those crystalline solitudes
Have loosed the avalanche whose deep-thundering moan,
Predicting ruin, on his couch death-doomed
The peasant hears; waters on waters rush
Uptearing all impediment, woods, rocks,
Ice rifted from the deep cærulean glens,
Herds striving with the stream, and bleating flocks,
The dwellers of the dale, with all of life
That made the cottage blithesome; but ere long
The floods o'erpass; the ravaged valley lies
Tranquil and mute in ruin. So confused
In awful stillness lay the battle's wreck.
Here heaps of slain, as by an eddy cast,
And hands, which, stiff, still clenched the ruddy steel,
Showed rallied strength, and life sold dearly. There
Equal and mingled havoc, where the tide
Doubtful had paused whether to ebb or flow.
Some prone were cast, some headlong, some supine;
Others yet strove with death. The sallow cheek
Of the slain Avar pressed the mangled limbs
Of yellow-haired Sicambrian, whose blue eyes
Still swum in agony; Gelonic steed
Lay panting on the cicatrized form
Of his grim lord, whose painted brow convulsed
Seemed a ferocious mockery. There, mixed
The Getic archer with the savage Hun,
And Dacian lancers lay, and sturdy Goths
Pierced by Sarmatian pike. There, once his pride
The Sueve's long-flowing hair with gore besprent,
And Alans stout, in Roman tunic clad.
Some of apparel stripped by coward bands
That vulture-like upon the skirts of war
Ever hang merciless; their naked forms

In death yet beauteous, though the eburnean limbs
 Blood had defiled. There some, whom thirst all night
 Had parched, too feeble from that fellowship
 To drag their fevered heads, aroused at dawn
 From fearful dreaming to new hope and life,
 Die rified by the hands whose help they crave.
 Others lie maimed and torn, too strong to die,
 Imploring death. Oh, for some friendly aid
 To staunch their burning wounds and cool the lip
 Refreshed with water from an unstained spring!

THE BENDED BOW.

MRS. HEMANS.

THERE was heard the sound of a coming foe,
 There was sent through Britain a bended bow;
 And a voice was poured on the free winds far,
 As the land rose up at the sign of war.

“Heard you not the battle horn?—
 Reaper! leave thy golden corn!
 Leave it for the birds of heaven,
 Swords must flash, and spears be riven!
 Leave it for the winds to shed—
 Arm! ere Britain’s turf grow red!”

And the reaper armed, like a freeman’s son;
 And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

“Hunter! leave the mountain chase!
 Take the falchion from its place!
 Let the wolf go free to-day,
 Leave him for a nobler prey!
 Let the deer ungalled sweep by,—
 Arm thee! Britain’s foes are nigh!”

And the hunter armed ere the chase was done;
 And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

“Chieftain! quit the joyous feast!
 Stay not till the song hath ceased:
 Though the mead be foaming bright,
 Though the fire give ruddy light,
 Leave the hearth and leave the hall—
 Arm thee! Britain’s foes must fall.”

And the chieftain armed, and the horn was blown ;
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

“ Prince ! thy father’s deeds are told,
In the bower and in the hold !
Where the goatherd’s lay is sung,
Where the minstrel’s harp is strung !
Foes are on thy native sea—
Give our bards a tale of thee !”

And the prince came armed, like a leader’s son ;
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

“ Mother ! stay thou not thy boy !
He must learn the battle’s joy.
Sister ! bring the sword and spear,
Give thy brother words of cheer !
Maiden ! bid thy lover part,
Britain calls the strong in heart !”

And the bended bow and the voice passed on ;
And the bards made song for a battle won.

THE LYRE AND SWORD.

GEORGE LUNT

THE freeman’s glittering sword be blest,—
For ever blest the freeman’s lyre,—
That rings upon the tyrant’s crest ;
This stirs the heart like living fire :
Well can he wield the shining brand,
Who battles for his native land ;
But when his fingers sweep the chords,
That summon heroes to the fray,
They gather at the feat of swords,
Like mountain-eagles to their prey !

And mid the vales and swelling hills,
That sweetly bloom in Freedom’s land,
A living spirit breathes and fills
The freeman’s heart and nerves his hand ;
For the bright soil that gave him birth,
The home of all he loves on earth,—
For *this* when Freedom’s trumpet calls,
He waves on high his sword of fire,—

For *this*, amidst his country's halls
For ever strikes the freeman's lyre!

His burning heart he may not lend
To serve a doting despot's sway,—
A suppliant knee he will not bend,
Before these things of "brass and clay:"
When wrong and ruin call to war,
He knows the summons from afar;
On high his glittering sword he waves,
And myriads feel the freeman's fire,
While he, around their father's graves,
Strikes to old strains the freeman's lyre!

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

WM. MOTHERWELL.

A STEED, a steed of matchlesse speed!
A sword of metal keene!
All else to noble heartes is drosse,
All else on earth is meane.
The neighynge of the war-horse prowde,
The rowlings of the drum,
The clangor of the trumpet lowde,
Be soundes from heaven that come;
And O! the thundering presse of knightes
Whenas their war-cryes swell,
May tole from heaven an angel bright,
And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte! brave gallants all,
And don your helmes amaine:
Deathe's couriers, fame and honor, call
Us to the field againe.
No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt's in our hand,—
Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sighe
For the fayrest of the land;
Let piping swaine, and craven wight
Thus weepe and puling crye,
Our business is like men to fight,
And hero-like to die!

RIO BRAVO—A MEXICAN LAMENT.

C. F. HOFFMAN.

RIO BRAVO! Rio Bravo!—saw men ever such a sight
 Since the field of Roncesvalles sealed the fate of many a knight!
 Dark is Palo Alto's story—sad Resaca Palma's rout—
 Ah me! upon those fields so gory how many a gallant life went out.
 There our best and bravest lances shivered 'gainst the Northern steel,
 Left the valiant hearts that couched them 'neath the Northern charger's
 heel.

Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! brave hearts ne'er mourned such a sight,
 Since the noblest lost their life-blood in the Roncesvalles fight.

There Arista, best and bravest—there Raguena, tried and true,
 On the fatal field thou lavest, nobly did all men could do;
 Vainly there those heroes rally, Castile on Montezuma's shore,
 Vainly there shone Aztec valor brightly as it shone of yore.
 Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! saw men ever such a sight,
 Since the dews of Roncesvalles wept for paladin and knight.

Heard ye not the wounded coursers shrieking on yon trampled banks,
 As the Northern winged artillery thundered on our shattered ranks?
 On they came—those Northern horsemen—on like eagles toward the
 sun;

Followed then the Northern bayonet, and the field was lost and won.
 Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! minstrel ne'er sung such a fight,
 Since the lay of Roncesvalles sang the fame of martyred knight.
 Rio Bravo! fatal river! saw ye not, while red with gore,
 One cavalier all headless quiver, a nameless trunk upon thy shore?
 Other champions not less noted sleep beneath thy sullen wave:
 Sullen water, thou hast floated armies to an ocean grave.
 Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! lady ne'er wept such a sight,
 Since the moon of Roncesvalles kissed in death her own loved knight.

Weepest thou, lorn Lady Inez, for thy lover mid the slain?
 Brave La Vega's trenchant sabre cleft his slayer to the brain—
 Brave La Vega, who, all lonely, by a host of foes beset,
 Yielded up his falchion only when his equal there he met.
 Oh, for Roland's horn to rally his paladins by that sad shore!
 Rio Bravo, Roncesvalles, ye are names linked evermore.

Sullen river! sullen river! vultures drink thy gory wave,
 But they blur not those loved features, which not Love himself could
 save.

Rio Bravo, thou wilt name not that lone corse upon thy shore,
But in prayer sad Inez names him—names him praying evermore.
Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! lady ne'er mourned such a knight,
Since the fondest hearts were broken by the Roncesvalles fight.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MARSEILLAISE.

O. W. HOLMES.

SCOURGE of mankind! with all the dread array,
That wraps in wrath thy desolating way,
As the wild tempest wakes the slumbering sea,
Thou only teachest all that man can be.
Alike thy tocsin has the power to charm
The toil-knit sinews of the rustic's arm,
Or swell the pulses in the poet's veins,
And bid the nations tremble at his strains.

The city slept beneath the moonbeam's glance,
Her white walls gleaming through the vines of France,
And all was hushed, save where the footsteps fell,
On some high tower, of midnight sentinel.
But one still watched; no self-encircled woes
Chased from his lids the angel of repose;
He watched, he wept, for thoughts of bitter years
Bowed his dark lashes, wet with burning tears;
His country's sufferings and her children's shame
Streamed o'er his memory like a forest's flame,
Each treasured insult, each remembered wrong,
Rolled through his heart and kindled into song;
His taper faded; and the morning gales
Swept through the world the war-song of Marseilles!

From "*Poetry, A Metrical Essay.*"

"QUI VIVE!"

O. W. HOLMES.

"QUI VIVE!" The sentry's musket rings,
The channelled bayonet gleams;
High o'er him, like a raven's wings
The broad tri-colored banner flings
Its shadow, rustling as it swings
Pale in the moonlight beams;

Pass on ! while steel-clad sentries keep
 Their vigil o'er the monarch's sleep,
 Thy bare, unguarded breast
 Asks not the unbroken, bristling zone
 That girds yon sceptred trembler's throne ;—
 Pass on, and take thy rest !

“ *Qui vive !* ” How oft the midnight air
 That startling cry has borne !
 How oft the evening breeze has fanned
 The banner of this haughty land,
 O'er mountain snow and desert sand,
 Ere yet its folds were torn !
 Through Jena's carnage flying red,
 Or tossing o'er Marengo's dead,
 Or curling on the towers
 Where Austria's eagle quivers yet,
 And suns the ruffled plumage, wet
 With battle's crimson showers !

“ *Qui vive !* ” And is the sentry's cry,—
 The sleepless soldier's hand,—
 Are these,—the painted folds that fly
 And lift their emblems, printed high,
 On morning mist and sunset sky,—
 The guardians of a land ?
 No ! If the patriot's pulses sleep,
 How vain the watch that hirelings keep,—
 The idle flag that waves,
 When Conquest, with his iron beel,
 Treads down the standards and the steel
 That belt the soil of slaves !

ENGLAND'S DEAD.

MRS. HEMANS.

Son of the ocean isle !
 Where sleep your mighty dead ?
 Show me what high and stately pile
 Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger ! track the deep !
 Free, free the white sail spread !
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
 Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'erswayed,
With fearful power the noonday reigns,
And the palm trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done!—
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far by Ganges' banks at night,
Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on!
It hath no tone of dread,
For those that from their toils are gone,—
There slumber England's dead.

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods
The hunter's bow is strung.

But let the floods rush on!
Let the arrow's flight be sped!
Why should they reck whose task is done?—
There slumber England's dead!

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine boughs through the sky,
Like rose leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on!
Let the fresh wreaths be shed!
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deeps repose
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
And the northern night-clouds lower.

But let the ice drift on !
 Let the cold-blue desert spread !
 Their course with mast and flag is done,—
 Even there sleeps England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
 The men of field and wave !
 Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
 The seas and shores their grave !

Go, stranger ! track the deep,
 Free, free the white sail spread !
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
 Where rest not England's dead.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL WORTH.

G. W. CUTTER.

Now let the solemn minute gun
 Arouse the morning ray,
 And only with the setting sun
 In echoes die away.
 The muffled drum, the wailing fife,
 Ah ! let them murmur low,
 O'er him who was their breath of life,
 The solemn notes of woe !

At Chippewa and Lundy's Lane,
 On Polaklaba's field,
 Around him fell the crimson rain,
 The battle-thunder pealed ;
 But proudly did the soldier gaze
 Upon his daring form,
 When charging o'er the cannon's blaze
 Amid the sulphur storm.

Upon the heights of Monterey
 Again his flag unrolled,
 And when the grape-shot rent away
 Its latest starry fold,
 His plumed cap above his head
 He waved upon the air,
 And cheered the gallant troops he led
 To glorious victory there.

But ah ! the dreadful seal is broke—
 In darkness walks abroad
 The pestilence, whose silent stroke
 Is like the doom of God !
 And the hero by its fell decree
 In death is sleeping now,
 With the laurel wreath of victory
 Still green upon his brow.

BALAKLAVA.

DEAN TRENCH.

MANY a deed of faithful daring may obtain no record here,
 Wrought where none could see or note it, save the one Almighty Seer.

Many a deed awhile remembered, out of memory needs must fall,
 Covered, as the years roll onward, by oblivion's creeping pall :

But there are which never, never to oblivion can give room,
 Till in flame earth's records perish, till the thunder-peal of doom.

And of these through all the ages married to immortal fame,
 One is linked, and linked for ever, Balaklava, with thy name—

With thine armies three that wondering stood at gaze and held their
 breath,

With thy fatal lists of honor, and thy tournament of death.

O our brothers that are sleeping, weary with your great day's strife,
 On that bleak Crimean headland, noble prodigals of life—

Eyes which ne'er beheld you living, these have dearly mourned you
 dead,

All your squandered wealth of valor, all the lavish blood ye shed.

And in our eyes tears are springing, but we bid them back again ;
 None shall say, to see us weeping, that we hold your offering vain :

That for nothing, in our sentence, did that holocaust arise,
 With a battle-field for altar, and with you for sacrifice.

Not for naught ; to more than warriors armed as you for mortal fray,
 Unto each that in life's battle waits his Captain's word ye say :—

“What by duty's voice is bidden, there where duty's star may guide,
 Thither follow, that accomplish, whatsoever else betide.”

This ye taught ; and this your lesson solemnly in blood ye sealed :
 Heroes, martyrs, are the harvest Balaklava's heights shall yield.

'H TAN, 'H 'EHI TAN.

DEAN TRENCH.

"THIS, *or on this!*"—"Bring home with thee this shield,
 Or be thou, dead, upon this shield brought home!"
 So spake the Spartan mother to the son
 Whom her own hands had armed. O strong of heart!
 Yet know I of a fairer strength than this—
 Strength linked with weakness, steeped in tears and fears,
 And tenderness of trembling womanhood;
 But true as hers to duty's perfect law.

And such is theirs who in our England now,
 Wives, sisters, mothers, watch by day, by night.
 In many a cottage, many a stately hall,
 For those dread posts, too slow, too swift, that haste
 O'er land and sea, the messengers of doom;
 Theirs, who ten thousand times would rather hear
 Of loved forms stretched upon the bloody sod,
 All cold and stark, but with the debt they owed
 To that dear land that bore them duly paid,
 Than look to enfold them in fond arms again,
 By aught in honor's or in peril's path
 Unduly shunned, reserved for that embrace.

 MONTEREY.

C. F. HOFFMAN.

WE were not many—we who stood
 Before the iron sleet that day—
 Yet many a gallant spirit would
 Give half his years if he but could
 Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot, it hailed
 In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
 Yet not a single soldier quailed
 When wounded comrades round them wailed
 Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on—still on our column kept
 Through walls of flame its withering way;
 Where fell the dead, the living septe,
 Still charging on the guns that swept
 The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
 When, striking where he strongest lay,
 We swooped his flanking batteries past,
 And braving full their murderous blast,
 Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
 And there our evening bugles play;
 Where orange boughs above their grave
 Keep green the memory of the brave
 Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed
 Beside the brave who fell that day;
 But who of us has not confessed
 He'd rather share their warrior rest,
 Than not have been at Monterey?

THE BRIGADE AT FONTENOY.

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

By our camp fires rose a murmur,
 At the dawning of the day,
 And the tread of many footsteps
 Spoke the advent of the fray;
 And as we took our places,
 Few and stern were our words,
 While some were tightening horse-girths,
 And some were girding swords.

The trumpet blast has sounded
 Our footmen to array—
 The willing steed has bounded,
 Impatient for the fray—
 The green flag is unfolded,
 While rose the cry of joy—
 "Heaven speed dear Ireland's banner
 To-day at Fontenoy."

We looked upon that banner,
 And the memory arose
 Of our homes and perished kindred,
 Where the Lee or Shannon flows;

We looked upon that banner,
And we swore to God on high,
To smite to-day the Saxon's might—
To conquer or to die.

Loud swells the charging trumpet—
'Tis a voice from our own land—
God of battles—God of vengeance,
Guide to-day the patriot's brand;
There are stains to wash away—
There are memories to destroy,
In the best blood of the Briton
To-day at Fontenoy.

Plunge deep the fiery rowels
In a thousand reeking flanks—
Down, chivalry of Ireland,
Down on the British ranks—
Now shall their serried columns
Beneath our sabres reel—
Through their ranks, then, with the war-horse—
Through their bosoms with the steel.

With one shout for good King Louis,
And the fair land of the vine,
Like the wrathful Alpine tempest,
We swept upon their line—
Then rang along the battle-field
Triumphant our hurrah,
And we smote them down, still cheering
“*Erin, slanthagal go bragh.*”

As prized as is the blessing
From an aged father's lip—
As welcome as the haven
To the tempest-driven ship—
As dear as to the lover
The smile of gentle maid—
Is this day of long-sought vengeance
To the swords of the Brigade.

See their shattered forces flying,
A broken, routed line—
See England, what brave laurels
For your brow to-day we twine.

O, thrice blessed the hour that witnessed
The Briton turn to flee
From the chivalry of Erin,
And France's "*fleur de lis*."

As we lay beside our camp-fires,
When the sun had passed away,
And thought upon our brethren,
Who had perished in the fray—
We prayed to God to grant us,
And then we'd die with joy,
One day upon our own dear land
Like this of Fontenoy.

THE GRASP OF THE DEAD.

L. E. LANDON.

'Twas in the battle-field, and the cold pale moon
Looked down on the dead and dying;
And the wind passed o'er with a dirge and a wail,
Where the young and brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief: but his bed was the ground,
And the grave's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover, 'mid death and doom,
Passed a soldier, his plunder seeking.
Careless he stept, where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
The soldier paused beside it:
He wrenched the hand with a giant's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his English heart
Took part with the dead before him;
And he honored the brave who died sword in hand,
As with softened brow he leant o'er him.

"A soldier's death thou hast boldly died,
A soldier's grave won by it:
Before I would take that sword from thine hand,
My own life's blood should dye it.

Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
Or the wolf to batten o'er thee;
Or the coward insult the gallant dead,
Who in life had trembled before thee."

Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth,
Where his warrior foe was sleeping;
And he laid him there in honor and rest,
With his sword in his own brave keeping!

IMAGE OF WAR.

LORD BYRON.

HARK! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high;—from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon.
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

From "*Childe Harold*."

WIT AND HUMOR, IN VERSE.

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

HOLMES.

I WROTE some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die ;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came ;
How kind it was of him,
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb !

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added, (as a trifling jest,)
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within ;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next ; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear ;
He read the third ; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth ; he broke into a roar ;
The fifth ; his waistband split ;
The sixth ; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
 I watched that wretched man,
 And since, I never dare to write
 As funny as I can.

NUX POSTCŒNATICA.

HOLMES.

I WAS sitting with my microscope, upon my parlor rug,
 With a very heavy quarto and a very lively bug;
 The true bug had been organized with only two antennæ,
 But the humbug in the copperplate would have them twice as many.

And I thought, like Dr. Faustus, of the emptiness of art,
 How we take a fragment for the whole, and call the whole a part,
 When I heard a heavy footstep that was loud enough for two,
 And a man of forty entered, exclaiming,—“How d’ye do?”

He was not a ghost, my visiter, but solid flesh and bone;
 He wore a Palo Alto hat, his weight was twenty stone;
 (It’s odd how hats expand their brims as riper years invade,
 As if when life had reached its noon, it wanted them for shade!)

I lost my focus,—dropped my book,—the bug, who was a flea,
 At once exploded, and commenced experiments on me.
 They have a certain heartiness that frequently appals,—
 Those mediæval gentlemen in semilunar smalls!

“My boy,” he said—(colloquial ways,—the vast, broad-hatted man,)
 “Come dine with us on Thursday next,—you must, you know you can;
 We’re going to have a roaring time, with lots of fun and noise,
 Distinguished guests, et cetera, the Judge, and all the boys.”

Not so,—I said,—my temporal bones are showing pretty clear
 It’s time to stop,—just look and see that hair above this ear;
 My golden days are more than spent,—and, what is very strange,
 If these are real silver hairs, I’m getting lots of change.

Besides—my prospects—don’t you know that people won’t employ
 A man that wrongs his manliness by laughing like a boy?
 And suspect the azure blossom that unfolds upon a shoot,
 As if wisdom’s old potato could not flourish at its root!

It’s a very fine reflection, when you’re etching out a smile
 On a copperplate of faces that would stretch at least a mile,

That, what with sneers from enemies, and cheapening shrugs of friends,
It will cost you all the earnings that a month of labor lends!

It's a vastly pleasing prospect, when you're screwing out a laugh
That your very next year's income is diminished by a half,
And a little boy trips barefoot that Pegasus may go,
And the baby's milk is watered that your Helicon may flow!

No;—the joke has been a good one,—but I'm getting fond of quiet,
And I don't like deviations from my customary diet;
So I think I will not go with you to hear the toasts and speeches,
But stick to old Montgomery Place, and have some pig and peaches.

The fat man answered:—Shut your mouth, and hear the genuine creed;
The true essentials of a feast are only fun and feed;
The force that wheels the planets round delights in spinning tops,
And that young earthquake t'other day was great at shaking props.

I tell you what, philosopher, if all the longest heads
That ever knocked their sinciputs in stretching on their beds,
Were round one great mahogany, I'd beat those fine old folks
With twenty dishes, twenty fools, and twenty clever jokes!

Why, if Columbus should be there, the company would beg
He'd show that little trick of his of balancing the egg!
Milton to Stilton would give in, and Solomon to Salmon,
And Roger Bacon be a bore, and Francis Bacon gammon!

And as for all the "patronage" of all the clowns and boors
That squint their little narrow eyes at any freak of yours,
Do leave them to your prosier friends,—such fellows ought to die
When rhubarb is so very scarce and ipecac so high!

And so I come,—like Lochinvar, to tread a single measure,
To purchase with a loaf of bread a sugar-plum of pleasure,
To enter for the cup of glass that's run for after dinner,
Which yields a single sparkling draught, then breaks and cuts the
winner.

Ah, that's the way delusion comes,—a glass of old Madeira,
A pair of visual diaphragms revolved by Jane or Sarah,
And down go vows and promises without the slightest question
If eating words won't compromise the organs of digestion!

And yet, among my native shades, beside my nursing mother,
Where every stranger seems a friend, and every friend a brother,

I feel the old convivial glow (unaided) o'er me stealing,—
The warm, champagny, old-particular, brandy-punchy feeling.

We're all alike;—Vesuvius flings the scoriæ from his fountain,
But down they come in volleying rain back to the burning mountain;
We leave, like those volcanic stones, our precious Alma Mater,
But will keep dropping in again to see the dear old crater.

AMERICAN GENIUS.

PIERPONT.

THE Yankee-boy, before he's sent to school,
Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,
The pocket-knife. To that his wistful eye
Turns, while he hears his mother's lullaby;
His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it,
Then leaves no stone unturned till he can whet it
And, in the education of the lad,
No little part that implement hath had—
His pocket-knife to the young whittler brings
A growing knowledge of material things.

Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art,
His chestnut whistle, and his shingle dart,
His elder pop-gun, with his hickory rod,
Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,
His corn-stalk fiddle, and the deeper tone
That murmurs from his pumpkin-stalk trombone,
Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed
His bow, his arrow of a feathered reed,
His wind-mill, raised the passing breeze to win,
His water-wheel, that turns upon a pin;
Or, if his father lives upon the shore,
You'll see his ship, "beam-ends upon the floor,"
Full-rigged, with raking masts, and timbers staunch,
And waiting, near the wash-tub, for a launch.

Thus, by his genius and his jack-knife driven,
Ere long he'll solve you any problem given;
Make any jim-crack, musical or mute,
A plough, a coach, an organ, or a flute;
Make you a locomotive or a clock,
Cut a canal, or build a floating-dock,
Or lead forth Beauty from a marble-block;

Make any thing, in short, for sea or shore,
 From a child's rattle to a seventy-four ;
Make it, said I?—Ay, when he undertakes it,
 He'll make the *thing* and the *machine* that makes it.

And when the thing is made, whether it be
 To move in earth, in air, or on the sea ;
 Whether on water, o'er the waves to glisten,
 Or upon land to roll, revolve, or slide ;
 Whether to whirl, or jar, to strike, or ring ;
 Whether it be a piston or a spring,
 Wheel, pully, tube sonorous, wood, or brass,
 The thing designed shall surely come to pass ;
 For, when his hand's upon it, you may know
 That there's *go* in it, and he'll *make* it go.

FASHION.

SAXE.

In closest girdle, O reluctant Muse,
 In scantiest skirts, and lightest-stepping shoes,
 Prepare to follow Fashion's gay advance,
 And thread the mazes of her motley dance ;
 And marking well each momentary hue,
 And transient form, that meets the wondering view,
 In kindred colors, gentle Muse, essay
 Her Protean phases fitly to portray.
 To-day she slowly drags a cumbrous trail,
 And "Tom" rejoices in its length of tail ;
 To-morrow, changing her capricious sport,
 She trims her flounces just as much too short ;
 To-day, right jauntily, a hat she wears
 That scarce affords a shelter to her ears ;
 To-morrow, haply, searching long in vain,
 You spy her features down a Leghorn lane ;
 To-day, she glides along with queenly grace,
 To-morrow, ambles in a mincing pace ;
 To-day, erect, she loves a martial air,
 And envious train-bands emulate the fair ;
 To-morrow, changing as her whim may serve,
 "She stoops to conquer" in a "Grecian curve ;"
 To-day, with careful negligence arrayed,
 In scanty folds of woven zephyrs made,

She moves like Dian in her woody bowers,
 Or Flora floating o'er a bed of flowers ;
 To-morrow, laden with a motley freight
 Of startling bulk and formidable weight,
 She waddles forth, ambitious to amaze
 The vulgar crowd, who giggle as they gaze !

NO!

THOMAS HOOD.

No sun—no moon !
 No morn—no noon—
 No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
 No sky—no earthly view—
 No distance looking blue—
 No road—no street—no “t’other side the way”—
 No end to any Row—
 No indications where the Crescents go—
 No top to any steeple—
 No recognitions of familiar people—
 No courtesies for showing ’em—
 No knowing ’em !
 No travelling at all—no locomotion,
 No inkling of the way—no notion—
 “No go”—by land or ocean—
 No mail—no post—
 No news from any foreign coast—
 No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
 No company—no nobility—
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
 No comfortable feel in any member—
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
 No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
 November !

THE DONKEY AND HIS PANNIERS.

THOMAS MOORE.

A DONKEY whose talent for burden was wondrous,
 So much that you'd swear he rejoiced in a load,
 One day had to jog under panniers so pond'rous,
 That—down the poor donkey fell, smack on the road.

His owners and drivers stood round in amaze—

What! Neddy, the patient, the prosperous Neddy,
So easy to drive through the dirtiest ways,
For every description of job-work so ready!

One driver (whom Ned might have “hailed” as a “brother”)

Had just been proclaiming his donkey’s renown,
For vigor, for spirit, for one thing or other—
When, lo! ’mid his praises, the donkey came down.

But, how to upraise him?—one shouts, *t’other* whistles,

While Jenky, the conjurer, wisest of all,
Declared that an “over-production” of thistles—
(Here Ned gave a stare)—was the cause of his fall.

Another wise Solomon cries, as he passes—

“There, let him alone, and the fit will soon cease;
The beast has been fighting with other jack-asses,
And this is his mode of ‘*transition to peace*.’”

Some looked at his hoofs, and, with learned grimaces,

Pronounced that too long without shoes he had gone—
“Let the blacksmith provide him a *sound metal basis*
(The wiseacres said), and he’s sure to jog on.”

But others who gabbled a jargon half Gaelic,

Exclaimed, “Hoot awa, mon, you’re a’ gane astray”
And declared that “whoe’er might prefer the *metallic*,
They’d shoe their *own* donkeys with *papier maché*.”

Meanwhile the poor Neddy, in torture and fear,

Lay under his panniers, scarce able to groan,
And, what was still dolefuler—lending an ear
To advisers whose ears were a match for his own.

At length, a plain rustic, whose wit went so far

As to see others’ folly, roared out as he passed—
“Quick—off with the panniers, all dolts as ye are,
Or your prosperous Neddy will soon kick his last.”

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

ANONYMOUS

CARDINAL WOLSEY was a man

Of an unbounded stomach, Shakspeare says,
Meaning (in metaphor), for ever puffing,
To swell beyond his size and span ;

But had he seen a player in our days
Enacting Falstaff without stuffing,
He would have owned that Wolsey's bulk ideal

Equalled not that within the bounds,
This actor's belt surrounds,
Which is, moreover, all alive and real.

This player, when the peace enabled shoals
Of our odd fishes

To visit every clime between the poles,
Swam with the stream, a histrionic Kraken,

Although his wishes
Must not, in this proceeding, be mistaken ;
For he went out professionally,—bent
To see how money might be made, not spent.

In this most laudable employ

He found himself at Lille one afternoon,
And, that he might the breeze enjoy,
And catch a peep at the ascending moon,

Out of the town he took a stroll,
Refreshing in the fields his soul,
With sight of streams, and trees, and snowy fleeces,
And thoughts of crowded houses and new pieces.

When we are pleasantly employed time flies:—

He counted up his profits, in the skies,

Until the moon began to shine ;
On which he gazed a while, and then
Pulled out his watch, and cried—" Past nine !
Why, zounds ! they shut the gates at ten."—

Backward he turned his steps *instantly*,

Stumping along with might and main,
And, though 'tis plain

He couldn't gallop, trot, or canter,
(Those who had seen him would confess it), he
Marched well for one of such obesity.

Eying his watch, and now his forehead mopping,
 He puffed and blew along the road,
 Afraid of melting, more afraid of stopping,
 When in his path he met a clown
 Returning from the town.
 "Tell me," he panted in a thawing state,
 "Dost think I can get in, friend, at the gate?"
 "Get in!" replied the hesitating loon,
 Measuring with his eye our bulky wight,
 "Why—yes, sir,—I should think you might;
 A load of hay went in this afternoon."

SCHOOL AND SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

PRAED.

TWELVE years ago I made a mock
 Of filthy trades and traffics:
 I wondered what they meant by stock;
 I wrote delightful sapphics:
 I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
 I supped with fates and furies;
 Twelve years ago I was a boy,
 A happy boy, at Drury's.

Twelve years ago!—how many a thought
 Of faded paints and pleasures
 Those whispered syllables have brought
 From memory's hoarded treasures!
 The fields, the forms, the beasts, the books,
 The glories and disgraces,
 The voices of dear friends, the looks
 Of old familiar faces.

Where are my friends?—I am alone,
 No playmate shares my beaker—
 Some lie beneath the church-yard stone,
 And some before the speaker;
 And some compose a tragedy,
 And some compose a rondo;
 And some draw sword for liberty,
 And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes,
 Without the fear of sessions:

Charles Medler loathed false quantities,
As much as false professions ;
Now Mill keeps order in the land,
A magistrate pedantic ;
And Medler's feet repose unscanned,
Beneath the wide Atlantic.

While Nick, whose oaths made such a din,
Does Dr. Martext's duty ;
And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,
Is married to a beauty ;
And Darrel studies, week by week,
His Mant and not his Manton ;
And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,
Is very rich at Canton.

And I am eight-and-twenty now—
The world's cold chain has bound me ;
And darker shades are on my brow,
And sadder scenes around me :
In parliament I fill my seat,
With many other noodles ;
And lay my head in Germyn-street,
And sip my hock at Doodle's.

But oft when the cares of life
Have set my temples aching,
When visions haunt me of a wife,
When duns await my waking,
When Lady Jane is in a pet,
Or Hobby in a hurry,
When Captain Hazard wins a bet,
Or Beaulieu spoils a curry :

For hours and hours, I think and talk
Of each remembered hobby ;
I long to lounge in Poet's Walk—
To shiver in the lobby ;
I wish that I could run away
From house, and court, and levee,
Where bearded men appear to-day,
Just Eton boys, grown heavy ;

That I could bask in childhood's sun,
And dance o'er childhood's roses ;

And find huge wealth in one pound one,
Vast wit and broken noses;
And pray Sir Giles at Datchet Lane,
And call the milk-maids Houris;
That I could be a boy again—
A happy boy at Drury's!

THE RUSH OF THE TRAIN.

ANONYMOUS.

THROUGH the mould and through the clay,
Through the corn and through the hay,
By the margin of the lake,
O'er the river and through the brake,
O'er the bleak and dreary moor,
On we hie with screech and roar:
 Splashing, flashing,
 Crashing, dashing
 Over ridges,
 Gulleys, bridges;
 By the bubbling rill,
 And mill,
 Highways,
 Byways,
 Hollow hill:
 Jumping, bumping,
 Rocking, roaring,
Like forty thousand giants snoring!

O'er the aqueduct and bog
On we fly with ceaseless jog,
Every instant something new,
Every moment lost to view;
Now a tavern, now a steeple,
Now a crowd of gaping people;
Now a hollow, now a ridge,
Now a cross-way, now a bridge.

Grumble, stumble,
Rumble, tumble;
Fretting—getting in a stew:
Church and steeple, gaping people,
Quick as thought are lost to view.

Everything that eye can survey
 Turns hurly-burly, topsy-turvy.
 Glimpse of lonely hut and mansion,
 Glimpse of ocean's wide expansion,
 Glimpse of foundry and of forge,
 Glimpse of plain and mountain gorge—

Dash along!

Slash along!

Crash along!

Flash along!

On—on with a jump,

And a bump,

And a roll,

Hies the Fire-Fiend to its destined goal.

SAYING NOT MEANING.

W. B. WAKE.

Two gentlemen their appetite had fed,
 When opening his toothpick-case, one said,
 "It was not until lately that I knew
 That *anchovies* on *terrâ firmâ* grew."
 "Grow!" cried the other, "yes, they *grow*, indeed,
 Like other fish, but not upon the land;
 You might as well say grapes grow on a reed,
 Or in the Strand!"

"Why, sir," returned the irritated other,

"My brother,

When at Calcutta

Beheld them *bonâ fide* growing;

He wouldn't utter

A lie for love or money, sir; so in

This matter you are thoroughly mistaken."

"Nonsense, sir! nonsense! I can give no credit

To the assertion—none e'er saw or read it;

Your brother, like his evidence, should be shaken."

"Be shaken, sir! let me observe, you are

Perverse—in short—"

"Sir," said the other, sucking his cigar,

And then his port—

"If you will say impossibles are true,

You may affirm just anything you please—

That swans are quadrupeds, and lions blue,
 And elephants inhabit Stilton cheese!
 Only you must not *force* me to believe
 What's propagated merely to deceive."

"Then you force me to say, sir, you're a fool,"
 Returned the bragger.

Language like this no man can suffer cool:

It made the listener stagger;

So, thunder-stricken, he at once replied,

"The traveller *lied*

Who had the impudence to tell it you;"

"Zounds! then d'ye mean to swear before my face
 That anchovies *don't* grow like cloves and mace?"

"I *do*!"

Disputants often after hot debates

Leave the contention as they found it—bone,

And take to duelling or thumping *têtes*;

Thinking by strength of artery to atone

For strength of argument; and he who winces

From force of words, with force of arms convinces!

With pistols, powder, bullets, surgeons, lint,

Seconds, and smelling-bottles, and foreboding,

Our friends advanced; and now portentous loading

(Their hearts already loaded) served to show

It might be better they shook hands—but no;

When each opines himself, though frightened, right,

Each is, in courtesy, obliged to fight!

And they *did* fight: from six full measured paces

The unbeliever pulled his trigger first;

And fearing, from the braggart's ugly faces,

The whizzing lead had whizzed its very worst,

Ran up, and with a *duelistic* fear

(His ire evanishing like morning vapors),

Found him possessed of one remaining ear,

Who in a manner sudden and uncouth,

Had given, not lent, the other ear to truth;

For while the surgeon was applying lint,

He, wriggling, cried—"The deuce is in't—

Sir! I *meant*—CAPERS!"

AN ECHO.

ANONIMOUS.

NEVER sleeping, still awake,
 Pleasing most when most I speak;
 The delight of old and young,
 Though I speak without a tongue.
 Nought but one thing can confound me,
 Many voices joining round me;
 Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
 Like the laborers of Babel.
 Now I am a dog, or cow,
 I can bark, or I can low;
 I can bleat, or I can sing,
 Like the warblers of the spring.
 Let the love-sick bard complain,
 And I mourn the cruel pain;
 Let the happy swain rejoice,
 And I join my helping voice:
 Both are welcome, grief or joy,
 I with either sport and toy.
 Though a lady, I am stout,
 Drums and trumpets bring me out:
 Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,
 Join in all the din of battle.
 Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
 When I'm vexed can't keep me under;
 Yet so tender is my ear,
 That the lowest voice I fear;
 Much I dread the courtier's fate,
 When his merit's out of date,
 For I hate a silent breath,
 And a whisper is my death.

ON FACTOTUM NED.

THOMAS MOORE.

HERE lies Factotum Ned at last:
 Long as he breathed the vital air,
 Nothing throughout all Europe passed
 In which he hadn't some small share.

Whoe'er was *in*, whoe'er was *out*—
 Whatever statesmen did or said—

If not exactly brought about,
Was all, at least, contrived by Ned.

With Nap if Russia went to war,
'Twas owing, under Providence,
To certain hints Ned gave the Czar—
(*Vide* his pamphlet—price six pence).

If France was beat at Waterloo—
As all, but Frenchmen, think she was—
To Ned, as Wellington well knew,
Was owing half that day's applause.

Then for his news—no envoy's bag
E'er passed so many secrets through it—
Scarcely a telegraph could wag
Its wooden finger, but Ned knew it.

Such tales he had of foreign plots,
With foreign names one's ear to buzz in—
From Russia *chefs* and *ofs* in lots,
From Poland *owskis* by the dozen.

When George, alarmed for England's creed,
Turned out the last Whig ministry,
And men asked—who advised the deed?
Ned modestly confessed 'twas he.

For though, by some unlucky miss,
He had not downright *seen* the King,
He sent such hints through Viscount *This*,
To Marquis *That*, as clenched the thing.

The same it was in science, arts,
The drama, books, MS. and printed—
Kean learned from Ned his cleverest parts,
And Scott's last work by him was hinted.

Childe Harold in the proofs he read,
And, here and there, infused some soul in't—
Nay, Davy's lamp, till seen by Ned,
Had—odd enough—a dangerous hole in't.

'Twas thus, all doing and all knowing,
Wit, statesman, boxer, chemist, singer,

Whatever was the best pie going,
 In *that* Ned—trust him—had his finger.

* * * * *

THE LOBSTERS.

PUNCH

As a young Lobster roamed about,
 Itself and mother being out,
 Their eyes at the same moment fell
 On a boiled lobster's scarlet shell.
 "Look," said the younger; "is it true
 That we might wear so bright a hue?
 No coral, if I trust mine eye,
 Can with its startling brilliance vie;
 While you and I must be content
 A dingy aspect to present."
 "Proud heedless fool," the parent cried;
 "Know'st thou the penalty of pride?
 The tawdry finery you wish,
 Has ruined this unhappy fish.
 The hue so much by you desired,
 By his destruction was acquired—
 So be contented with your lot,
 Nor seek to change by going to pot."

THE BANDIT'S FATE.

PUNCH

He wore a brace of pistols the night when first we met,
 His deep-lined brow was frowning beneath his wig of jet;
 His footsteps had the moodiness, his voice the hollow tone,
 Of a bandit-chief, who feels remorse, and tears his hair alone—
 I saw him but at half-price, yet methinks I see him now,
 In the tableau of the last act, with the blood upon his brow.

A private bandit's belt and boots, when next we met, he wore;
 His salary, he told me, was lower than before;
 And standing at the O. P. wing he strove, and not in vain,
 To borrow half a sovereign, which he never paid again.

I saw it but a moment—and I wish I saw it now—
 As he buttoned up his pocket with a condescending bow.

And once again we met ; but no bandit chief was there ;
His rouge was off, and gone that head of once luxuriant hair :
He lodges in a two-pair back, and at the public near,
He cannot liquidate his " chalk," or wipe away his beer.
I saw him sad and seedy, yet methinks I see him now,
In the tableau of the last act, with the blood upon his brow.

BOYS.

SAXE

"THE proper study of mankind is man,"—

The most perplexing one, no doubt, is woman ;
The subtlest study that the mind can scan,
Of all deep problems, heavenly or human !

But of all studies in the round of learning,
From nature's marvels down to human toys,
To minds well fitted for acute discerning,
The very queerest one is that of boys !

If to ask questions that would puzzle Plato,
And all the schoolmen of the middle age,—
If to make precepts worthy of old Cato,
Be deemed philosophy,—your boy's a sage !

If the possession of a teeming fancy,—
(Although, forsooth, the yokner doesn't know it,)
Which he can use in rarest necromancy,
Be thought poetical, your boy's a poet !

If a strong will and most courageous bearing,
If to be cruel as the Roman Nero ;
If all that's chivalrous, and all that's daring,
Can make a hero, then the boy's a hero !

But changing soon with his increasing stature,
The boy is lost in manhood's riper age,
And with him goes his former triple nature,—
No longer Poet, Hero, now, nor Sage !

THE RAILWAY TRAVELLER'S FAREWELL.

PUNCH.

'Twas business called a Father to travel by the Rail ;
 His eye was calm, his hand was firm, although his cheek was pale.
 He took his little boy and girl, and set them on his knee ;
 And their mother hung about his neck, and her tears flowed fast and free.

I'm going by the Rail, my dears—Eliza, love, don't cry—
 Now, kiss me both before I leave, and wish Papa good-by.
 I hope I shall be back again, this afternoon, to tea,
 And then, I hope, alive and well, that your Papa you'll see.

I'm going by the Rail, my dears, where the engines puff and hiss ;
 And ten to one the chances are that something goes amiss ;
 And in an instant, quick as thought—before you could cry " Ah !"
 An accident occurs, and—say good-by to poor Papa !

Sometimes from scandalous neglect, my dears, the sleepers sink,
 And then you have the carriages upset, as you may think.
 The progress of the train, sometimes, a truck or coal-box checks,
 And there's a risk for poor Papa's, and everybody's necks.

Or there may be a screw loose, a hook, or bolt, or pin—
 Or else an ill-made tunnel may give way, and tumble in ;
 And in the wreck the passengers and poor Papa remain
 Confined, till down upon them comes the next Excursion-train.

If a policeman's careless, dears, or if not over-bright,
 When he should show a red flag, it may be he shows a white ;
 Between two trains, in consequence, there's presently a clash,
 If poor Papa is only bruised, he's lucky in the smash.

Points may be badly managed, as they were the other day,
 Because a stingy Company for hands enough won't pay ;
 Over and over goes the train—the engine off the rail,
 And poor Papa's unable, when he's found, to tell the tale.

And should your poor Papa escape, my darlings, with his life,
 May he return on two legs, to his children and his wife—
 With both his arms, my little dears, return your fond embrace,
 And present to you, unaltered, every feature of his face.

I hope I shall come back, my dears—but, mind, I am insured—
 So, in case the worst may happen, you are so far all secured.
 An action then will also lie for you and your Mamma—
 And don't forget to bring it—on account of poor Papa.

THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN.

KHEMNITZER.

So goes the world ;—if wealthy, you may call
This, friend, *that*, brother ;—friends and brothers all
 Though you are worthless—witless—never mind it ;
 You may have been a stable-boy—what then ?
 'Tis wealth, good sir, makes *honorable men*.
 You seek respect, no doubt, and *you* will find it.

But if you are poor, Heaven·help you ! though your sire
 Had royal blood within him, and though you
 Possess the intellect of angels too,
 'Tis all in vain ;—the world will ne'er inquire
 On such a score :—Why should it take the pains ?
 'Tis easier to weigh purses, sure, than brains.

I once saw a poor fellow, keen and clever,
 Witty and wise :—he paid a man a visit,
 And no one noticed him, and no one ever
 Gave him a welcome. “ Strange,” cried I, “ whence is it ?”

He walked on this side, then on that,

He tried to introduce a social chat ;

Now here, now there, in vain he tried ;

Some formally and freezingly replied,

And some

Said by their silence—“ Better stay at home.”

A rich man burst the door,

As Croesus rich, I'm sure

He could not pride himself upon his wit,

And as for wisdom he had none of it ;

He had what's better ; he had wealth.”

What a confusion !—all stand up erect—

These crowd around to ask him of his health,

These bow in *honest* duty and respect ;

And these arrange a sofa or a chair,

And these conduct him there.

“ Allow me, sir, the honor ;”—Then a bow

Down to the earth—Is't possible to show

Meet gratitude for such kind condescension ?

The poor man hung his head,

And to himself he said,

“ This is indeed beyond my comprehension :”

Then looking round,
 One friendly face he found,
 And said—"Pray tell me why is wealth preferred
 To wisdom?"—"That's a silly question, friend!"
 Replied the other—"have you never heard,
 A man may lend his store
 Of gold or silver ore,
 But wisdom none can borrow, none can lend?"

THE VICAR.

PRAED.

SOME years ago, ere Time and Taste
 Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
 When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
 And roads as little known as scurvy,
 The man who lost his way between
 St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
 Was always shown across the green,
 And guided to the parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
 Fair Margaret in her tidy kirtle,
 Led the lorn traveller up the path,
 Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle:
 And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
 Upon the parlor steps collected,
 Wagged all their tails and seemed to say,
 "Our master knows you; you're expected!"

Up rose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
 Up rose the Doctor's "winsome marrow;"
 The lady laid her knitting down,
 Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow;
 Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
 Pundit or papist, saint or sinner,
 He found a stable for his steed,
 And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
 And warmed himself in court or college,
 He had not gained an honest friend,
 And twenty curious scraps of knowledge;—

If he departed as he came,
 With no new light on love or liquor,—
 Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
 And not the vicarage, or the vicar.

His talk was like a stream which runs
 With rapid change from rocks to roses :
 It slipped from politics to puns :
 It passed from Mahomet to Moses :
 Beginning with the laws which keep
 The planets in their radiant courses,
 And ending with some precept deep
 For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

His sermon never said or showed
 That earth is foul, that heaven is gracious,
 Without refreshment on the road
 From Jerome, or from Athanasius ;
 And sure a righteous zeal inspired
 The hand and head that penned and planned them,
 For all who understood, admired,
 And some who did not understand them.

He did not think all mischief fair,
 Although he had a knack of joking ;
 He did not make himself a bear,
 Although he had a taste for smoking :
 And when religious sects ran mad,
 He held, in spite of all his learning,
 That if a man's belief is bad,
 It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
 In the low hut or garnished cottage,
 And praise the farmer's homely wit,
 And share the widow's homelier pottage :
 At his approach complaint grew mild,
 And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
 The clammy lips of fever smiled
 The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
 Of Julius Cæsar or of Venus :
 From him I learned the rule of three,
 Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and Quæ Genus ;

I used to singe his powdered wig,
 To steal the staff he put such trust in;
 And make the puppy dance a jig
 When he began to quote Augustin.

Alack the change! in vain I look
 For haunts in which my boyhood trifled;
 The level lawn, the trickling brook,
 The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled:
 The church is larger than before;
 You reach it by a carriage entry;
 It holds three hundred people more:
 And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the vicar's seat: you'll hear
 The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
 Whose hand is white, whose voice is clear,
 Whose tone is very Ciceronian.
 Where is the old man laid?—look down,
 And construe on the slab before you,
 HIC JACET GULIELMUS BROWN,
 VIR NULLA NON DONANDUS LAURA.

THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

THE Emperor Nap he would set off
 On a summer excursion to Moscow;
 The fields were green, and the sky was blue,
 Morbleu! Parbleu!
 What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

Four hundred thousand men and more
 Must go with him to Moscow:
 There were Marshals by the dozen,
 And Dukes by the score;
 Princes a few, and Kings one or two;
 While the fields are so green, and the sky so blue,
 Morbleu! Parbleu!
 What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

There was Junot and Augereau,
 Heigh-ho for Moscow!

Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,
 Marshal Ney, lack-a-day !
 General Rapp, and the Emperor Nap ;
 Nothing would do,
 While the fields were so green, and the sky so blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !
 Nothing would do
 For the whole of this crew,
 But they must be marching to Moscow.

The Emperor Nap he talked so big
 That he frightened Mr. Roscoe.
 John Bull, he cries, if you'll be wise,
 Ask the Emperor Nap if he will please
 To grant you peace, upon your knees,
 Because he is going to Moscow !
 He'll make all the Poles come out of their holes,
 And beat the Russians, and eat the Prussians ;
 For the fields are green, and the sky is blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !
 And he'll certainly march to Moscow !

And Counsellor Brougham was all in a fume
 At the thought of the march to Moscow :
 The Russians, he said, they were undone,
 And the great Fee-Faw-Fum
 Would presently come,
 With a hop, step, and jump, unto London :
 For, as for his conquering Russia,
 However some persons might scoff it,
 Do it he could, and do it he would,
 And from doing it nothing would come but good,
 And nothing could call him off it,
 Mr. Jeffrey said so, who must certainly know,
 For he was the Edinburgh Prophet.
 They all of them knew Mr. Jeffrey's Review,
 Which with Holy Writ ought to be reckoned :
 It was, through thick and thin, to its party true ;
 Its back was buff, and its sides were blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !
 It served them for Law and for Gospel too.

But the Russians stoutly they turned to
 Upon the road to Moscow.

Nap had to fight his way all through ;
 They could fight, though they could not parlez vous ;
 But the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !
 And so he got to Moscow.

He found the place too warm for him,
 For they set fire to Moscow.
 To get there had cost him much ado,
 And then no better course he knew,
 While the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !
 But to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him
 All on the road from Moscow.

There was Tormazow and Jemalow,
 And all the others that end in ow ;
 Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch,
 And Karatschkowitch,

And all the others that end in itch ;
 Schamscheff, Souchosaneff,
 And Schepaleff,

And all the others that end in eff ;
 Wasiltchikoff, Kostomaroff,
 And Tchoglokoff,

And all the others that end in off ;
 Rajeffsky, and Novereffsky,
 And Rieffsky,

And all the others that end in effsky ;
 Oscharoffsky and Rostoffsky,

And all the others that end in offsky ;
 And Platoff he played them off,

And Shouyaloff he shovelled them off,
 And Markoff he marked them off,
 And Krosnoff he crossed them off,
 And Tuchkoff he touched them off,
 And Boroskoff he bored them off,
 And Kutousoff he cut them off,

And Parenzoff he pared them off,
 And Worrnzoff he worried them off,
 And Doctoroff he doctored them off,
 And Rodionoff he flogged them off,

And, last of all, an Admiral came,
 A terrible man with a terrible name,

A name which you all know by sight very well,
 But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.
 They stuck close to Nap with all their might;
 They were on the left and on the right,
 Behind and before, and by day and by night;
 He would rather *parlez-vous* than fight;
 But he looked white, and he looked blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !
 When *parlez-vous* no more would do,
 For they remembered Moscow.

And then came on the frost and snow,
 All on the road from Moscow.
 The wind and the weather he found, in that hour,
 Cared nothing for him, nor for all his power;
 For him who, while Europe crouched under his rod,
 Put his trust in his Fortune, and not in his God.
 Worse and worse every day the elements grew,
 The fields were so white, and the sky so blue,
 Sacrebleu ! Ventrebleu !
 What a horrible journey from Moscow !

What then thought the Emperor Nap
 Upon the road from Moscow ?
 Why, I ween he thought it small delight
 To fight all day, and to freeze all night;
 And he was besides in a very great fright,
 For a whole skin he liked to be in;
 And so, not knowing what else to do,
 When the fields were so white, and the sky so blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !
 He stole away,—I tell you true,—
 Upon the road from Moscow.
 'Tis myself, quoth he, I must mind most;
 So the Devil may take the hindmost.

Too cold upon the road was he;
 Too hot had he been at Moscow;
 But colder and hotter he may be,
 For the grave is colder than Muscovy;
 And a place there is to be kept in view,
 Where the fire is red, and the brimstone blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !
 Which he must go to,
 If the Pope say true,

If he does not in time look about him ;
 Where his namesake almost
 He may have for his Host ;
 He has reckoned too long without him ;
 If that Host get him in Purgatory,
 He won't leave him there alone with his glory ;
 But there he must stay for a very long day,
 For from thence there is no stealing away,
 As there was on the road from Moscow.

THE CHAMELEON.

MERRICK.

Off has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 Returning from his finished tour,
 Grown ten times pertier than before :
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travelled fool your mouth will stop :—
 “ Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
 I've seen—and sure I ought to know ;”
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
 And on their way, in friendly chat,
 Now talked of this, and then of that,
 Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the chameleon's form and nature.
 “ A stranger animal,” cries one,
 “ Sure never lived beneath the sun ;
 A lizard's body, lean and long,
 A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
 Its tooth with triple claw disjoined ;
 And what a length of tail behind !
 How slow its pace ! and then its hue—
 Who ever saw so fine a blue ?”

“ Hold there !” the other quick replies—
 “ 'Tis green ; I saw it with these eyes,
 As late with open mouth it lay,
 And warmed it in the sunny ray ;

Stretched at its ease, the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food."

"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast surveyed,
Extended in the cooling shade."

"'Tis green! 'tis green, sir, I assure ye!"
"Green?" cries the other, in a fury;
"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes!"
"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies;
"For if they always use you thus,
You'll find them but of little use."

So high, at last, the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows;
When luckily came by a third;
To him the question they referred,
And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Sirs," said the umpire, "cease your pother;
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candle light;
I marked it well—'twas black as jet:
You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it."—"Pray, sir, do;
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
"And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."—
"Well, then, at once to end the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out;
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
He said—then full before their sight
Produced the beast; and, lo! 'twas white!

Both stared; the man looked wondrous wise.
"My children," the chameleon cries,—
Then first the creature found a tongue,—
"You all are right, and all are wrong."

When next you talk of what you view,
 Think others see as well as you,
 Nor wonder if you find that none
 Prefers your eyesight to his own."

DERMOT O'DOWD.

LOVER.

WHEN Dermot O'Dowd coorted Molly M'Can,
 They were sweet as the honey and soft as the down,
 But when they were wed they began to find out
 That Dermot could storm and that Molly could frown ;
 They would neither give in—so the neighbors gave out—
 Both were hot, till a coldness came over the two,
 And Molly would fluster, and Dermot would bluster,
 Stamp holes in the flure, and cry out "wirrasthru !
 Oh murther ! I'm married,
 I wish I had tarried ;
 I'm sleepless and speechless—no word can I say.
 My bed is no use,
 I'll give back to the goose
 The feathers I plucked on last Michaelmas day."

"Ah !" says Molly, "you once used to call me a bird."
 "Faix, you're ready enough still to fly out," says he.
 "You said then my eyes were as bright as the skies,
 And my lips like the rose—now no longer like me."
 Says Dermot, "your eyes are as bright as the morn,
 But your brow is as black as a big thunder cloud,
 If your lip is a rose—sure your tongue is a thorn
 That sticks in the heart of poor Dermot O'Dowd."

Says Molly, "you once said my voice was a thrush,
 But now it's a rusty ould hinge with a creak ;"
 Says Dermot, "you call'd me a duck when I coorted,
 But now I'm a goose every day in the week.
 But all husbands are geese, though our pride it may shock,
 From the first 'twas ordained so by Nature, I fear,
 Ould Adam himself was the first o' the flock,
 And Eve, with her apple sauce, cooked him, my dear."

FATHER LAND AND MOTHER TONGUE.

LOVER.

Our Father land! and would'st thou know
 Why we should call it Father land?
 It is that Adam here below,
 Was made of earth by Nature's hand;
 And he, our father, made of earth,
 Hath peopled earth on every hand,
 And we, in memory of his birth,
 Do call our country, "Father land."

At first, in Eden's bowers they say,
 No sound of speech had Adam caught,
 But whistled like a bird all day—
 And may be, 'twas for want of thought:
 But Nature, with resistless laws,
 Made Adam soon surpass the birds,
 She gave him lovely Eve—because
 If he'd a wife—they must *have words*.

And so, the NATIVE LAND I hold,
 By male descent is proudly mine;
 The LANGUAGE, as the tale hath told,
 Was given in the female line.
 And thus, we see, on either hand,
 We name our blessings whence they've sprung,
 We call our country *FATHER land*,
 We call our language *MOTHER tongue*.

MY ONLY CLIENT.

PUNCH.

Oh! take away my wig and gown,
 Their sight is mockery now to me:
 I pace my chambers up and down,
 Reiterating "Where is *he*?"

Alas! wild echo, with a moan,
 Murmurs above my feeble head:
 In the wide world I am alone;
 Ha! ha! my only client's—dead!

In vain the robing-room I seek;
 The very waiters scarcely bow;

Their looks contemptuously speak,
"He's lost his only client now."

E'en the mild usher, who, of yore,
Would hasten when his name I said,
To hand in motions, comes no more,
He knows my only client's dead.

Ne'er shall I, rising up in court,
Open the pleadings of a suit:
Ne'er shall the judges cut me short
While moving them for a compute.

No more with a consenting brief
Shall I politely bow my head;
Where shall I run to hide my grief?
Alas! my only client's dead.

Imagination's magic power
Brings back, as clear as clear can be,
The spot, the day, the very hour,
When first I signed my maiden plea.

In the Exchequer's hindmost row
I sat, and some one touched my head,
He tendered ten-and-six, but oh!
That only client now is dead!

In vain I try to sing—I'm hoarse:
In vain I try to play the flute,
A phantom seems to flit across—
It is the ghost of a compute.

I try to read,—but all in vain;
My chamber listlessly I tread;
Be still, my heart; throb less, my brain;
Ho! ho! my only client's dead.

I think I hear a double knock:
I did—alas! it is a dun.
Tailor—avaunt! my sense you shock;
He's dead! you know I had but one.

What's this they thrust into my hand?
A bill returned!—ten pounds for bread!
My butcher's got a large demand;
I'm mad! my only client's dead.

THE LAST STANZAS OF YANKEE DOODLE.

PUNCH.

YANKEE DOODLE sent to Town
His goods for exhibition ;
Everybody ran him down,
And laughed at his position.
They thought him all the world behind ;
A goney, muff, or noodle ;
Laugh on, good people—never mind—
Says quiet Yankee Doodle.

Yankee Doodle had a craft,
A rather tidy clipper,
And he challenged, while they laughed,
The Britishers to whip her.
Their whole yacht-squadron she outsped,
And that on their own water ;
Of all the lot she went a-head,
And they came nowhere arter.

O'er Panamá there was a scheme
Long talked of, to pursue a
Short route—which many thought a dream—
By Lake Nicaragua.
John Bull discussed the plan on foot,
With slow irresolution,
While Yankee Doodle went and put
It into execution.

A steamer of the Collins line,
A Yankee Doodle's notion,
Has also quickest cut the brine
Across the Atlantic Ocean.
And British agents, no ways slow
Her merits to discover,
Have been and bought her—just to tow
The Cunard packets over.

Your gunsmiths of their skill may crack,
But that again don't mention :
I guess that Colt's revolvers whack
Their very first invention.
By Yankee Doodle, too, you're beat
Downright in Agriculture,
With his machine for reaping wheat,
Chawed up as by a vulture.

You also fancied, in your pride,
 Which truly is tarnation,
 Them British locks of yourn defied
 The rogues of 'all creation ;
 But Chubbs' and Bramah's Hobbs has picked,
 And you must now be viewed all
 As having been completely licked
 By glorious Yankee Doodle.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

(An English Criticism.)

PUNCH

You who hold in grace and honor,
 Hold, as one who did you kindness
 When he published former poems,
 Sang Evangeline the noble,
 Sang the golden Golden Legend,
 Sang the songs the Voices utter
 Crying in the night and darkness,
 Sang how unto the Red Planet
 Mars he gave the Night's First Watches,
 Henry Wadsworth, whose *adnomen*
 (Coming awkward, for the accents,
 Into this his latest rhythm)
 Write we as Protracted Fellow,
 Or in Latin, *Longus Comes*—
 Buy the Song of Hiawatha.

Should you ask me, By what story,
 By what action, plot, or fiction,
 All these matters are connected?
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 Go to Bogue and buy the poem,
 Published neatly, at one shilling,
 Published sweetly, at five shillings.
 Should you ask me, Is there music
 In the structure of the verses,
 In the names and in the phrases?
 Pleading that, like weaver Bottom,
 You prefer your ears well-tickled ;
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 Henry's verse is very charming ;

And for names—there's Hiawatha,
 Who's the hero of the poem ;
 Mudjeekeewis, that's the West Wind,
 Hiawatha's graceless father ;
 There's Nokomis, there's Wenonah—
 Ladies both, of various merit ;
 Puggawangum, that's a war-club ;
 Pau-puk-keewis, he's a dandy,
 " Barred with streaks of red and yellow ;
 And the women and the maidens
 Love the handsome Pau-puk-keewis,"
 Tracing in him *Punch's* likeness.
 Then there's lovely Minnehaha—
 Pretty name with pretty meaning—
 It implies the Laughing-water ;
 And the darling Minnehaha
 Married noble Hiawatha ;
 And her story's far too touching
 To be sport for you, you donkey,
 With your ears like weaver Bottom's,
 Ears like booby Bully Bottom.

Once upon a time in London,
 In the days of the Lyceum,
 Ages ere keen Arnold let it
 To the dreadful Northern Wizard,
 Ages ere the buoyant Mathews
 Tripped upon its boards in briskness—
 I remember, I remember
 How a scribe, with pen chivalrous,
 Tried to save these Indian stories
 From the fate of chill oblivion.
 Out came sundry comic Indians
 Of the tribe of Kut-an-hack-um.
 With their Chief, the clean Efmatthews,
 With the growling Downy Beaver,
 With the valiant Monkey's Uncle,
 Came the gracious Mari-Kee-lee,
 Firing off a pocket-pistol,
 Singing, too, that Mudjee-keewis
 (Shortened in the song to " Wild Wind,")
 Was a spirit very kindly.
 Came her Sire, the joyous Kee-lee,
 By the waning tribe adopted,

Named the Buffalo, and wedded
 To the fairest of the maidens,
 But repented of his bargain,
 And his brother Kut-an-hack-ums
 Very nearly chopped his toes off—
 Serve him right, the fickle Kee-lee.
 If you ask me, What this memory
 Hath to do with Hiawatha,
 And the poem which I speak of?
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 You're a fool, and most presumptuous;
 'Tis not for such humble cattle
 To inquire what links and unions
 Join the thoughts, and mystic meanings,
 Of their betters, mighty poets,
 Mighty writers—*Punch* the mightiest;
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 Shut your mouth, and go to David,
 David, *Mr. Punch's* neighbor,
 Buy the Song of Hiawatha,
 Read, and learn, and then be thankful
 Unto *Punch* and Henry Wadsworth,
Punch and noble Henry Wadsworth,
 Truer poet, better fellow,
 Than to be annoyed at jesting,
 From his friend, great *Punch*, who loves him.

RHYME OF THE RAIL.

SAXE.

SINGING through the forests,
 Rattling over ridges,
 Shooting under arches,
 Rumbling over bridges,
 Whizzing through the mountains,
 Buzzing o'er the vale,—
 Bless me! this is pleasant,
 Riding on the Rail!

Men of different "stations"
 In the eye of Fame,
 Here are very quickly
 Coming to the same.

High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Travelling together!

Gentleman in shorts,
Looming very tall;
Gentleman at large,
Talking very small;
Gentleman in tights,
With a loose-ish mien:
Gentleman in gray,
Looking rather green.

Gentleman quite old,
Asking for the news;
Gentleman in black,
In a fit of blues;
Gentleman in claret,
Sober as a vicar;
Gentleman in Tweed,
Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right,
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny.
Now the smiles are thicker,
Wonder what they mean!
Faith, he's got the KNICKER-
BOCKER Magazine!

Stranger on the left,
Closing up his peepers,
Now he snores amain,
Like the Seven Sleepers;
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
From "Association!"

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks;

Roguish looking fellow,
 Turning to the stranger,
 Says it's his opinion
She is out of danger!

Woman with her baby,
 Sitting vis-a-vis;
 Baby keeps a squalling,
 Woman looks at me;
 Asks about the distance,
 Says it's tiresome talking,
 Noises of the cars
 Are so very shocking!

Market woman careful
 Of the precious casket,
 Knowing eggs are eggs,
 Tightly holds her basket:
 Feeling that a smash,
 If it came, would surely
 Send her eggs to pot
 Rather prematurely!

Singing through the forests,
 Rattling over ridges,
 Shooting under arches,
 Rumbling over bridges,
 Whizzing through the mountains,
 Buzzing o'er the vale;
 Bless me! this is pleasant,
 Riding on the Rail!

A SERENADE.

THOMAS HOOD.

"LULLABY, O, lullaby!"
 Thus I heard a father cry,
 "Lullaby, O, lullaby!
 The brat will never shut an eye;
 Hither come, some power divine!
 Close his lids, or open mine!"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
 What the devil makes him cry?"

Lullaby, O, lullaby!
 Still he stares—I wonder why,
 Why are not the sons of earth
 Blind, like puppies, from the birth?"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!"
 Thus I heard the father cry;
 "Lullaby, O, lullaby!
 Mary, you must come and try!—
 Hush, O, hush, for mercy's sake—
 The more I sing, the more you wake!"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
 Fie, you little creature, fie!
 Lullaby, O, lullaby!
 Is no poppy-syrup nigh?
 Give him some, or give him all,
 I am nodding to his fall!"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
 Two such nights and I shall die!
 Lullaby, O, lullaby!
 He'll be bruised, and so shall I—
 How can I from bed-posts keep,
 When I'm walking in my sleep?"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
 Sleep his very looks deny—
 Lullaby, O, lullaby!
 Nature soon will stupefy—
 My nerves relax—my eyes grow dim—
 Who's that fallen—me or him?"

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

THOMAS HOOD.

LET Taylor preach upon a morning breezy,
 How well to rise while nights and larks are flying—
 For my part getting up seems not so easy
 By half as *lying*.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,
 Soaring beyond the sight to find him out—
 Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?
 I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,
 The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime—
 Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
 A bed of *time*.

To me Dan Phœbus and his car are nought,
 His steeds that paw impatiently about—
 Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,
 The first turn-out!

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear
 Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl;
 What then,—if I prefer my pillow-beer
 To early pearl?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,
 And grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs
 Wherefore should master rise before the hens
 Have laid their eggs?

Why from a comfortable pillow start
 To see faint flushes in the east awaken?
 A fig, say I, for any streaky part,
 Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
 Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
 "To meet the sun upon the upland lawn"—
 Well—he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree,
 And sweeps that earn betimes their bit and sup;
 But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be
 All up—all up!

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring,
 Till something nearer to the stroke of noon;—
 A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*,
 Must be a spoon.

THE SEASON.

THOMAS HOOD.

SUMMER's gone and over!
 Fogs are falling down;

And with russet tinges
Autumn's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the Book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.

Round the tops of houses,
Swallows, as they flit,
Give, like yearly tenants,
Notices to quit.

Skies, of fickle temper,
Weep by turns, and laugh—
Night and Day together
Taking half-and-half.

So September endeth—
Cold, and most perverse—
But the Month that follows,
Sure will pinch us worse!

SPRING.

(A New Version.)

THOMAS HOOD.

"COME, *gentle* Spring! *ethereal mildness* come!"
Oh! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?
There's no such season.

The Spring! I shrink and shudder at her name!
For why, I find her breath a bitter blighter!
And suffer from her *blows* as if they came
From Spring the Fighter.

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing,
And be her tuneful laureates and upholders,
Who do not feel as if they had a *Spring*
Poured down their shoulders!

Let others eulogize her floral shows,
From me they cannot win a single stanza,

I know her blooms are in full blow—and so's
The Influenza.

Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,
Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,
Her pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,
Are things I sneeze at!

Fair is the vernal quarter of the year!
And fair its early buddings and its blowings—
But just suppose Consumption's seeds appear
With other sowings!

For me, I find, when eastern winds are high,
A frigid, not a genial inspiration;
Nor can, like Iron-Chested Chubb, defy
An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,
To me all vernal luxuries are fables,
Oh! where's the *Spring* in a rheumatic leg,
Stiff as a table's?

I limp in agony,—I wheeze and cough;
And quake with Ague, that great Agitator;
Nor dream, before July, of leaving off
My Respirator.

What wonder if in May itself I lack
A peg for laudatory verse to hang on?—
Spring mild and gentle!—yes, a Spring-heeled Jack
To those he sprang on.

In short, whatever panegyrics lie
In fulsome odes too many to be cited,
The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,
And that is blighted!

THE MUSIC-GRINDERS.

HOLMES.

THERE are three ways in which men take
One's money from his purse,
And very hard it is to tell
Which of the three is worse;

But all of them are bad enough
To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,
And counting up your gains ;
A fellow jumps from out a bush,
And takes your horse's reins,
Another hints some words about
A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends
In such a lonely spot ;
It's very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot ;
And so you take your wallet out,
Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine,—
Some filthy creature begs
You'll hear about the cannon-ball
That carried off his pegs,
And says it is a dreadful thing
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
His children to be fed,
Poor little, lovely innocents,
All clamorous for bread,—
And so you kindly help to put
A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window seat
Beneath a cloudless moon ;
You hear a sound that seems to wear
The semblance of a tune,
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
Of music seems to come,
There's something like a human voice,
And something like a drum ;
You sit in speechless agony,
Until your ear is numb.

Poor "home, sweet home," should seem to be
A very dismal place;
Your "auld acquaintance," all at once,
Is altered in the face;
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time.

But hark! the air again is still,
The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound;
It cannot be,—it is,—it is,—
A hat is going round!

No! Pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw;
And pay the owner of the bear,
That stunned you with his paw,
And buy the lobster, that has had
Your knuckles in his claw;

But if you are a portly man,
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down!

And if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or, if you cannot make a speech,
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat!

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS AND
FIVE MONTHS.

THOS. HOOD.

Thou happy, happy elf!
 (But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)—
 Thou tiny image of myself!
 (My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
 Thou merry, laughing sprite!
 With spirits feather-light,
 Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin—
 (Good heavens!—the child is swallowing a pin!)
 Thou little tricksy Puck!
 With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
 Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
 (The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
 Thou darling of thy sire!
 (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
 Thou imp of mirth and joy!
 In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
 Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
 There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
 Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,
 In harmless sport and mirth,
 (That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
 Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
 From every blossom in the world that blows,
 Singing in youth's elysium ever sunny,
 (Another tumble!—that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
 (He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
 With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint—
 (Where did he learn that squint?)
 Thou young domestic dove!
 (He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
 Dear nursling of the Hymeneal nest!
 (Are those torn clothes his best?)
 Little epitome of man!
 (He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
 Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
 (He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being !
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
 Play on, play on,
 My elfin John !
 Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)
 With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
 With many a lamb-like frisk,
 (He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown !)

Thou pretty opening rose !
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)
 Balmy and breathing music like the South,
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth !)
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star—
 (I wish that window had an iron bar !)
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove—
 (I'll tell you what, my love,
 I cannot write, unless he's sent above !)

PROVINCIAL SPEECH.

O. W. HOLMES.

SOME words on LANGUAGE may be well applied,
 And take them kindly, though they touch your pride ;
 Words lead to things ; a scale is more precise,—
 Coarse speech, bad grammar, swearing, drinking, vice.

Our cold Northeaster's icy fetter clips
 The native freedom of the Saxon lips ;
 See the brown peasant of the plastic South,
 How all his passions play about his mouth !
 With us, the feature that transmits the soul,
 A frozen, passive, palsied breathing-hole.
 The crampy shackles of the ploughboy's walk
 Tie the small muscles when he strives to talk ;
 Not all the pumice of the polished town
 Can smooth this roughness of the barnyard down ;
 Rich, honored, titled, he betrays his race
 By this one mark,—he's awkward in the face ;—
 Nature's rude impress, long before he knew
 The sunny street that holds the sifted few.

It can't be helped, though, if we're taken young,
 We gain some freedom of the lips and tongue ;

But school and college often try in vain
To break the padlock of our boyhood's chain ;
One stubborn word will prove this axiom true ;—
No quondam rustic can enunciate *view*.

' A few brief stanzas may be well employed
To speak of errors we can all avoid.

Learning condemns beyond the reach of hope
The careless lips that speak of sōap for sōap ;
Her edict exiles from her fair abode
The clownish voice that utters rōad for rōad ;
Less stern to him who calls his cōat a cōat,
And steers his bōat, believing it a bōat,
She pardoned one, our classic city's boast,
Who said at Cambridge, mōst instead of mōst,
But knit her brows and stamped her angry foot
To hear a Teacher call a rōot a rōot.

Once more ; speak clearly, if you speak at all ;
Carve every word before you let it fall ;
Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,
Try over hard to roll the British R ;
Do put your accents in the proper spot ;
Don't,—let me beg you,—don't say "How?" for "What?"
And, when you stick on conversation's burs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs*.

From "*Urania*."

A RHYMED LESSON.

O. W. HOLMES.

From little matters let us pass to less,
And lightly touch the mysteries of dress ;
The outward forms thé inner man reveal,—
We guess the pulp before we cut the peel.

I leave the broadcloth,—coats and all the rest,—
The dangerous waistcoat, called by cockneys "vest,"
The things named "pants" in certain documents,
A word not made for gentlemen, but "gents" ;
One single precept might the whole condense :
Be sure your tailor is a man of sense ;
But add a little care, a decent pride,
And always err upon the sober side.

Wear seemly gloves ; not black, nor yet too light,
And least of all the pair that once was white ;

Let the dead party where you told your loves
 Bury in peace its dead bouquets and gloves ;
 Shave like the goat, if so your fancy bids,
 But be a parent,—don't neglect your kids.

Have a good hat ; the secret of your looks
 Lives with the beaver in Canadian brooks ;
 Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
 But man and nature scorn the shocking hat.
 Does beauty slight you from her gay abodes ?
 Like bright Apollo, you must take to *Rhoades*,
 Mount the new castor,—ice itself will melt ;
 Boots, gloves may fail ; the hat is always felt !

Our freeborn race, averse to every check,
 Has tossed the yoke of Europe from its *neck* ;
 From the green prairie to the sea-girt town,
 The whole wide nation turns its collars down.

The stately neck is manhood's manliest part ;
 It takes the life-blood freshest from the heart ;
 With short, curled ringlets close around it spread,
 How light and strong it lifts the Grecian head !
 Thine, fair Erectheus of Minerva's wall ;—
 Or thine, young athlete of the Louvre's hall,
 Smooth as the pillar flashing in the sun
 That filled the arena where thy wreaths were won—
 Firm as the band that clasps the antlered spoil
 Strained in the winding anaconda's coil !

I spare the contrast ; it were only kind
 To be a little, nay, intensely blind :
 Choose for yourself : I know it cuts your ear ;
 I know the points will sometimes interfere ;
 I know that often, like the filial John,
 Whom sleep surprised with half his drapery on,
 You show your features to the astonished town
 With one side standing and the other down ;—
 But, O my friend ! my favorite fellow-man !
 If Nature made you on her modern plan,
 Sooner than wander with your windpipe bare,—
 The fruit of Eden ripening in the air,—
 With that lean head-stalk, that protruding chin
 Wear standing collars, were they made of tin !
 And have a neck-cloth,—by the throat of Jove !
 Cut from the funnel of a rusty stove !

From "*Urania*."

PART III.

THE DRAMA.

SOLILOQUIES AND MONOLOGUES.

MANFRED.—THE INVOCATION.

BYRON.

It is noon—the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The Giant steed, to be bestrode by death,
As told in the Apocalypse. No eyes
But mine now drink this sight of loveliness;
I should be sole in this sweet solitude,
And with the Spirit of the place divide
The homage of these waters—I will call her.
Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form
The charms of earth's least-mortal daughters grow
To an unearthly stature, in an essence
Of purer elements; while the hues of youth,—
Carnationed like a sleeping infant's cheek,
Rocked by the beating of her mother's heart,
Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,
The blush of earth embracing with her heaven—
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.
Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm clear brow,
Wherein is glassed serenity of soul,
Which of itself shows immortality,
I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son
Of earth, whom the abstruser powers permit
At times to commune with them—if that he
Avail him of his spells—to call thee thus,
And gaze on thee a moment.

From "*Manfred*."

(495)

MACBETH'S SOLILOQUY.

SHAKESPEARE.

IF it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly: If the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
 With his surcease, success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time—
 We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
 To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips: He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off:
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
 And falls on the other.

From "*Macbeth*."

BELESES' ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

BYRON.

THE sun goes down: methinks he sets more slowly,
 Taking his last look of Assyria's empire;
 How red he glares amongst those deepening clouds
 Like the blood he predicts! If not in vain,
 Thou sun that sinkest, and ye stars which rise,
 I have outwatched you, reading ray by ray
 The edicts of your orbs, which make Time tremble
 For what he brings the nations, 'tis the furthest
 Hour of Assyria's years. And yet how calm!

An earthquake should announce so great a fall—
 A summer's sun discloses it. Yon disk,
 To the star-read Chaldean, bears upon
 Its everlasting page the end of what
 Seemed everlasting; but oh! thou true sun!
 The burning oracle of all that live,
 As fountain of all life, and symbol of
 Him who bestows it, wherefore dost thou limit
 Thy lore unto calamity? Why not
 Unfold the rise of days more worthy thine
 All glorious burst from ocean? why not dart
 A beam of hope athwart the future years,
 As of wrath to its days? Hear me! oh! hear me!
 I am thy worshipper, thy priest, thy servant—
 I have gazed on thee at thy rise and fall,
 And bowed my head beneath thy mid-day beams,
 When my eye dared not meet thee. I have watched
 For thee, and after thee, and prayed to thee,
 And sacrificed to thee, and read, and feared thee,
 And asked of thee, and thou hast answered—but
 Only to thus much: while I speak, he sinks—
 Is gone—and leaves his beauty, not his knowledge,
 To the delighted west, which revels in
 Its hues of dying glory. Yet what is
 Death, so it be but glorious? 'Tis a sunset;
 And mortals may be happy to resemble
 The gods but in decay.

From "*Sardanapalus*."

THE TWO KINGS.

SHAKESPEARE.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
 See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
 Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
 A station like the herald Mercury,
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
 A combination, and a form, indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man:
 This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:
 Here is your husband; like a mildewed ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
 You cannot call it love: for, at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment; And what judgment
 Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
 Else, could you not have motion: But sure, that sense
 Is apoplexed: for madness would not err;
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
 But it reserved some quantity of choice,
 To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,
 That thus hath cozened you at hoodman-blind?
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
 When the compulsive ardor gives the charge;
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
 And reason panders will.

From "*Hamlet*."

FALSTAFF'S SOLDIERS.

SHAKESPEARE.

If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonorable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that

you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat;—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Albans, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daintry: But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

From "*King Henry IV.*"

POLONIUS TO LAERTES.

SHAKESPEARE.

YET here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for: There, my blessing with you!
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged, comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy: rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

From "*Hamlet.*"

THE LADY IN COMUS.

MILTON.

SOME say no evil thing that walks by night,
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
 Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
 No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
 To testify the arms of chastity?
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
 Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
 And spotted mountain pard, and set at nought
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid; Gods and men
 Feared her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods.
 What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquered virgin,
 Wherewith she freezed her foes to congealed stone,
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
 And noble grace that dashed brute violence
 * With sudden adoration and blank awe?
 So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal.

From "*Comus*."

THE STUDENT'S REVERIE.

LONGFELLOW.

Good night!

But not to bed; for I must read awhile.
 Must read, or sit in reverie and watch
 The changing color of the waves that break
 Upon the idle sea-shore of the mind!

Visions of Fame! that once did visit me,
Making night glorious with your smile, where are ye?
O, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,
Juices of those immortal plants that bloom
Upon Olympus, making us immortal?
Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grows
Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans,
At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,
And make the mind prolific in its fancies?
I have the wish, but want the will, to act!
Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words
Have come to light from the swift river of Time,
Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,
Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore?
From the barred visor of Antiquity
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,
As from a mirror! All the means of action—
The shapeless masses—the materials—
Lie everywhere about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.
The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,
And begs a shelter from the inclement night.
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
And, by the magic of his touch at once
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,
It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,
Rude popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems, at the touch
Of some poor, houseless, wandering bard,
Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.
But there are brighter dreams than those of Fame,
Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the heart
Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,
As from some woodland fount a spirit rises
And sinks again into its silent deeps,
Ere the enamored knight can touch her robe!
'Tis this ideal that the soul of man,
Like the enamored knight beside the fountain,
Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream;

Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,
 Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many
 Must wait in vain! The stream flows evermore.
 But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!
 Yet I, born under a propitious star,
 Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.
 Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel,
 Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,
 Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel
 The pressure of her head! God's benison
 Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous eyes,
 Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers that bloom at night
 With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!

From "*The Spanish Student*."

JAQUES' FOOL.

SHAKESPEARE.

I MET a fool in the forest,
 A motley fool;—a miserable world!—
 As I do live by food, I met a fool;
 Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,
 And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
 In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: No, sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:
 And then he drew a dial from his poke:
 And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
 Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep contemplative;
 And I did laugh, sans intermission,
 An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
 A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

From "*As you like it*."

CASSIUS TO BRUTUS.

SHAKESPEARE.

THIS Cæsar doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walks encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

From "*Julius Cæsar*."

EARTH'S REGENERATION.

BAILEY.

HEAVEN'S beauty grows on us;
And when the elder worlds have ta'en their seats
Come the divine ones, gathering one by one,
And family by family, with still
And holy air, into the house of God—
The house of light He hath builded for Himself
And worship Him in silence and in sadness,
Immortal and immovable. And there,
Night after night, they meet to worship God.
For us this witness of the worlds is given,

That we may add ourselves to their great glory,
 And worship with them. They are there for lights
 To light us on our way through heaven to God;
 And we, too, have the power of light in us.
 Ye stars, how bright ye shine to-night; mayhap
 Ye are the resurrection of the worlds,—
 Glorified globes of light! Shall ours be like ye?
 Nay, but it is! this wild, dark earth of ours,
 Whose face is furrowed like a losing gamester's,
 Is shining round, and bright, and smooth in air,
 Millions of miles off. Not a single path
 Of thought I tread, but that it leads to God.
 And when her time is out, and earth again
 Hath travailed with the divine dust of man,
 Then the world's womb shall open, and her sons
 Be born again, all glorified immortals.
 And she, their mother, purified by fire,
 Shall sit her down in heaven, a bride of God,
 And handmaid of the Everbeing One.
 Our earth is learning all accomplishments
 To fit her for her bridehood.

From '*Festus*.'

NORMAN'S DESCRIPTION TO VIOLET.

THINK

BULWER.

Of the bright lands within the western main,
 Where we will build our home, what time the seas
 Weary thy gaze;—there the broad palm-tree shades
 The soft and delicate light of skies as fair
 As those that slept on Eden;—Nature, there,
 Like a gay spendthrift in his flush of youth,
 Flings her whole treasure in the lap of Time.—
 On turfs, by fairies trod, the Eternal Flora
 Spreads all her blooms; and from a lake-like sea
 Wooes to her odorous haunts the western wind!
 While, circling round and upward from the boughs,
 Golden with fruits that lure the joyous birds,
 Melody, like a happy soul released,
 Hangs in the air, and from invisible plumes
 Shakes sweetness down!—

Lady,

Ye who have dwelt upon the sordid land,
 Amidst the everlasting gloomy war

Of Poverty with Wealth—ye cannot know
 How we, the wild sons of the Ocean, mock
 At men who fret out life with care for gold.
 O! the fierce sickness of the soul—to see
 Love bought and sold—and all the heaven-roofed temple
 Of God's great globe, the money-change of Mammon!
 I dream of love, enduring faith, a heart
 Mingled with mine—a deathless heritage
 Which I can take unsullied to the stars,
 When the Great Father calls his children home;
 And in the midst of this Elysian dream,
 Lo, Gold—the Demon Gold!—alas! the creeds
 Of the false land!—

From "*The Sea Captain*."

TELL'S REFUSAL OF HOMAGE TO GESLER'S CAP.

KNOWLES.

Tell. (Rushing forward.) Off, off, you base and hireling pack!
 Lay not your brutal touch upon the thing
 God made in his own image. Crouch yourselves;
 'Tis your vocation, which you should not call
 On free-born men to share with you—who stand
 Erect except in presence of their God
 Alone!
 Let them stir—I've scattered
 A flock of wolves that did outnumber them—
 For sport I did it—Sport!—I scattered them
 With but a staff, not half so thick as this.

[*Wrests Sarnem's weapon from him—Sarnem flies—Soldiers fly*
Men of Altorf,
 What fear ye? See what things you fear—the shows
 And surfaces of men. Why stand you wondering there?
 Why look you on a man that's like yourselves,
 And see him do the deeds yourselves might do,
 And act them not? Or know you not yourselves
 That ye are men—that ye have hearts and thoughts
 To feel and think the deeds of men, and hands
 To do them? You say your prayers, and make
 Confession, and you more do fear the thing
 That kneels to God, than you fear God himself!
 You hunt the chamois, and you've seen him take
 The precipice, before he'd yield the freedom
 His Maker gave him—and you are content

To live in bonds, that have a thought of freedom
 Which heaven never gave the *little* chamois.
 Why gaze you still with blanched cheeks upon me?
 Lack you the manhood even to look on,
 And see bold deeds achieved by others' hands?
 Or is't that cap still holds you thralls to fear?—
 Be free, then—There! Thus do I trample on
 The insolence of Gesler. [*Throws down the pole.*]

From "*William Tell*."

RICHELIEU'S SOLILOQUY.

BULWER.

"IN silence, and at night, the Conscience feels
 That life should soar to nobler ends than Power."
 So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist!
 But wert thou tried? Sublime Philosophy,
 Thou art the Patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
 And bright with beek'ning angels—but, alas!
 We see thee, like the Patriarch, but in dreams,
 By the first step—dull-slumbering on the earth.
 I am not happy!—with the Titan's lust
 I wooed a goddess, and I clasp a cloud.
 When I am dust, my name shall, like a star,
 Shine through wan space, a glory—and a prophet
 Whereby pale seers shall from their aery towers
 Con all the ominous signs, benign or evil,
 That make the potent astrologue of kings.
 But shall the Future judge me by the ends
 That I have wrought—or by the dubious means
 Through which the stream of my renown hath run
 Into the many-voiced unfathomed Time?
 Foul in its bed lie weeds—and heaps of slime,
 And with its waves—when sparkling in the sun,
 Oft times the secret rivulets that swell
 Its might of waters—blend the hues of blood.
 Yet are my sins not those of circumstance,
 That all-pervading atmosphere, wherein
 Our spirits, like the unsteady lizard, take
 The tints that color, and the food that nurtures?
 O! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands
 In the unvexed silence of a student's cell;
 Ye, whose untempted hearts have never tossed
 Upon the dark and stormy tides where life

Gives battle to the elements—and man
 Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose weight
 Will bear but one—while round the desperate wretch
 The hungry billows roar—and the fierce Fate,
 Like some huge monster, dim-seen through the surf,
 Waits him who drops ;—ye safe and formal men,
 Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand
 Weigh in nice scales the motives of the Great,
 Ye cannot know what ye have never tried !
 History preserves only the fleshless bones
 Of what we are—and by the mocking skull
 The would-be wise pretend to guess the features !
 Without the roundness and the glow of life
 How hideous is the skeleton ! Without
 The colorings and humanities that clothe
 Our errors, the anatomists of schools
 Can make our memory hideous !

I have wrought

Great uses out of evil tools—and they
 In the time to come may bask beneath the light
 Which I have stolen from the angry gods,
 And warn their sons against the glorious theft,
 Forgetful of the darkness which it broke.
 I have shed blood—but I have had no foes
 Save those the state had—if my wrath was deadly,
 'Tis that I felt my country in my veins,
 And smote her sons as Brutus smote his own.
 And yet I am not happy—blanched and seared
 Before my time—breathing an air of hate,
 And seeing daggers in the eyes of men,
 And wasting powers that shake the thrones of earth
 In contest with the insects—bearding kings
 And braved by lackies—murder at my bed ;
 And lone amidst the multitudinous web,
 With the dread Three—that are the fates who hold
 The woof and shears—the Monk, the Spy, the Headsman.
 And this is Power ! Alas ! I am not happy.

MUSIC BY MOONLIGHT.

SHAKESPEARE.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank '
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears ; soft stillness, and the night,

Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica: Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
 There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
 Such harmony is in immortal souls;
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—
 Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
 And draw her home with music.

You are never merry, when you hear sweet music.
 The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
 Which is the hot condition of their blood;
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature:
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus:
 Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

From "*Merchant of Venice*."

BOLINGBROKE'S TRIUMPH.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE duke, great Bolingbroke,
 Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
 Which his aspiring rider seemed to know,—
 With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
 While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke!
 You would have thought the very windows spake,

So many greedy looks of young and old
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
 With painted imag'ry, had said at once,—
 Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
 Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
 Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
 Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
 And thus still doing, thus he passed along.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him;
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience,—
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steeled,
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.
 But heaven hath a hand in these events;
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honor I for aye allow.

From "King Richard II."

HOTSPUR TO KING HENRY IV.

SHAKESPEARE.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 But, I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
 Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reaped,
 Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
 He was perfumèd like a milliner;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took't away again;—
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,

Took it in snuff:—and still he smiled and talked;
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He called them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He questioned me; among the rest, demanded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pestered with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answered neglectingly, I know not what;
 He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villanous salt-petre should be digged
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
 So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answered indirectly, as I said;
 And, I beseech you, let not his report
 Come current for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

From "*King Henry IV.*"

PROLOGUE TO ADDISON'S CATO.

POPE.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
 To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
 For this, the tragic muse first trod the stage;
 Commanding tears to stream through every age;
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wondered how they wept.

Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory or the virgin's love ;
In pitying love we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :
He bids your breasts with ancient ardor rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confessed, in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought and godlike Cato was :
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure heaven itself surveys ;
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling in a falling state !
While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed ?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?
E'en when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Showed Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state.
As her dead father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darkened and the day o'ercast,
The triumph ceased—tears gushed from every eye,
The world's great victor passed unheeded by :
Her last good man dejected Rome adored,
And honored Cæsar's, less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend ; be worth like this approved,
And show you have the virtue to be moved.
With honest scorn the first famed Cato viewed
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued.
Our scenes precariously subsist too long
On French translation and Italian song :
Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the stage ;
Be justly warmed with your own native rage :
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdained to hear.

NOTHING TO WEAR.

W. A. BUTLER.

ON ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
Their children have gathered, their city have built;
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grove through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half-starved, and half-naked, lie crouched from the cold.
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor;
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,
As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door;
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare—
Spoiled children of Fashion—you've nothing to wear!

And oh, if perchance there should be a sphere,
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here;
Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of Time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime;
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above,
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;
Oh, daughters of Earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

DIALOGUES AND COLLOQUIES.

THE CARDINAL'S EXCULPATION.

BULWER.

Richelieu. Room, my Lords, room! The minister of France
Can need no intercession with the King.

[*They fall back.*]

Louis. What means this false report of death, Lord Cardinal?

Richelieu. Are you then angered, sire, that I live still?

Louis. No; but such artifice—

Richelieu. Not mine:—look elsewhere!

Louis—my castle swarmed with the assassins.

Baradas [*advancing*]. We have punished them already. Huguet
now

In the Bastile. Oh! my Lord, *we* were prompt
To avenge you—*we* were—

Richelieu. WE? Ha! ha! you hear,
My liege! What page, man, in the last court grammar
Made you a plural? Count, you have seized the *hireling*:—
Sire, shall I name the *master*?

Louis. Tush! my Lord,
The old contrivance:—ever does your wit
Invent assassins,—that ambition may
Slay rivals—

Richelieu. Rivals, sire! in what?
Service to France? *I have none!* Lives the man
Whom Europe, paled before your glory, deems
Rival to Armand Richelieu?

Louis. What! so haughty!
Remember, he who made, can unmake.

Richelieu. Never!
Never! Your anger can recall your trust,
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
Rifle my coffers,—but my name—my deeds,
Are royal in a land beyond your sceptre!
Pass sentence on me, if you will; from Kings,
Lo, I appeal to Time! Be just, my liege—
I found your kingdom rent with heresies
And bristling with rebellion; lawless nobles
And breadless serfs; England fomenting discord;
Austria—her clutch on your dominion; Spain
Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind
To armèd thunderbolts. The Arts lay dead,

Trade rotted in your marts, your Armies mutinous,
 Your Treasury bankrupt. Would you now revoke
 Your trust, so be it! and I leave you, sole
 Supremest Monarch of the mightiest realm,
 From Ganges to the Icebergs:—Look without;
 No foe not humbled! Look within; the Arts
 Quit for your schools—there old Hesperides
 The golden Italy! while through the veins
 Of your vast empire flows in strengthening tides,
 Trade, the calm health of nations!

Sire, I know

Your smoother courtiers please you best—nor measure
 Myself with them,—yet sometimes I would doubt
 If statesmen, rocked and dandled into power,
 Could leave such legacies to kings!

[LOUIS appears irresolute.]

Baradas [passing him, whispers]. But Julie,
 Shall I not summon her to court?

Louis [motions to BARADAS and turns haughtily to the Cardinal].

Enough!

Your Eminence must excuse a longer audience.
 To your own palace:—For our conference, this
 Nor place—nor season.

Richelieu. Good my liege, for Justice
 All place a temple, and all season, summer!
 Do you deny me justice? Saints of heaven!
 He turns from me! *Do you deny me justice?*
 For fifteen years, while in these hands dwelt empire,
 The humblest craftsman—the obscurest vassal—
 The very leper shrinking from the sun,
 Though loathed by Charity, might ask for justice!
 Not with the fawning tone and crawling mien
 Of some I see around you—Counts and Princes—
 Kneeling for favors;—but, erect and loud,
 As men who ask man's rights! my liege, my Lords,
 Do you refuse me justice—audience even—
 In the pale presence of the baffled Murther?

Louis. Lord Cardinal—one by one you have severed from me
 The bonds of human love. All near and dear
 Marked out for vengeance—exile, or the scaffold.
 You find me now amidst my trustiest friends,
 My closest kindred;—you would tear them from me;
 They murder *you*, forsooth, since *me* they love.

Enough of plots and treasons for one reign!
Home! Home! and sleep away these phantoms!

Richelieu. Sire!

I—patience, heaven! sweet heaven! Sire, from the foot
Of that Great Throne, these hands have raised aloft
On an Olympus, looking down on mortals
And worshipped by their awe—before the foot
Of that high throne,—spurn you the gray-haired man,
Who gave you empire—and now sues for safety!

Louis. No :—when we see your Eminence in truth
At the foot of the throne—we'll listen to you.

From "*Richelieu*."

THE SEAMAN'S PRIDE.

BULWER.

Norman. Well met, lads! beshrew me but the sound of your jolly welcome is the merriest music I've heard since we parted. Have ye spent all your doubloons?

First Sailor. Pretty nearly, Captain.

Norman. That's right—we shall be all the lighter in sailing! Away to the town—and get rid of these pieces for me. Off; but be back an hour before sunset.

[*Exeunt SAILORS.*]

What should I do with all this prize-money
If it were not for those brave fellows!—faith,
They take a world of trouble off one's hands!
How fares it, Falkner?—thou hast seen thy home?—
All well?—

Falkner. All well! my poor old father, bless him,
Had known reverse—he tills another's land,
And crops had failed. Oh, man, I was so happy
To pour my Indian gold into his lap,
And cry "Your sailor son has come to drive
Want from his father's door!"

Norman. That hour were worth
A life of toil!—well, and thy mother?—I
Have never known one—but I love to see
A man's eye moisten and his color change
When on his lips lingers the sweet name "*MOTHER!*"
Thy mother blessed thee!

Falkner. Scarce with words; but tears
And lifted hands, and lips that smiled dear thanks
To the protecting heaven—*these* blessed me!

Norman. Friend,
I envy thee!—

Falkner. Enough of me—now for thyself, what news?
 Thy Floweret of the West—thy fair betrothed—
 The maid we rescued from the Afric corsair
 With her brave father—in the Indian seas—
 Thou’st seen her?

Norman. No!—I had, more wisely, saved
 My time and speed. Her sire is dead—the stranger
 Sits at his hearth; and with her next of kin
 Hard by this spot—this very spot—dear Falkner,
 My Violet dwells: look where the sunlight gilds
 The time-worn towers of stately Arundel—
 Thither my steps are bound; a happy chance
 Our trysting-place should have been chosen here!—
 I’d not have gone one bowshot from the path
 That leads my soul to bask in Violet’s eyes—
 No, not for all the lands my journey traversed,
 Nor—what is more—for the best ship that ever
 Bore the plumed Victory o’er the joyous main. [Going out.]

Falkner. Hold—but the priest, thy foster-father, Onslow—
 Hast thou sought him?

Norman. Thou dear old man, forgive me!
 I do believe as whirlpools to the sea
 Love is to life!—Since first I leapt on land
 I have had no thought—no dream—no fear—no hope
 Which the absorbing waves of one strong passion
 Have not engulfed!—Wilt serve me, Falkner?—Bear
 This letter to the priest—the place inscribed
 Scarce two hours’ journey hence;—say I will seek him
 Perchance this night—if not, the morrow’s dawn.
 Let all good news be glad upon thy tongue—
 How I am well—strong—gay—how every night—
 Mark—tell him this—(good men at home are apt
 To judge us seamen harshly)—every night
 On the far seas his foster son recalled
 The words he taught my infant lips,—and prayed
 Blessings on that gray head.

Falkner. I’ll do thy bidding.

Norman. So now to Violet.

Falkner. Hark!—thy men are true—
 Thy ship at hand: if she say “ay”—hoist sail,
 Off with the prize. I prithee, is she rich?

Norman. Her sire died poor—thank Heaven, she is *not* rich!

Falkner. I’m glad to hear it—Had she land and beeves,
 And gold, you might forswear the sea.

Norman. The sea!

No—not for Beauty's self! the glorious sea—
Where England grasps the trident of a god,
And every breeze pays homage to her flag,
And every wave hears Neptune's choral nymphs
Hymn with immortal music England's name!—
Forswear the sea! My bark shall be our home;
The gale shall chant our bridal melodies;—
The stars that light the angel palaces
Of air, our lamps;—our floors the crystal deep
Studded with sapphires sparkling as we pass;—
Our roof—all Heaven!—my Beautiful, my Own!
Never did sail more gladly glide to port
Than I to thee; my anchor in my faith,
And in thine eyes my haven.—Farewell, Falkner.

From "*The Sea Captain.*"

CONSCIENCE TRIUMPHANT.

G. LILLO.

Barnwell. How strange are all things round me! Like some thief who treads forbidden ground, and fain would lurk unseen, fearful I enter each apartment of this well-known house. To guilty love, as if that were too little, already have I added breach of trust—A thief!—Can I know myself that wretched thing, and look my honest friend and injured master in the face? Though hypocrisy may a while conceal my guilt, at length it will be known, and public shame and ruin must ensue. In the mean time, what must be my life? Ever to speak a language foreign to my heart; hourly to add to the number of my crimes, in order to conceal them. Sure such was the condition of the grand apostate, when first he lost his purity. Like me, disconsolate he wandered; and, while yet in heaven, bore all his future hell about him.

[*Enter* TRUEMAN.

Trueman. Barnwell, oh, how I rejoice to see you safe! So will our master and his gentle daughter; who, during your absence, often inquired after you.

Barn. Would he were gone! His officious love will pry into the secrets of my soul. [*Aside.*]

True. Unless you knew the pain the whole family has felt on your account, you can't conceive how much you are beloved. But why thus cold and silent? When my heart is full of joy for your return, why do you turn away; why thus avoid me? What have I done? How am

I altered since you saw me last? or rather, what have you done; and why are you thus changed? for I am still the same.

Barn. What have I done, indeed! [*Aside.*]

True. Not speak!—nor look upon me!—

Barn. By my face he will discover all I would conceal; methinks already I begin to hate him. [*Aside.*]

True. I cannot bear this usage from a friend; one whom till now I ever found so loving; whom yet I love; though this unkindness strikes at the root of friendship, and might destroy it in any breast but mine.

Barn. I am not well. Sleep has been a stranger to these eyes since you beheld them last.

True. Heavy they look, indeed, and swollen with tears!—now they overflow. Rightly did my sympathizing heart forebode last night, when thou wast absent, something fatal to our peace.

Barn. Your friendship engages you too far. My troubles, whatever they are, are mine alone: you have no interest in them, nor ought your concern for me to give you a moment's pain.

True. You speak as if you knew of friendship nothing but the name. Before I saw your grief, I felt it. Since we parted last, I have slept no more than you, but pensive in my chamber sat alone, and spent the tedious night in wishes for your safety and return; even now, though ignorant of the cause, your sorrow wounds me to the heart.

Barn. 'T will not be always thus. Friendship and all engagements cease, as circumstances and occasions vary; and since you once may hate me, perhaps it might be better for us both that now you loved me less.

True. Sure I but dream! without a cause would Barnwell use me thus? ungenerous and ungrateful youth, farewell; I shall endeavor to follow your advice. [*Going.*] Yet stay, perhaps I am too rash, and angry when the cause demands compassion. Some unforeseen calamity may have befallen him too great to bear. [*Aside.*]

Barn. What part am I reduced to act? 'tis vile and base to move his temper thus, the best of friends and men. [*Aside.*]

True. I am to blame: prithee, forgive me, Barnwell. Try to compose your ruffled mind; and let me know the cause that thus transports you from yourself; my friendly counsel may restore your peace.

Barn. All that is possible for man to do for man, your generous friendship may effect; but here even that's in vain.

True. Something dreadful is laboring in your breast: oh, give it vent, and let me share your grief; 'twill ease your pain, should it admit no cure, and make it lighter by the part I bear.

Barn. Vain supposition! my woes increase by being observed; should the cause be known, they would exceed all bounds.

True. So well I know thy honest heart, guilt cannot harbor there.

Barn. Oh, torture insupportable! [*Aside.*]

True. Then why am I excluded? have I a thought I would conceal from you?

Barn. If still you urge me on this hated subject, I'll never enter more beneath this roof, nor see your face again.

True. 'Tis strange—but I have done, say but you hate me not.

Barn. Hate you! I am not that monster yet.

True. Shall our friendship still continue?

Barn. It's a blessing I never was worthy of, yet now must stand on terms: and but upon conditions can confirm it.

True. What are they?

Barn. Never hereafter, though you should wonder at my conduct, desire to know more than I am willing to reveal.

True. 'Tis hard; but upon any conditions I must be your friend.

Barn. Then, as much as one lost to himself can be another's, I am yours. [*Embracing.*]

True. Be ever so, and may heaven restore your peace!

Barn. Will yesterday return? we have heard the glorious sun, that till then incessant rolled, once stopped his rapid course, and once went back. The dead have risen, and parched rocks poured forth a liquid stream to quench a people's thirst. The sea divided, and formed walls of water, while a whole nation passed in safety through its sandy bosom. Hungry lions have refused their prey; and men unhurt have walked amidst consuming flames: but never yet did time, once past, return.

True. Though the continued chain of time has never once been broke, nor never will, but uninterrupted must keep on its course, till lost in eternity, it ends where it first began; yet as heaven can repair whatever evils time can bring upon us, we ought never to despair. But business requires our attendance; business, the youth's best preservation from ill, as idleness his worst of snares. Will you go with me?

Barn. I'll take a little time to reflect on what has passed, and follow you. [*Exit TRUEMAN.*] I might have trusted Trueman, and engaged him to apply to my uncle to repair the wrong I have done my master; but what of Milwood? must I expose her, too? ungenerous and base. then heaven requires it not. But heaven requires that I forsake her. What! never to hear her more? does heaven require that? I hope I may see her, and heaven not be offended. Presumptuous hope! dearly already have I proved my frailty. Should I once more tempt heaven, I may be left to fall, never to rise again. Yet shall I leave her, for ever leave her, and not let her know the cause? she who loves me with such a boundless passion! can cruelty be duty? I judge of what she then must feel, by what I now endure. The love of life, and fear of

shame, opposed by inclination strong as death or shame, like wind and tide in raging conflict meet, when neither can prevail, keep me in doubt. How then can I determine?

From "*George Barnwell*."

AN INCORRUPTIBLE FARMER.

THOS. MORTON.

SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD *and* FARMER ASHFIELD.

Sir P. Send Farmer Ashfield hither. That boy must be driven far, far from my sight—but where?—No matter! the world is large enough.

Enter ASHFIELD.

Come hither. I believe you hold a farm of mine?

Ash. Ees, zur, I do, at your zarvice.

Sir P. I hope a profitable one?

Ash. Zometimes it be, zur. But thic year it be all t'other way, as 'twur; but I do hope, as our landlords have a tightish big lump of the good, they'll be zo kind-hearted as to take a little bit of the bad.

Sir P. It is but reasonable. I conclude, then, you are in my debt.

Ash. Ees, zur, I be—at your zarvice.

Sir P. How much?

Ash. I do owe ye a hundred and fifty pounds, at your zarvice.

Sir P. Which you can't pay?

Ash. Not a varthing, zur, at your zarvice.

Sir P. Well, I am willing to give you every indulgence.

Ash. Be you, zur? that be deadly kind. Dear heart! it will make my auld Dame quite young again, and I don't think helping a poor man will do your honor's health any harm—I don't, indeed, zur—I had a thought of speaking to your worship about it—but then, thinks I, the gentleman mayhap be one of those that do like to do a good turn, and not have a word zaid about it—zo, zur, if you had not mentioned what I owed you, I am zure I never should—should not, indeed, zur.

Sir P. Nay, I will wholly acquit you of the debt, on condition—

Ash. Ees, zur.

Sir P. On condition, I say, you instantly turn out that boy—that Henry.

Ash. Turn out Henry!—Ha, ha, ha! Excuse my tittering, zur; but you bees making your vun of I, zure.

Sir P. I am not apt to trifle—send him instantly from you, or take the consequences.

Ash. Turn out Henry! I do vow I shouldn't knaw how to zet about it—I should not, indeed, zur.

Sir P. You heard my determination. If you disobey, you know what will follow. I'll leave you to reflect on it.

[*Exit.*]

Ash. Well, zur, I'll argufy the topic, and then you may wait upon me, and I'll tell ye. [*Makes the motion of turning out.*] I should be deadly awkward at it, vor zartain—however, I'll put the case. Well! I goes whiztling whoam—noa, drabbit it! I shouldn't be able to whiztle a bit, I'm zure. Well! I goes whoam, and I zeesh Henry zitting by my wife, mixing up someit to comfort the wold zoul, and take away the pain of her rheumatics—Very well! then Henry places chair vor I by the vire side, and zays—"Varmer, the horses be ved, the sheep be volder, and you have nothing to do but to zit down, smoke your pipe, and be happy!" Very well! [*Becomes affected.*] Then I zays—"Henry, you be poor and friendless, zo you must turn out of my house directly." Very well! Then my wife stares at I—reaches her hand towards the vire place, and throws the poker at my head. Very well! Then Henry gives a kind of aguish shake, and getting up, zighs vrom the bottom of his heart—then holding up his head like a king, zays—"Varmer, I have too long been a burthen to you. Heaven protect you, as you have me. Farewell! I go." Then I zays, "If thee doez, I'll be blowed!" [*With great energy.*] Hollo! you Mister Sir Philip! you may come in.

Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD.

Zur, I have argufied the topic, and it wouldn't be pratty—zo I can't.

Sir P. Can't? absurd!

Ash. Well, zur, there is but another word—I won't.

Sir P. Indeed!

Ash. No, zur, I won't; I'd zee myself hanged first, and you, too, zur. I would, indeed. [*Bowing.*]

Sir P. You refuse, then, to obey?

Ash. I do, zur—at your zarvice. [*Bowing.*]

Sir P. Then the law must take its course.

Ash. I be zorry for that, too—I be, indeed, zur; but if corn wouldn't grow, I couldn't help it; it wer'n't poisoned by the hand that zowed it. Thic hand, zur, be as vree vrom guilt as your own.

Sir P. Oh! [*Sighing deeply.*]

Ash. It were never held out to elinch a hard bargain, nor will it turn a good lad out into the wide, wicked world, because he be poorish a bit. I be zorry you be offended, zur, quite; but, come what would, I'll never hit thic hand against here, but when I be zure that zomet at inside will jump against it with pleasure. [*Bowing.*] I do hope you'll repent of all your zins—I do, indeed, zur; and if you should, I'll come and see you again as friendly as ever. I wool, indeed, zur.

Sir P. Your repentance will come too late! [*Exit.*]

Ash. Thank ye, zur.—Good morning to you—I do hope I have made myzelf agreeable—and so I'll go whoam. [*Exit.*]

From "*Speed the Plough.*"

JUSTICE TO THE LOWLY.

THOS. MORGAN.

SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD *and* HENRY.*Enter* HENRY.*Sir P.* By what title, sir, do you thus intrude on me?*Hen.* By one of an imperious nature: the title of a creditor.*Sir P.* I *your* debtor!*Hen.* Yes; for you owe me justice. You, perhaps, withhold from me the inestimable treasure of a parent's blessing.*Sir P.* [*Impatiently.*] To the business that brought you hither.*Hen.* Thus, then—I believe this is your signature—[*Producing a bond.*]*Sir P.* Ah! [*Recovering himself.*] It is—*Hen.* Affixed to a bond of 1000*l.*, which by assignment is mine. By virtue of this I discharge the debt of your worthy tenant, Ashfield; who, it seems, was guilty of the crime of vindicating the injured and protecting the unfortunate. Now, Sir Philip, the retribution my hate demands is, that what remains of this obligation may not be now paid to me, but wait your entire convenience and leisure.*Sir P.* No; that must not be.*Hen.* Oh, sir, why thus oppress an innocent man?—Why spurn from you a heart that pants to serve you? No answer? Farewell.[*Going.*]*Sir P.* Hold—one word before we part—tell me—[*Aside.*] I dread to ask it. How came you possessed of this bond?*Hen.* A stranger, whose kind benevolence stepped in, and saved—*Sir P.* His name?*Hen.* Morrington.*Sir P.* Fiend! tormentor! Has he caught me!—You have seen this Morrington?*Hen.* Yes.*Sir P.* Did he speak of me?*Hen.* He did—and of your daughter. “Conjure him,” said he, “not to sacrifice the lovely Emma by a marriage her heart revolts at. Tell him, the life and fortune of a parent are not his own. He holds them but in trust for his offspring. Bid him reflect, that while his daughter merits the brightest rewards a father can bestow, she is by that father doomed to the harshest fate tyranny can inflict.”*Sir P.* Torture! [*With vehemence.*] Did he say who caused this sacrifice?*Hen.* He told me you had been duped of your fortune by sharpers.*Sir P.* Ay,—he knows that well. Young man, mark me.—This

Morrington, whose precepts wear the face of virtue, and whose practice seems benevolence, was the chief of the hellish banditti that ruined me.

Hen. Is it possible?

Sir P. That bond you hold in your hand was obtained by robbery.

Hen. Confusion!

Sir P. Not by the thief who, encountering you as a man, stakes life against life, but by that most cowardly villain, who in the moment when reason sleeps and passion is roused, draws his snares around you, and hugs you to your ruin.

Hen. On your soul, is Morrington that man?

Sir P. On my soul, he is.

Hen. Thus, then, I annihilate the detested act, and thus I tread upon a villain's friendship. [*Tearing the bond*]

Sir P. Rash boy! what have you done?

Hen. An act of justice to Sir Philip Blandford.

Sir P. For which you claim my thanks?

Hen. Sir, I am thanked already—here. [*Pointing to his heart.*]
Curse on such wealth! compared with its possession, poverty is splendor. Fear not for me, I shall not feel the piercing cold; for in that man whose heart beats warmly for his fellow-creatures, the blood circulates with freedom. My food shall be what few of the pampered sons of greatness can boast of—the luscious bread of independence; and the opiate that brings me sleep, will be the recollections of the day passed in innocence.

Sir P. Noble boy! Oh! Blandford!

Hen. Ah!

Sir P. What have I said?

Hen. You called me Blandford.

Sir P. 'Twas error—'twas madness!

Hen. Blandford! A thousand hopes and fears rush on my heart. Disclose to me my birth—be it what it may, I am your slave for ever. Refuse me, you create a foe, firm and implacable as—

Sir P. Ha! am I threatened? Do not extinguish the spark of pity my breast is warmed with.

Hen. I will not. Oh, forgive me!

Sir P. Yes, on one condition—leave me.—Ha! some one approaches. Begone, I insist—I entreat.

Hen. That word has charmed me—I obey. Sir Philip, you may hate, but you shall respect me. [*Exit.*]

From "*Speed the Plough.*"

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

LONGFELLOW.

SCENE. *A cross-road through a wood. In the back-ground a distant village spire. VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. HYPOLITO plays and sings.*

SONG.

Ah, Love!
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love!
 Enemy
 Of all that mankind may not rue!
 Most untrue
 To him who keeps most faith with thee.
 Woe is me!
 The falcon has the eyes of the dove.
 Ah, Love!
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Victorian. Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,
 Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
 Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian;
 Hanging our gloomy prison-house about
 With tapestries, that make its walls dilate
 In never-ending vistas of delight.

Hypolito. Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pastures,
 Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

SONG (*continued*).

Thy deceits
 Give us clearly to comprehend,
 Whither tend
 All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!
 They are cheats,
 Thorns below and flowers above.
 Ah, Love!
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Vict. A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

Hyp. It suits thy case.

Vict. Indeed, I think it does.

What wise man wrote it?

Hyp. Lopez Maldonado.

Vict. In truth, a pretty song.

Hyp. With much truth in it.

Vict. I hope thou wilt profit by it; and in earnest
Try to forget this lady of thy love.

I will forget her! All dear recollections
Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,
Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds!
I will forget her! But perhaps hereafter,
When she shall learn how heartless is the world,
A voice within her will repeat my name,
And she will say, "He was indeed my friend!"
O, would I were a *soldier*, not a scholar,
That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums,
The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet,
The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,
And a swift death, might make me deaf for ever
To the upbraidings of this foolish heart!

Hyp. Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more!
To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

Vict. Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain
I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword
That pierces me; for, like Excalibar,
With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink.
There rises from below a hand that grasps it,
And waves it in the air; and wailing voices
Are heard along the shore.

Hyp. And yet at last
Down sank Excalibar to rise no more.
This is not well. In truth, it vexes me.
Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,
To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,
Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels.
Thou art too young, too full of lusty health
To talk of dying.

Vict. Yet I fain would die!
To go through life, unloving and unloved;
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul
We cannot still; that longing, that wild impulse,
And struggle after something we have not
And cannot have; the effort to be strong;
And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile,
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks;
All this the dead feel not,—the dead alone!
Would I were with them!

Hyp. We shall all be soon.

Vict. It cannot be too soon; for I am weary

Of the bewildering masquerade of Life,
 Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as strangers;
 Where whispers overheard betray false hearts;
 And through the mazes of the crowd we chase
 Some form of loveliness, that smiles, and beckons,
 And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us
 A mockery and a jest; maddened,—confused,—
 Not knowing friend from foe.

Hyp. Why seek to know?

Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth!
 Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,
 Nor strive to look beneath it.

Vict. I confess,

That were the wiser part. But Hope no longer
 Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,
 Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner,
 Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,
 Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off,
 And sinks again into the weltering sea,
 Helpless and hopeless!

Hyp. Yet thou shalt not perish.

The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation.
 Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines
 A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star!

(Sound of a village bell in the distance.)

Vict. Ave Maria! I hear the sacristan
 Ringing the chimes from yonder village belfry!
 A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide
 Over the red roofs of the cottages,
 And bids the laboring hind a-field, the shepherd,
 Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer,
 And all the crowd in village streets, stand still,
 And breathe a prayer unto the Blessed Virgin!

Hyp. Amen! amen! Not half a league from hence
 The village lies.

Vict. This path will lead us to it,
 Over the wheat fields, where the shadows sail
 Across the running sea, now green, now blue,
 And, like an idle mariner on the main,
 Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on.

THE TRIAL OF ANNE BOLEYN.

BOKER.

The Great Hall of the Tower, arranged for the Queen's trial. On one side are seated Dukes of NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, and RICHMOND, Marquis of EXETER, Earl of ARUNDEL, and other Peers, as Lords Triers, with officers, &c.; on the other, QUEEN ANNE, in the custody of Sir WILLIAM KINGSTON, Ladies, Attendants, Guards, &c.

Norfolk. Are we agreed? [*To the Lords.*]

Suffolk. Here is our verdict, sir.

[*Hands a paper.*]

[*RICHMOND and SUFFOLK talk apart.*]

Richmond. I hope, your grace, I have damned my soul enough
To please the most fastidious father.

Suf. Stuff!

Rich. Yes, "stuff!" substantial, downright villany.
That I shall bear upon my aching heart
Till death unload it.

Suf. Come, be cheerful, sir.

It ill becomes heroic minds to shrink
From the first blood of triumph. You are young
And dainty-minded; time will strengthen you.

Rich. Courage but adds deformity to crime.
A wicked heart, though placid as a lake,
Girt and controlled by rigid barriers,
Can but reflect each blessing of sweet heaven,
And every bordering virtue of our earth,
All topsy-turvy. I am hardened, sir;
If not by years, at least by sinfulness,
That wrinkled register of ill-spent days,
Who scars his moments on the erring heart,
While yet the brow is smooth!

Suf. The saints look down!

This pretty sermon must have washed you clean.
Hist! hear the sentence.

Nor. Lady Anne Boleyn,
Marchioness of Pembroke, sometime England's queen—
Though most unworthily, as the strict course
Of equal justice has so clearly proved—
Arise. [*The QUEEN rises.*] Lay off your crown and vested marks
Of royal dignity, to hear from me
The solemn finding of this high tribunal.

[QUEEN ANNE *puts off her crown and robe of state.*]

Queen Anne. Your grace's first commands, though harshly meant,
Are merciful indeed.

Nor. Be silent, madam!

Upon each several charge, whereon you stand
Indicted by the law, we do pronounce
Your guilt most clear; and therefore do condemn you,
At such time as his majesty may name,
To suffer death by burning at the stake,
Or by beheading, as may please the king.—
God give you patience to endure your doom!

Queen A. I doubt it not. O Father, O Creator,
Who art the way, the life, the truth, Thou knowest
If I deserve this death!

Rich. O! base, base, base!

This pardons Herod in the eye of heaven. [Aside.]

Nor. Marchioness of Pembroke, have you aught to say
Touching the judgment of this court?

Queen A. My lords,

I will not say your sentence is unjust—
Presuming that my reasons can prevail
Against your firm convictions;—I would rather
Believe that you have reasons for your acts,
Of ample power to vindicate your fames;
But, then, they must be other than the court
Has heard produced: for by the evidence
I have been cleared, to all unbiassed minds,
Of each offence 'gainst which that proof was brought.
I have been ever to his majesty
A faithful wife; O! could I say as truly
That I have shown him the humility
His goodness, and the honor he conferred,
Deserved from me! I have, I do confess,
Had jealous fancies and suspicious thoughts—
In which, perchance, I wronged him—that had I
Been more discreet and anxious to conceal,
I had been more the queen, but less the wife,
God is my witness, that in no way else
Have I e'er sinned against him.
Think not, my lords, I say this to prolong
My heavy life; for God has fortified
My trust in Him, and taught me how to die.
Think me not so bewildered in my mind,
As not to lay my chastity to heart,

Now in my last extremity ; for I
 Have held its honor far above my crown,
 And have maintained no queenly dignity
 More pure from vulgar stain. I know my words
 Can nought avail me, save to justify
 My chastity, so perilled by your doom.
 As for my brother, and those constant friends
 With me unjustly sentenced, I would die
 A thousand deaths to save their guiltless lives :
 But since it has so pleased his majesty,
 I will accompany them, most willingly,
 Through death to heaven, through pain to endless peace.
 I have said all.

Nor. Remove the prisoner.

[QUEEN ANNE bows to the Court, and is led off by Sir WILLIAM KINGSTON. Then exeunt all but the Lords Triers.]

Rich. We are damned for ever !

Nor. Poh, poh ! saved, I think.

While she held power heads flew like tennis-balls.

Arundel. Why did she touch so lightly on the king ?

Exeter. 'Twas for a cause no deeper than the heart,—
 She loves him yet.

Arun. The sentimental fool !

Rich. Have you no grosser phrases ? “ Fool,” forsooth !
 There’s the last blow to greatness !—Arundel
 Claims her as kindred !

Nor. Gentlemen, away !
 Our sun of power is burning in mid air ;
 We waste the daylight. Come, let us seek the king.
 Hug every Seymour that you chance to meet !

From “*Anne Boleyn*.”

LITERARY STRATAGEM.

S. FOOTE.

Puff. Why, then, Mr. Dactyl, carry them to somebody else ; there are people enough in the trade : but I wonder you would meddle with poetry ; you know it rarely pays for the paper.

Dactyl. And how can one help it, Mr. Puff ? Genius impels, and when a man is once listed in the service of the muses—

Puff. Why, let him give them warning as soon as he can. A pretty sort of service, indeed ! where there are neither wages nor vails. The

muses! and what, I suppose this is the livery they give. Gadzooks! I had rather be a waiter at Ranelagh.

Bever. The poet and publisher at variance! what is the matter, Mr. Dactyl?

Dact. As gad shall judge me, Mr. Bever, as pretty a poem, and so polite; not a mortal can take any offence; all full of panegyric and praise.

Puff. A fine character he gives of his works. No offence! the greatest in the world, Mr. Dactyl. Panegyric and praise! and what will that do with the public! why, who the devil will give money to be told that Mr. Such-a-one is a wiser or better man than himself? no, no; 'tis quite and clean out of nature. A good sousing satire now, well powdered with personal pepper, and seasoned with the spirit of party; that demolishes a conspicuous character, and sinks him below our own level; there, there, we are pleased; there we chuckle, and grin, and toss the half-crowns on the counter.

Dact. Yes, and so get cropped for a libel.

Puff. Cropped! ay, and the luckiest thing that can happen to you. Why, I would not give two-pence for an author that is afraid of his ears. Writing, writing is, as I may say, Mr. Dactyl, a sort of a warfare, where none can be victor that is the least afraid of a scar. Why, zooks, sir, I never got salt to my porridge till I mounted at the Royal Exchange.

Bev. Indeed!

Puff. No, no; that was the making of me. Then my name made a noise in the world. Talk of forked hills, and Helicon! romantic and fabulous stuff. The true Castalian stream is a shower of eggs, and a pillory the poet's Parnassus.

Dact. Ay, to you indeed it may answer; but what do we get for our pains?

Puff. Why, what the deuce would you get? food, fire, and fame. Why, you would not grow fat! a corpulent poet is a monster, a prodigy! No, no; spare diet is a spur to the fancy; high feeding would but founder your Pegasus.

Dact. Why, you impudent, illiterate rascal! who is it you dare treat in this manner?

Puff. Heyday! what is the matter now?

Dact. And is this the return for all the obligations you owe me! but no matter; the world, the world shall know what you are, and how you have used me.

Puff. Do your worst; I despise you.

Dact. They shall be told from what a dunghill you sprang. Gentlemen, if there be faith in a sinner, that fellow owes every shilling to me.

Puff. To thee!

Dact. Ay, sirrah, to me. In what kind of way did I find you? then where and what was your state? Gentlemen, his shop was a shed in Moorfields; his kitchen, a broken pipkin of charcoal; and his bed-chamber under the counter.

Puff. I never was fond of expense; I ever minded my trade.

Dact. Your trade! and pray with what stock did you trade? I can give you the catalogue; I believe it won't overburthen my memory. Two odd volumes of Swift; the Life of Moll Flanders, with cuts; the Five Senses, printed and colored by Overton; a few classics, thumb'd and blotted by the boys of the charter-house; with the Trials of Dr. Sacheverel.

Puff. Malice.

Dact. Then, sirrah, I gave you my Canning: it was she first set you afloat.

Puff. A grub.

Dact. And it is not only my writings; you know, sirrah, what you owe to my physic.

Bev. How! a physician?

Dact. Yes, Mr. Bever; physic and poetry. Apollo is the patron of both: *opiferque per orbem dicor*.

Puff. His physic!

Dact. My physic: ay, my physic: why, dare you deny it, you rascal! What, have you forgot my powders?

Puff. No.

Dact. My cosmetic lozenge, and sugar-plums?

Puff. No.

Dact. My coral for cutting of teeth, my potions, my lotions, my paste for superfluous hairs?

Puff. No, no; have you done?

Dact. No, no, no; but I believe this will suffice for the present.

Puff. Now, would not any mortal believe that I owed my all to this fellow?

Bev. Why, indeed, Mr. Puff, the balance does seem in his favor.

Puff. In his favor! why, you don't give any credit to him: a reptile, a bug, that owes his very being to me?

Dact. I, I, I!

Puff. You, you! what, I suppose, you forget your garret in Wine-office-court, when you furnished paragraphs for the farthing-post at twelve-pence a dozen.

Dact. Fiction.

Puff. Then, did not I get you made collector of casualties to the Whitehall and St. James's? but that post your laziness lost you. Gentlemen, he never brought them a robbery till the highwayman was going

to be hanged ; a birth till the christening was over ; nor a death till the hatchment was up.

Dact. Mighty well !

Puff. And now, because the fellow has got a little in flesh, by being puff to the play-house this winter, to which, by the by, I got him appointed, he is as proud and as vain as Voltaire. But I shall soon have him under ; the vacation will come.

Dact. Let it.

Puff. Then I shall have him sneaking and cringing, hanging about me, and begging a bit of translation.

Dact. I beg, I, for translation !

Puff. No, no, not a line ; not if you would do it for two-pence a sheet. No boiled beef and carrot at mornings ; no more cold pudding and porter. You may take your leave of my shop.

Dact. Your shop ! then at parting I will leave you a legacy.

Bev. O fy, Mr. Dactyl !

Puff. Let him alone.

Dact. Pray, gentlemen, let me do myself justice.

Bev. Younger, restrain the publisher's fire.

Younger. Fy, gentlemen, such an illiberal combat—it is a scandal to the republic of letters.

Bev. Mr. Dactyl, an old man, a mechanic, beneath—

Dact. Sir, I am calm ; that thought has restored me. To your insignificancy you are indebted for safety. But what my generosity has saved, my pen shall destroy.

Puff. Then you must get somebody to mend it.

Dact. Adieu !

Puff. Farewell !

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Bev. Ha, ha, ha ! come, let us along to the square.

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But dunce with dunce is barbarous civil war.

From "*The Patron.*"

THE HYPOCRITE UNMASKED.

GOLDSMITH.

Lofty. Is the coast clear ? None but friends ? I have followed you here with a trifling piece of intelligence ; but it goes no farther ; things are not yet ripe for a discovery. I have spirits working at a certain board ; your affair at the Treasury will be done in less than—a thousand years. Mum !

Miss Richland. Sooner, sir, I should hope.

Lofty. Why, yes, I believe it may, if it falls into proper hands, that

know where to push and where to parry ; that know how the land lies —eh, Honeywood ?

Miss Rich. It is fallen into yours.

Lofty. Well, to keep you no longer in suspense, your thing is done. It is done, I say—that's all. I have just had assurances from Lord Neverout, that the claim has been examined, and found admissible. *Quietus* is the word, Madam.

Honeywood. But how ? his lordship has been at Newmarket these ten days.

Lofty. Indeed ! Then Sir Gilbert Goose must have been most thoroughly mistaken. I had it of him.

Miss Rich. He ! why Sir Gilbert and his family have been in the country this month.

Lofty. This month ! It must certainly be so—Sir Gilbert's letter did come to me from Newmarket, so that he must have met his lordship there ; and so it came about. I have his letter about me ; I'll read it to you—[*Taking out a large bundle*]. That's from Paoli of Corsica ; that from the Marquis of Squilachi.—Have you a mind to see a letter from Count Poniatowski, now King of Poland ?—Honest Pon—[*Searching*.] O, sir, what, are you here, too ? I'll tell you what, honest friend, if you have not absolutely delivered my letter to Sir William Honeywood, you may return it. The thing will do without him.

Sir William Honeywood. Sir, I have delivered it ; and must inform you, it was received with the most mortifying contempt.

Croaker. Contempt ! Mr. Lofty, what can that mean ?

Lofty. Let him go on, let him go on, I say. You'll find it come to something presently.

Sir Wm. Yes, sir ; I believe you'll be amazed, if after waiting some time in the ante-chamber ; after being surveyed with insolent curiosity by the passing servants, I was at last assured, that Sir William Honeywood knew no such person, and I must certainly have been imposed upon.

Lofty. Good ! let me die ; very good. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Cro. Now, for my life I can't find out half the goodness of it.

Lofty. You can't. Ha ! ha !

Cro. No, for the soul of me ! I think it was as confounded a bad answer as ever was sent from one private gentleman to another.

Lofty. And so you can't find out the force of the message ? Why, I was in the house at that very time. Ha ! ha ! It was I that sent that very answer to my own letter. Ha ! ha !

Cro. Indeed ! How ? why ?

Lofty. In one word, things between Sir William and me must be behind the curtain. A party has many eyes. He sides with Lord

Buzzard, I side with Sir Gilbert Goose. So that unriddles the mystery.

Cro. And so it does, indeed; and all my suspicions are over.

Lofty. Your suspicions! What, then, you have been suspecting, you have been suspecting, have you? Mr. Croaker, you and I were friends; we are friends no longer. Never talk to me. It's over; I say, it's over.

Cro. As I hope for your favor I did not mean to offend. It escaped me. Don't be discomposed.

Lofty. Zounds! sir, but I am discomposed, and will be discomposed. To be treated thus! Who am I? Was it for this I have been dreaded both by ins and outs? Have I been libelled in the *Gazetteer*, and praised in the *St. James's*? have I been chaired at Wildman's, and a speaker at Merchant Tailors' Hall? have I had my hand to addresses, and my head in the print-shops; and talk to me of suspects?

Cro. My dear sir, be pacified. What can you have but asking pardon?

Lofty. Sir, I will not be pacified—Suspects! Who am I? To be used thus! Have I paid court to men in favor to serve my friends; the Lords of the Treasury, Sir William Honeywood, and the rest of the gang, and talk to me of suspects? Whom am I, I say; who am I?

Sir Wm. Since, sir, you're so pressing for an answer, I'll tell you who you are:—A gentleman, as well acquainted with politics as with men in power; as well acquainted with persons of fashion as with modesty; with Lords of the Treasury as with truth; and with all, as you are with Sir William Honeywood. I am Sir William Honeywood. [*Discovering his ensigns of the Bath.*]

Cro. Sir William Honeywood!

Honey. Astonishment! my uncle! [*Aside.*]

Lofty. So then, my confounded genius has been all this time only leading me up to the garret, in order to fling me out of the window.

Cro. What, Mr. Importance, and are these your works? Suspect you! You, who have been dreaded by the ins and outs; you, who have had your hand to addresses, and your head stuck up in print-shops. If you were served right, you should have your head stuck up in the pillory.

Lofty. Ay, stick it where you will; for, I feel sure it cuts but a very poor figure where it sticks at present.

Sir Wm. Well, Mr. Croaker, I hope you now see how incapable this gentleman is of serving you, and how little Miss Richland has to expect from his influence.

Cro. Ay, sir, too well I see it; and I can't but say I have had some boding of it these ten days. So, I'm resolved, since my son has placed his affections on a lady of moderate fortune, to be satisfied with his

choice, and not run the hazard of another Mr. Lofty in helping him to a better.

Sir Wm. I approve your resolution; and here they come to receive a confirmation of your pardon and consent.

From "*The Good-Natured Man*."

JONES AT THE BARBER'S SHOP.

PUNCH.

SCENE.—*A Barber's Shop. Barber's men engaged in cutting hair, making wigs, and other barberesque operations.*

Enter JONES, meeting OILY the barber.

Jones. I wish my hair cut.

Oily. Pray, sir, take a seat.

[*Oily puts a chair for Jones, who sits. During the following dialogue, Oily continues cutting Jones's hair.*]

Oily. We've had much wet, sir.

Jones. Very much, indeed.

Oily. And yet November's early days were fine.

Jones. They were.

Oily. I hoped fair weather might have lasted us

Until the end.

Jones. At one time—so did I.

Oily. But we have had it very wet.

Jones. We have.

[*A pause of some minutes.*]

Oily. I know not, sir, who cut your hair last time;

But this I say, sir, it was badly cut:

No doubt 'twas in the country.

Jones. No! in town!

Oily. Indeed! I should have fancied otherwise.

Jones. 'Twas cut in town—and in this very room.

Oily. Amazement!—But I now remember well.

We had an awkward, new provincial hand,

A fellow from the country. Sir, he did

More damage to my business in a week

Than all my skill can in a year repair.

He must have cut your hair.

Jones. [*Looking at him.*] No—'twas yourself.

Oily. Myself! Impossible! You must mistake.

Jones. I don't mistake—'twas you that cut my hair.

[*A long pause, interrupted only by the clipping of the scissors.*]

Oily. Your hair is very dry, sir.

Jones. Oh! indeed.

Oily. Our Vegetable Extract moistens it.

Jones. I like it dry.

Oily. But, sir, the hair when dry

Turns quickly gray.

Jones. That color I prefer.

Oily. But hair, when gray, will rapidly fall off,
And baldness will ensue.

Jones. I would be bald.

Oily. Perhaps you mean to say you'd like a wig—
We've wigs so natural they can't be told
From real hair.

Jones. Deception I detest.

[*Another pause ensues, during which Oily blows down Jones's neck, and relieves him from the linen wrapper in which he has been enveloped during the process of hair-cutting.*]

Oily. We've brushes, soaps, and scent, of every kind.

Jones. I see you have. [*Pays 6d.*] I think you'll find that right.

Oily. Is there nothing I can show you, sir?

Jones. No: nothing. Yet—there may be something, too,
That you may show me.

Oily. Name it, sir.

Jones. The door.

[*Exit Jones.*]

Oily. [*To his man.*] That's a rum customer at any rate.
Had I cut him as short as he cut me,
How little hair upon his head would be!
But if kind friends will all our pains requite,
We'll hope for better luck another night.

[*Shop-bell rings and curtain falls.*]

SCENE FROM BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

ARTAXOMINOUS in his Chair of State.—*A table, set out with bowls, glasses, pipes, &c.—Attendants on each side.*

1st Att. What will your Majesty please to wear?
Or blue, green, red, black, white, or brown?

2d Att. D'ye choose to look at the bill of fare?

Art. Get out of my sight, or I'll knock you down.

2d Att. Here is soup, fish, or goose, or duck, or fowl, or pigeons,
pig, or hare;

Ist Att. Blue, green, or red, or black, white, or brown,
What will your Majesty, &c.

Art. Get out of my sight, &c. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Enter FUSBOS, and kneels to the King.

Fus. Hail, Artaxominous! ycleped the Great!
I come, an humble pillar of thy state,
Pregnant with news—but ere that news I tell,
First let me hope your Majesty is well.

Art. Rise, learnèd Fusbos! rise, my friend, and know,
We are but middling—that is, but *so so*.

Fus. Only *so so*! Oh, monstrous, doleful thing!
Is it the cholera affects the king?
Or, dropping poisons in the cup of joy,
Do the blue devils your repose annoy?

Art. Nor cholera, nor devils blue are here,
But yet we feel ourself a little *queer*.

Fus. Yes, I perceive it in that vacant eye,
The vest unbuttoned, and the wig awry:
So sickly cats neglect their fur-attire,
And sit and mope beside the kitchen fire.

Art. Last night, when undisturbed by state affairs,
Moistening our clay, and puffing off our cares,
Oft the replenished goblet did we drain,
And drank and smoked, and smoked and drank again;
Such was the case, our very actions such,
Until at length we got a drop too much.

Fus. So, when some donkey on the Blackheath road
Falls, overpowered, beneath his sandy load,
The driver's curse unheeded swells the air,
Since none can carry more than they can bear.

Art. The sapient Doctor Muggins came in haste,
Who suits his physic to his patients' taste;
He, knowing well on what our heart is set,
Hath just prescribed "to take a morning whet;"
The very sight each sickening pain subdues,
Then sit, my Fusbos, sit, and tell thy news.

Fus. [*Sits.*] General Bombastes, whose resistless force
Alone exceeds by far a brewer's horse,
Returns victorious, bringing mines of wealth!

Art. Does he? by jingo! then we'll drink his health.

[*Drum and fife.*]

Fus. But hark! with loud acclaim, the fife and drum
Announce your army near; behold, they come!

[*Drum and fife again.*]

Enter BOMBASTES, attended by one Drummer, one Fifer, and two Soldiers, all very materially differing in size.

Bom. [To Army.] Meet me this evening at the Barley-Mow ;
I'll bring your pay, you see I'm busy now :
Begone, brave army, and don't kick up a row.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

[To the King.] Thrashed are your foes—this watch and silken string,
Worn by their chief, I as a trophy bring ;
I knocked him down, then snatched it from his fob ;
“ Watch, watch ! ” he cried, when I had done the job ;
“ My watch is gone,” says he—says I, “ Just so ;
Stop where you are—watches were made to go.”

Art. For which we make you Duke of Strombello.

[*Bombastes kneels—the King dubs him with a pipe, and then presents the bowl.*

From our own bowl here drink, my soldier true ;
And if you'd like to take a whiff or two,
He whose brave arm hath made our foes to crouch,
Shall have a pipe from this, our royal pouch.

Bom. [*Rises.*] Honors so great have all my toils repaid.
My liege, and Fusbos, here's “ Success to trade.”

Fus. Well said, Bombastes ! since thy mighty blows
Have given a quietus to our foes,
Now shall our farmers gather in their crops,
And busy tradesmen mind their crowded shops ;
The deadly havoc of war's hatchet cease ;
Now shall we smoke the calumet of peace.

Art. I shall smoke short-cut, you smoke what you please.

Bom. Whate'er your majesty shall deign to name,
Short cut or long to me is all the same.

Bom. & Fus. In short, so long as we your favors claim,
Short cut or long to us is all the same.

Art. Thanks, generous friends ! now list whilst I impart
How firm you're locked and bolted in my heart :
So long as this here pouch a pipe contains,
Or a full glass in that there bowl remains,
To you an equal portion shall belong ;
This I do swear, and now—let's have a song.

CONJUGAL QUARRELS.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

Enter LADY TEAZLE and SIR PETER.

Sir Peter. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady Teazle. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything; and what's more, I will too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir P. Very well, ma'm, very well—so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady T. Authority! No, to be sure:—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

Sir P. Old enough!—ay—there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman ought to be.

Sir P. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a green-house, and give a fête champêtre at Christmas.

Lady T. La! Sir Peter, am I to blame, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir P. Oons!—madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady T. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir P. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style:—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted of your own working.

Lady T. O yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led.—My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt book,—and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir P. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady T. And then, you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir P. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—*vis-à-vis*—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

Lady T. No—I declare I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir P. This madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T. Well, then,—and there is but one thing more you can make me add to the obligation, and that is——

Sir P. My widow, I suppose?

Lady T. Hem! hem!

Sir P. I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady T. Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir P. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady T. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir P. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir P. Ay—there again—taste—Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady T. That's very true indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir P. Ay, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

Lady T. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir P. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance: for they don't choose anybody should have a character but

themselves!—Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady T. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir P. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady T. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir P. Grace, indeed!

Lady T. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humor; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir P. Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

Lady T. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good bye to ye. [Exit LADY TEAZLE.]

Sir P. So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation: yet, with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage, as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me.

From "*School for Scandal*."

AWKWARD SERVANTS.

GOLDSMITH.

Enter HARDCASTLE, followed by three or four awkward Servants.

Hardcastle. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can show that you have been used to good company, without ever stirring from home.

Omnes. Ay, ay.

Hard. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren.

Omnes. No, no.

Hard. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Diggory. Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands

this way when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill——

Hard. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Dig. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hard. Blockhead! Is not a belly-full in the kitchen as good as a belly-full in the parlor? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

Dig. Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hard. Diggory, you are too talkative.—Then, if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Dig. Then, ecod, your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please, [*to DIGGORY*].—Eh, why don't you move?

Dig. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

Hard. What, will nobody move?

First Servant. I'm not to leave this pleace.

Second Servant. I'm sure it's no pleace of mine.

Third Servant. Nor mine, for sartain.

Dig. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

Hard. You numskulls! and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. O you dunces! I find I must begin all over again——But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads. I'll go in the mean time and give my old friend's son a hearty reception at the gate.

[*Exit* **HARDCASTLE**.]

Dig. By the elevens, my pleace is gone quite out of my head.

Roger. I know that my pleace is to be everywhere.

First Servant. Where the deuce is mine?

Second Servant. My pleace is to be nowhere at all; and so I've go about my business.

From "*She Stoops to Conquer*."

ENTHUSIASM OF THE HUNTRESS.

D. L. BOURCIGAUT.

SCENE.—MAX HARKAWAY'S *Drawing Room*.

Present, GRACE, MAX HARKAWAY, SIR HARCOURT COURTLY, YOUNG COURTLY, and DAZZLE.—JAMES announces Mr. ADOLPHUS and Lady GAY-SPANKER.

[Enter LADY GAY, fully equipped in riding habit, &c.]

Lady Gay. Ha! ha! Well, governor, how are ye? I have been down five times, climbing up your stairs in my long clothes. How are you, Grace, dear? *[Kisses her.]* There, don't fidget, Max. And there—*[kisses him]* there's one for you.

Sir Harcourt. Ahem!

Lady Gay. Oh, gracious, I didn't see you had visitors.

Max. Permit me to introduce—Sir Harcourt Courtly, Lady Gay Spanker. Mr. Dazzle, Mr. Hamilton—Lady Gay Spanker.

Sir H. [Aside.] A very fine woman!

Dazzle. [Aside to Sir H.] She's a very fine woman.

Lady Gay. You mustn't think anything of the liberties I take with my old papa here—bless him!

Sir H. Oh, no! *[Aside.]* I only thought I should like to be in his place.

Lady Gay. I am so glad you have come, Sir Harcourt. Now we shall be able to make a decent figure at the heels of a hunt.

Sir H. Does your ladyship hunt?

Lady Gay. Ha! I say, governor, does my ladyship hunt? I rather flatter myself that I do hunt! Why, Sir Harcourt, one might as well live without laughing as without hunting. Man was fashioned expressly to fit a horse. Are not hedges and ditches created for leaps? Of course! And I look upon foxes to be one of the most blessed dispensations of a benign Providence.

Sir H. Yes, it is all very well in the abstract: I tried it once.

Lady Gay. Once; Only once?

Sir H. Once, only once. And then the animal ran away with me.

Lady Gay. Why, you would not have him walk?

Sir H. Finding my society disagreeable, he instituted a series of kicks, with a view to removing the annoyance; but aided by the united stays of the mane and tail, I frustrated his intentions. *[All laugh.]* His next resource, however, was more effectual, for he succeeded in rubbing me off against a tree.

Max and Lady Gay. Ha! ha! ha!

Daz. How absurd you must have looked, with your legs and arms in the air, like a shipwrecked tea-table!

Sir H. Sir, I never looked absurd in my life. Ah, it may be very amusing in relation, I dare say, but very unpleasant in effect.

Lady Gay. I pity you, Sir Harcourt; it was criminal in your parents to neglect your education so shamefully.

Sir H. Possibly; but be assured, I shall never break my neck awkwardly from a horse, when it might be accomplished with less trouble from a bed-room window.

Young Courtly. [*Aside.*] My dad will be caught by this she-Bucephalus-tamer.

Max. Ah! Sir Harcourt, had you been here a month ago, you would have witnessed the most glorious run that ever swept over merry England's green cheek—a steeple-chase, sir, which I intended to win, but my horse broke down the day before. I had a chance, notwithstanding, and but for Gay here, I should have won. How I regretted my absence from it! How did my filly behave herself, Gay?

Lady Gay. Gloriously, Max! gloriously! There were sixty horses in the field, all mettle to the bone: the start was a picture—away we went in a cloud—pell-mell—helter-skelter—the fools first, as usual, using themselves up—we soon passed them—first your Kitty, then my Blueskin, and Craven's colt last. Then came the tug—Kitty skimmed the walls—Blueskin flew over the fences—the Colt neck-and-neck, and half a mile to run—at last the Colt balked a leap and went wild. Kitty and I had it all to ourselves—she was three lengths ahead as we breasted the last wall, six feet, if an inch, and a ditch on the other side. Now, for the first time, I gave Blueskin his head—ha! ha! Away he flew like a thunderbolt—over went the filly—I over the same spot, leaving Kitty in the ditch—walked the steeple, eight miles in thirty minutes, and scarcely turned a hair.

All. Bravo! Bravo!

Lady Gay. Do you hunt?

Dazzle. Hunt! I belong to a hunting family. I was born on horse-back and cradled in a kennel! Ay, and I hope I may die with a whoo-whoop!

Max. [*To Sir H.*] You must leave your town habits in the smoke of London: here we rise with the lark.

Sir H. Haven't the remotest conception when that period is.

Grace. The man that misses sunrise loses the sweetest part of his existence.

Sir H. Oh, pardon me; I have seen sunrise frequently after a ball, or from the windows of my travelling-carriage, and I always considered it disagreeable.

Grace. I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the opening eye of morning, the silent song the flowers breathe, the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrels, to which the modest brook trickles ap-

plause:—these swelling out the sweetest chord of sweet creation's matins, seem to pour some soft and merry tale into the daylight's ear, as if the waking world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled o'er the telling of it.

Sir H. The effect of a rustic education! Who could ever discover music in a damp foggy morning, except those confounded waits, who never play in tune, and a miserable wretch who makes a point of crying coffee under my window just as I am persuading myself to sleep: in fact, I never heard any music worth listening to, except in Italy.

Lady Gay. No? then you never heard a well-trained English pack in full cry?

Sir H. Full cry!

Lady Gay. Ay! there is harmony, if you will. Give me the trumpet-neigh; the spotted pack just catching scent. What a chorus is their yelp! The view-hallo, blent with a peal of free and fearless mirth! That's our old English music,—match it where you can!

Sir H. [*Aside.*] I must see about Lady Gay Spanker.

Daz. [*Aside to Sir H.*] Ah, would you——

Lady Gay. Time then appears as young as love, and plumes as swift a wing. Away we go! The earth flies back to aid our course! Horse, man, hound, earth, heaven!—all—all—one piece of glowing ecstacy! Then I love the world, myself, and every living thing,—my jocund soul cries out for very glee, as it could wish that all creation had but one mouth, that I might kiss it!

From "*London Assurance.*"

FAMILY OBSTINACY.

SHERIDAN.

Enter FAG.

Fag. Sir, there is a gentleman below desires to see you—Shall I show him into the parlor?

Captain Absolute. Ay—you may.

Acres. Well, I must be gone——

Capt. A. Stay; who is it, Fag?

Fag. Your father, sir.

Capt. A. You puppy, why didn't you show him up directly?

[*Exit FAG.*]

Acres. You have business with Sir Anthony. I expect a message from Mrs. Malaprop at my lodgings. I have sent also to my dear friend, Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Adieu, Jack, we must meet at night, when you shall give me a dozen bumpers to little Lydia.

Capt. A. That I will, with all my heart. [*Exit ACRES.*] Now for a parental lecture—I hope he has heard nothing of the business that

has brought me here ; I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul !

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well ! your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir A. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What, you are recruiting here, hey ?

Capt. A. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

Sir A. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it ! for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Capt. A. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty, and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

Sir A. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well, then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Capt. A. Sir, you are very good.

Sir A. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Capt. A. Sir, your kindness overpowers me. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army ?

Sir A. Oh ! that shall be as your wife chooses.

Capt. A. My wife, sir !

Sir A. Ay, ay ; settle that between you, settle that between you.

Capt. A. A wife, sir, did you say ?

Sir A. Ay, a wife : why, did not I mention her before ?

Capt. A. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir A. Odd so ; I mustn't forget her, though. Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage ; the fortune is saddled with a wife : but I suppose that makes no difference ?

Capt. A. Sir, sir ! you amaze me !

Sir A. Why, what the deuce is the matter with the fool ? just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Capt. A. I was, sir : you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir A. Why, what difference does that make ? Odds life, sir ! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Capt. A. Pray, sir, who is the lady ?

Sir A. What's that to you, sir ? come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Capt. A. Sure, sir, that is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir A. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Capt. A. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir A. Harkye, Jack;—I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool,—quite cool; but take care; you know I am compliance itself, when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led, when I have my own way; but don't put me in a frenzy.

Capt. A. Sir, I must repeat it; in this I cannot obey you.

Sir A. Now, confound me, if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

Capt. A. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir A. Sir, I won't hear a word, not a word! not one word! so give me your promise by a nod, and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean, you dog—if you don't, by——

Capt. A. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness; to——

Sir A. Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—She shall be all this, sirrah! yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night, to write sonnets on her beauty.

Capt. A. This is reason and moderation, indeed!

Sir A. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humor for mirth in my life.

Sir A. 'Tis false, sir; I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Capt. A. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir A. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please; it won't do with me, I promise you.

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir A. 'Tis a confounded lie! I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog; but it won't do.

Capt. A. Nay, sir, upon my word——

Sir A. So you will fly out! can't you be cool, like me? what good can passion do? passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate! there, you sneer again! don't provoke me! but you rely upon the mildness of my temper, you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! yet, take care; the patience of a saint may be overcome at last! but mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any

condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why—confound you! I may in time forgive you. If not, zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own: I'll strip you of your commission: I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! and confound me! if ever I call you Jack again! [Exit.]

Capt. A. Mild, gentle, considerate father! I kiss your hands.

From "*The Rivals*."

SCENE FROM PIZARRO.

KOTZEBUE.

SCENE.—*The Temple of the Sun.*

A solemn March.—The Warriors and King enter on one side of the Temple.—ROLLA, ALONZO, and CORA, on the other.

Ataliba. Welcome Alonzo!—[*To ROLLA.*] Kinsman, thy hand.—[*To CORA.*] Blessed be the object of the happy mother's love.

Cora. May the Sun bless the father of his people!

Ata. In the welfare of his children lives the happiness of their king. Friends, what is the temper of our soldiers?

Rolla. Such as becomes the cause which they support; their cry is Victory or Death! our king! our country! and our God!

Ata. Thou, Rolla, in the hour of peril, hast been wont to animate the spirit of their leaders, ere we proceed to consecrate the banners which thy valor knows so well to guard.

Rol. Yet never was the hour of peril near, when to inspire them words were so little needed. My brave associates! partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame!—can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No! you have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared as mine has, the motives, which, in a war like this, can animate their minds, and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule. We, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate. We serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes—they will give enlightened free-

dom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection—yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our own plain answer this:—The throne we honor is the people's choice—the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us.

[*Loud shouts of the soldiery.*]

Ata. [*Embracing ROLLA.*] Now, holy friends, ever mindful of these sacred truths, begin the sacrifice.

CHORUS.—*Priests and Virgins.*

Oh Power supreme! in mercy smile
 With favor on thy servants' toil!
 Our hearts from guileful passions free,
 Which here we render unto thee!
 Thou Parent Light! but deign to hear
 The voices of our feeble choir;
 And this our sacrifice of fear,
 Consume with thine own hallowed fire!
 [*Fire from above lights upon the Altar.*]
 Give praise, give praise, the God has heard,
 Our God most awfully revered!
 The altar his own flames enwreathed,
 Then be the conquering sword unsheathed,
 And victory set on Rolla's brow,
 His foes to crush—to overthrow!

Ata. Our offering is accepted. Now to arms, my friends, prepare for battle!

Enter ORANO.

Ora. The enemy!

Ata. How near?

Ora. From the hill's brow, even now as I overlooked their force, suddenly I perceived the whole in motion: with eager haste they march towards our deserted camp, as if apprised of this most solemn sacrifice.

Rol. They must be met before they reach it.

Ata. And you, my daughters, with your dear children, away to the appointed place of safety.

Cora. Oh, Alonzo!

[*Embracing him.*]

Alonzo. We shall meet again.

Cora. Bless us once more, ere thou leave us.

Al. Heaven protect and bless thee, my beloved, and thee, my innocent!

Ata. Haste! haste!—each moment is precious!

Cora. Farewell, Alonzo! Remember thy life is mine.

Rol. Not one farewell to Rolla?

Cora. [*Giving him her hand.*] Farewell! the God of war be with thee: but bring me back Alonzo. [*Exit with the child.*]

Ata. [*Draws his sword.*] Now, my brethren, my sons, my friends, I know your valor. Should ill success assail us, be despair the last feeling of your hearts. If successful, let mercy be the first. Alonzo, to thee I give to defend the narrow passage of the mountains. On the right of the wood be Rolla's station. For me, straight forwards will I march to meet them, and fight until I see my people saved, or they behold their monarch fall. Be the word of battle—"God! and our native land!"

From "*The German of Kotzebue.*"

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

CHARLES DANCE.

SQUIRE, GEORGE, HORACE.

George. Here we are, sir!

Squire. Good! Resume your seats. [*They sit, the SQUIRE in the middle.*] I am rich—I am seventy, and I have no heir. You two boys being the children of one sister, and your cousin, Sophy Herbert, the child of another sister, both of whom have preceded me to—in short, you are my nearest living relations. Sophy is a dear good girl. She has been, as you know, under my roof these two years. [*GEORGE sighs.*] There is nothing to sigh about, my friend; she is very comfortable; at least, if not, it must be her own fault, for she does just as she likes.

Horace. Upon my life, sir, yours must be a very pleasant house to stay in.

Squire. Sir, you do me infinite honor; but I haven't time to luxuriate in your praises just now. Miss Fanny Markham, and your cousin Sophy, will be here shortly; if, therefore, you can make it convenient to let me proceed without interruption, I shall take it as a personal favor. [*They bow assent.*] Consider your cousin Sophy provided for. I now come to yourselves. I shall deal frankly with you. I have plenty of money to leave you both; but I have sent for you here, because I want to fix upon one of you to take my name when I die, and to do me the honor to inherit the bulk of my estates. [*They look at one another in astonishment.*] Don't stare, but listen. You are both

good, I dare say, in your ways ; but I want to discover which of you is the best man for my purpose. I have now told you my object, openly and honestly, as a gentleman ought. If you are gentlemen,—and mind, I use the term in its broadest sense,—you will answer my questions *as* openly, and *as* honestly. I have scorned to deceive you ; and, if either of you condescend to try to deceive me, depend upon it,—[*observing a movement on their parts, he continues,*—]—don't be in a hurry ; I was only going to say, depend upon it, I shall find you out. [*All rise.*]

Horace. Sir, we pledge our honors.

Squire. I require no pledge, my friends, no pledge. Besides, the honor of a gentleman is a treasure too precious to be lightly parted with ; it should be retained within the workshop of his mind to gild and beautify each action of his life, ere it passes into public observation. George !

George. Sir ?

Squire. You are the eldest, I believe ?

George. By five years, sir.

Squire. You are a merchant of the city of London ?

George. I am, sir.

Squire. And you take pride in being so ?

George. I do.

Squire. So you ought. But the time approaches when you may, perhaps, be called upon to exchange that appellation for another, equally honorable—that of an English country gentleman. In the hurry of business, I have somehow forgotten to get married, until it's too late.

Horace. Too late, sir ! Why, you seem as hearty as a man of fifty !

Squire. Don't interrupt me ; and, above all, don't talk nonsense ; it is too late, I say ; I can't help being an old man ; but I *can* help being an old fool ! I am the last of my name in the county. [*Sits.*] I would do anything, in reason, to oblige my friends and neighbors ; but I can't live much longer, even to accommodate them. Now, I don't relish the notion of removing from the family mansion to the family vault, without leaving behind me some future Squire upon whom I may depend to carry on the war as I have done. Yes, boys, I say, as I have done ; for when I reflect upon my past life [*becomes affected*], I feel that I may assert, without fear of contradiction, that I have done some little good in my time. [*Rousing himself.*] Psha ! This is folly ! At my time of life, one needn't lie, even about one's self ! [*Earnestly.*] I have done a great deal of good, and I know it !

George. Everybody about you seems to know it equally well, sir.

Squire. My dear boy, I want no flattery ; I was talking about a fact, and I only mentioned that because it came in as a matter of business.

Now answer *you* first. Should you like to succeed to this place when I die?

George. I trust that such an event is yet far off, sir.

Squire. Poh! Poh! Nonsense! I shall die none the sooner for your talking about it. Answer my question.

George. If I could fill it as you do, sir—yes.

Squire. Very well. Now, what is to hinder you from doing so?

George. My education and habits.

Squire. Why, you have had the education of a gentleman.

George. True, sir.

Squire. Used to habits of business, you must have a good head.

George. For the duties of a merchant I hope I have.

Squire. And a good heart?

George. Nay, sir!

Horace. [*Unaffectedly.*] Let me answer for him there. A better-hearted fellow than George Selwood does not exist!

Squire. [*Rising; sharply to HORACE.*] I told you not to interrupt me! [*Then shaking his hand.*] But I can forgive that!—[*To GEORGE.*] And so, sir, you seem to think, upon the whole, that my place wouldn't suit you, as the servants say?

George. My dear sir—I know little about horses; nothing about dogs or guns; I neither ride, drive, shoot, nor hunt; and, therefore, upon the whole, honestly I doubt it.

Squire. Then, honestly, I say, you shall have a fair chance of changing your opinion. [*Takes his hand.*] George, your candor does you honor. I have rather slender hopes of our friend here; but I must try him, now. [*All rise; turning to HORACE, who is playing with his mustaches.*] Mr. Horace Amelius Selwood!

Horace. Sir.

Squire. If you think there would be no danger of your head falling off your shoulders, perhaps you will let go of those things, and attend to me.

Horace. [*Putting down his hands.*] With pleasure!

Squire. [*Imitating him.*] With play-jaar! What a queer word you make of it!—[*To GEORGE.*] What does he talk so for?

George. It's the fashion, sir.

Squire. Fashion, again! I observe that everything that is particularly ridiculous is the fashion.—[*To HORACE.*] Well, sir, you perceive the difficulty in which I am placed; *can* you do anything to relieve me?

Horace. Hang me if I know!

Squire. I tell you what, young gentlemen, you really are two of the queerest fellows I ever met with! It is not often, I suspect, that station and fortune go begging in this manner.

Horace. Don't mistake me, sir; I have no objection to the money.

Squire. Haven't you, really?

Horace. O, no; none in life! In point of fact, I rather like it; and I'll tell you why. I have rather "outrun the constable" lately.

Squire. [*Astonished.*] You have done what, sir?

Horace. Outrun the constable.

Squire. [*To GEORGE.*] What on earth has this boy had a constable after him for?

George. [*Smiling.*] O, sir, don't be alarmed! Outrunning the constable is only a fashionable phrase for spending more than one's income.

Squire. And the offence, I fear, is as fashionable as the phrase.— [*To HORACE.*] Then, pray, sir, why don't you jump at such a chance as this?

Horace. Because I haven't the least idea how to be a Squire.

Squire. Come, that's honest, at all events! Are you willing to learn?

Horace. Is it much trouble?

Squire. Less than to be a noodle!—at least I should think so.

Horace. Then I'll try.

Squire. So you shall. Give me your hand! And give me yours, George. Now mind! this brother of yours engages to become my pupil; if I succeed in humanizing him, he will be my heir; if not, *you* must! No answer; for, by Jupiter, one of you shall!

George. Horace will be the man, sir, no doubt. He is younger than I am, and his habits are less settled.

Squire. Much less, seemingly!—[*Aside.*] How shall I begin with him?—[*To HORACE.*] Can you ride?

Horace. I flatter myself that's about the best thing I do!

Squire. Then you really are not afraid of a horse?

Horace. I'm afraid of nothing!

Squire. [*Aside.*] How one may be deceived by appearances!— [*Aloud.*] Can you drive?

Horace. Gig, curricule, tandem, unicorn, or four. I have driven the coach from London to Brighton about two hundred times.

Squire. I'm glad you can drive; but I beg to inform you that whoever becomes my heir will be able to make a decent livelihood without turning stage coachman!

George. It isn't for that, sir—it's the fashion.

Squire. [*To GEORGE.*] O!—[*To HORACE.*] Pray, sir, is it the fashion for gentlemen to turn servants of all denominations? Because, although our roads here are well supplied with coachmen at present, I have a vacancy for a footman, if that would suit you!

Horace. That would be degrading.

Squire. O! I beg your pardon. I didn't perceive the distinction. Can you shoot?

Horace. I can kill eleven birds out of twelve, at thirty yards; for further particulars inquire at the Red House, Battersea.

Squire. Is that true?

Horace. I never tell a lie; it's ungentlemanly.

Squire. [*Aside.*] He's a strange animal; but there is good about the fellow!—[*Aloud.*] Now, sir, one thing more, and I have done with you for the present. You are short of cash, I understand.

Horace. Excruciatingly!

Squire. I want to make a purchase of you. If I give you fifty pounds, may I take my choice of any article you have got about you?

Horace. Most willingly!

Squire. Enough! [*Taking out pocket book.*] George! I lodge the money with you; when the goods are delivered, pay the vender.

George. But what is the purchase, sir?

Horace. Ay, what is the purchase?

Squire. The growing crop of hair upon your face; with liberty to mow, whenever I please. [*GEORGE laughs—HORACE looks astonished.*]

Horace. My whiskers and mustaches!

Squire. Even so! Come, a bargain is a bargain; away to your room. Shave them off clean! And don't let me see your face again until, until—in short—I can see it. [*Goes up to table and rings bell; HORACE is going.*]

George. Horace!

Horace. [*Turning.*] What?

George. [*Laughs and imitates shaving.*] I say——

Horace. Now be quiet! [*Going.*]

George. Horace!

Horace. [*Peevishly, turning again.*] Well! What do you want?

George. Look here, old man! [*Holding up note.*]

Horace. Well—to be sure—a fifty is two ponies; and the hair will grow again!

[*Exit.*]

From "*The Country Squire.*"

THE SERENADE.

LONGFELLOW.

A Street in Madrid. Enter CHISPA, followed by musicians, with a bag-pipe, guitars, and other instruments.

Chispa. Abrenuncio Satanas! and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night, drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I; and every friar

to his monastery. Now, here's my master, Victorian, yesterday a cow-keeper, and to-day a gentleman; yesterday a student, and to-day a lover; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. [*To the musicians.*] And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk this way; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend?

1st Musician. Geronimo Gil, at your service.

Chispa. Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Geronimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee?

1st Mus. Why so?

Chispa. Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

1st Mus. An Aragonese bagpipe.

Chispa. Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedi for playing, and ten for leaving off?

1st Mus. No, your honor.

Chispa. I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

2d and 3d Mus. We play the bandurria.

Chispa. A pleasing instrument. And thou?

4th Mus. The fife.

Chispa. I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

Other Mus. We are the singers, please your honor.

Chispa. You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Cordova? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise. [*Exeunt.*]

Preciosa (at an open window). How slowly through the lilac-scented air

Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down

The vapory clouds float in the peaceful sky ;
 And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade
 The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.
 And hark ! what songs of love, what soul-like sounds,
 Answer them from below !

SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night !
 Far in yon azure deeps,
 Hide, hide your golden light !
 She sleeps !
 My lady sleeps !
 Sleeps !

Moon of the summer night !
 Far down yon western steeps,
 Sink, sink in silver light !
 She sleeps !
 My lady sleeps !
 Sleeps !

Wind of the summer night !
 Where yonder woodbine creeps,
 Fold, fold thy pinions light !
 She sleeps !
 My lady sleeps !
 Sleeps !

Dreams of the summer night !
 Tell her, her lover keeps
 Watch ! while in slumbers light
 She sleeps !
 My lady sleeps !
 Sleeps !

THE MURDER OF CLYTUS.

NATHANIEL J. J.

Alexander. Thy hand, Hephestion : clap him to thy heart,
 And wear him ever near thee. Parisatis
 Shall now be his who serves me best in war.
 Neither reply, but mark the charge I give ;
 Live, live as friends—you will, you must, you shall :
 'Tis a god gives you life.

Clytus. Oh, monstrous vanity !

Alex. Ha ! what says Clytus ? who am I ?

Clyt. The son of good king Philip.

Alex. By my kindred gods

'Tis false. Great Ammon gave me birth.

Clyt. I've done.

Alex. Clytus, what means that dress ? Give him a robe, there.
Take it and wear it.

Clyt. Sir, the wine, the weather,
Has heated me : besides, you know my humor.

Alex. Oh, 'tis not well ! I'd rather perish, burn,
Than be so singular and froward.

Clyt. So would I——

Burn, hang, drown, but in a better cause.

I'll drink or fight for sacred majesty
With any here. Fill me another bowl.

Will you excuse me ?

Alex. You will be excused :
But let him have his humor ; he is old.

Clyt. So was your father, sir ; this to his memory :
Sound all the trumpets there.

Alex. They shall not sound
Till the king drinks. Sure I was born to wage
Eternal war. All are my enemies,
Whom I could tame—But let the sports go on.

Lysimachus. Nay, Clytus, you that could advise so well——

Alex. Let him persist, be positive, and proud,
Envious and sullen, 'mongst the nobler souls.
Like an infernal spirit that hath stole
From hell, and mingled with the mirth of gods.

Clyt. When gods grow hot, no difference I know
'Twixt them and devils—Fill me Greek wine—yet—
Yet fuller—I want spirits.

Alex. Let me have music.

Clyt. Music for boys—Clytus would hear the groans
Of dying soldiers, and the neigh of steeds ;
Or, if I must be pestered with shrill sounds,
Give me the cries of matrons in sacked towns.

Hephestion. Let us, Lysimachus, awake the king ;
A heavy gloom is gathering on his brow.
Kneel all, with humblest adoration, kneel,
And let a health to Jove's great son go round.

Alex. Sound, sound, that all the universe may hear.

[A loud flourish of Trumpets.]

Oh, for the voice of Jove! the world should know
The kindness of my people—Rise! oh rise!
My hands, my arms, my heart, are ever yours.

Clyt. I did not kiss the earth, nor must your hand—
I am unworthy, sir.

Alex. I know thou art:
Thou enviest the great honor of thy master.
Sit all, my friends. Now let us talk of war,
The noblest subject for a soldier's mouth,
And speak, speak freely, else you love me not.
Who, think you, was the greatest general
That ever led an army to the field?

Heph. A chief so great, so fortunately brave,
And justly so renowned as Alexander,
The radiant sun, since first his beams gave light,
Never yet saw.

Lys. Such was not Cyrus, or the famed Alcides,
Nor great Achilles, whose tempestuous sword
Laid Troy in Ashes, though the warring gods
Opposed him.

Alex. Oh, you flatter me!

Clyt. They do, indeed, and yet you love them for't,
But hate old Clytus for his hardy virtue.
Come, shall I speak a man with equal bravery,
A better general, and experter soldier?

Alex. I should be glad to learn: instruct me, sir.

Clyt. Your father, Philip—I have seen him march,
And fought beneath his dreadful banner, where
The boldest at this table would have trembled.
Nay, frown not, sir, you cannot look me dead.
When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war!
The laboured battle sweat, and conquest bled.
Why should I fear to speak a bolder truth
Than e'er the lying priests of Ammon told you?
Philip fought men—but Alexander women.

Alex. All envy, spite and envy, by the gods!
Is then my glory come to this at last,
To conquer women! Nay, he said the stoutest,
The stoutest here, would tremble at his dangers.
In all the sickness, all the wounds, I bore,
When from my reins the javelin's head was cut,
Lysimachus, Hephestion, speak, Perdiccas,
Did I once tremble? Oh, the cursed falsehood!

Did I once shake or groan, or act beneath
The dauntless resolution of a king?

Lys. Wine has transported him.

Alex. No, 'tis mere malice.

I was a woman too, at Oxydrace,
When, planting on the walls a scaling ladder,
I mounted, spite of showers of stones, bars, arrows,
And all the lumber which they thundered down.
When you beneath cried out, and spread your arms,
That I should leap among you—did I so?

Lys. Dread sir! the old man knows not what he says.

Alex. Was I a woman, when, like Mercury,
I leaped the walls and flew amidst the foe,
And, like a baited lion, dyed myself
All over in the blood of those bold hunters;
Till spent with toil I battled on my knees,
Plucked forth the darts that made my shield a forest,
And hurled 'em back with most unconquered fury,
Then shining in my arms I sunned the field,
Moved, spoke, and fought, and was myself a war.

Clyt. 'Twas all bravado; for, before you leaped,
You saw that I had burst the gates asunder.

Alex. Oh, that thou wert but once more young and vigorous!
That I might strike thee prostrate to the earth,
For this audacious lie, thou feeble dotard!

Clyt. I know the reason why you use me thus:
I saved you from the sword of bold Rhesaces,
Else had your godship slumbered in the dust,
And most ungratefully you hate me for it.

Alex. Hence from the banquet: thus far I forgive thee.

Clyt. First try (for none can want forgiveness more)
To have your own bold blasphemies forgiven,
The shameful riots of a vicious life,
Philotas' murder——

Alex. Ha! what said the traitor?

Heph. Clytus, withdraw; Eumenes, force him hence:
He must not tarry: drag him to the door.

Clyt. No, let him send me, if I must be gone,
To Philip, Atalaus, Calisthenes,
To great Parmenio, and his slaughtered sons.

Alex. Give me a javelin.

Heph. Hold, mighty sir!

Alex. Sirrah! off,

Lest I at once strike through his heart and thine.

Lys. Oh, sacred sir! have but a moment's patience.

Alex. What! hold my arms! I shall be murdered here,
Like poor Darius, by my barbarous subjects.
Perdiccas, sound our trumpets to the camp;
Call all my soldiers to the court: nay, haste,
For there is treason plotting 'gainst my life,
And I shall perish ere they come to save me.
Where is the traitor?

Clyt. Sure there is none amongst us,
But here I stand—honest Clytus,
Whom the king invited to the banquet.

Alex. Begone to Philip, Atalaus, Calisthenes— [Stabs him.
And let bold subjects learn, by thy example,
Not to provoke the patience of their prince.

Clyt. The rage of wine is drowned in gushing blood.
Oh, Alexander! I have been to blame:
Hate me not after death; for I repent
That I so far have urged your noble nature.

Alex. What's this I hear? say on, my dying soldier.

Clyt. I should have killed myself had I but lived
To be once sober—Now I fall with honor;
My own hands would have brought foul death. Oh, pardon! [Dies.

Alex. Then I am lost: what has my vengeance done!
Who is it thou hast slain? Clytus! what was he?
The faithfullest subject, worthiest counsellor,
The bravest soldier, he who saved thy life,
Fighting bareheaded at the river Granick,
And now he has a noble recompense;
For a rash word, spoke in the heat of wine,
The poor, the honest Clytus thou hast slain,
Clytus, thy friend, thy guardian, thy preserver!

From "*Alexander the Great.*"

CAUDLE AND MRS. CAUDLE.

E. STIRLING.

Mrs. Caudle. Caudle dear, you remember how happy dear mother was, when she supped here last?

Caudle. No.

Mrs. Caudle. No! How can you say that? You must have seen it. She's always happier here than anywhere else. Ah, what a temper the dear soul has. I call it a temper of satin—it's so smooth, so easy, and so soft. Nothing puts her out.

Cau. [*Aside.*] I wish it would—of the world.

Mrs. C. She loves you so—more than her own son, ten times over. Don't you think so? Do answer.

Cau. How can I tell?

Mrs. C. Nonsense! you must have seen it. Think of the stewed oysters on Thursday night—that was all dear mother's doings. "Margaret," says she to me, "it's a cold night—and don't you think dear Mr. Caudle would like something nice before he goes to bed?" [*CAUDLE snores.*] Do listen to me for five minutes. 'Tisn't often I speak, heaven knows. Then what a fuss she makes when you're out, if your slippers ain't put to the fire for you.

Cau. She's very good!

Mrs. C. I know she is. For six months she's been working a watch-pocket for you—with *her* eyes, dear soul, and at *her* time of life! And what a cook she is! The dishes she'll make out of nothing. I try hard to follow her.

Cau. [*Melancholy.*] I know it!

Mrs. C. But she quite beats me. Ah, the many nice little things she'd simmer up for you. I've been thinking—[*He coughs.*] Ah, that nasty cough, love. I've been thinking—if we would persuade dear mother to come and live with us—

Cau. [*Pulls his nightcap over his eyes.*] Have you?

Mrs. C. What a treasure we would have in her.

Cau. I don't want one.

Mrs. C. You do. The money she'd save us in house-keeping—Ah, what an eye she has for a joint!

Cau. And a tooth!

Mrs. C. The butcher doesn't walk that could deceive poor mother. Then, again, for poultry—what a finger and thumb she has for a chicken! What a hand, too, for marrow-puddings and pie crust—

Cau. Confound pie crust!

Mrs. C. Don't rail at her crust, dear. It's a gift—quite a gift, and born with her.

Cau. Why wasn't it born with you?

Mrs. C. That's cruel. People can't be born as they like. Dear mother's jams and preserves are beautiful—she'd make it summer all the year round. Her beer, too—oh, her beer! And what nice dogs in a blanket for the children.

Cau. What's dogs in blankets?

Mrs. C. They're delicious, as dear mother makes 'em. [*He groans.*] Now you *have* tasted her Irish stew, Caudle. Come, you're not asleep. If she was here, you might have a stew when you liked. What a relief that would be to me. She would make us so happy—no tiffs, then. I can't bear to quarrel—can, I love? The children are so fond

of her, too—and such a nurse—I shouldn't care a fig for the measles. She could sit up for you, too—so I think she'd better come, eh, Caudle, darling? Don't you think she'd better come?

Cau. No. I don't!

Mrs. C. [*Loud.*] You don't?

Cau. I don't. I won't have her!

Mrs. C. You won't have her?

Cau. No—that's flat!

Mrs. C. No! [*Noise of carriage and knocking.*]

Cau. No, no, no, ma'am!

Mrs. C. [*Screaming and sobbing—at the same time ringing a bell.*]

Caudle—Caudle—she shall come! she's coming—she's come! I've sent for her.

Cau. She shan't—she shan't stay. If she does, I'm——

[*MRS. CAUDLE'S DEAR MOTHER enters, loaded with boxes, bundles, &c., in bonnet and shawl—her face very red.*]

Mrs. Caudle's Mother. Peggy, my pet—Job, my comfort, I'm come at last. [*Embraces CAUDLE violently—he runs behind a large chair.*]

Mrs. C. [*Sobbing.*] Oh, mother—mother, dear!

Mrs. Caudle's Mother. My lamb! [*Runs to her.*] What's all this noration about?

Mrs. C. Ask Cau—Cau—Caudle!

Cau. Ask "Punch."

Mrs. C. No sir, my dear mother shan't make a *Judy* of herself to please you. I'll punish you—the whole world shall hear of my wrongs; and if I live for fifty years every night I'll lecture you.

Mrs. Caudle's Mother. Do—do, my darling, and I'll help. I've come to stop.

Cau. Stop—the deuce! [*Rushes out of window—a loud glass crash heard, and noisy voices in the street—MRS. CAUDLE'S MOTHER rushes to window and faints in the balcony—MRS. CAUDLE starts upright on the floor, screaming—at the same time noise of CHILDREN at the doors, calling for "MA" and "PA."*]

From "*Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.*"

THE QUARREL ADJUSTED.

SHERIDAN.

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Captain Absolute. 'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed!—Whimsical enough, 'faith! My father wants to force me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with! He must not know of my connection with her yet awhile. He has too summary a method of proceeding

in these matters; however, I'll read my recantation instantly. My conversion is something sudden, indeed; but, I can assure him, it is very sincere—So, so, here he comes—he looks plaguy gruff!

Enter SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Sir Anthony. No—I'll die sooner than forgive him! Die, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him. At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper—An obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy! Who can he take after? This is my return for getting him before all his brothers and sisters! for putting him, at twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a year, besides his pay, ever since! But I have done with him—he's anybody's son for me—I never will see him more—never—never—never—never.

Capt. A. Now for a penitential face!

[*Aside.*

Sir A. Fellow, get out of my way!

Capt. A. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

Sir A. I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

Capt. A. A sincere penitent. I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

Sir A. What's that?

Capt. A. I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

Sir A. Well, sir?

Capt. A. I have been likewise weighing and balancing, what you were pleased to mention concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

Sir A. Well, puppy?

Capt. A. Why, then, sir, the result of my reflections is, a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

Sir A. Why, now you talk sense, absolute sense; I never heard anything more sensible in my life. Confound you! you shall be Jack again.

Capt. A. I am happy in the appellation.

Sir A. Why then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you who the lady really is. Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented me telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare! What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

Capt. A. Languish! What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

Sir A. Worcestershire! no. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop, and her niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment?

Capt. A. Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet, stay, I think I do recollect something—Languish—Languish—She squints, don't she?—A little red-haired girl?

Sir A. Squints!—A red-haired girl! Zounds, no!

Capt. A. Then I must have forgot; it can't be the same person.

Sir A. Jack, Jack! what think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen?

Capt. A. As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent; if I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

Sir A. Nay, but Jack, such eyes! such eyes, so innocently wild, so bashfully irresolute, not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks, Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes! Then, Jack, her lips! O, Jack, lips, smiling at their own discretion! and, if not smiling, more sweetly pouting—more lovely in sullenness! Then, Jack, her neck! O, Jack, Jack!

Capt. A. And which is to be mine, sir, the niece or the aunt?

Sir A. Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you. When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket. The aunt, indeed! Odds life! when I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched anything old or ugly, to gain an empire.

Capt. A. Not to please your father, sir?

Sir A. To please my father—Zounds! not to please—O, my father—Oddso!—Yes, yes; if my father, indeed, had desired—that's quite another matter—Though he wasn't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

Capt. A. I dare say not, sir.

Sir A. But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful!

Capt. A. Sir, I repeat it, if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind—now, without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back: and, though one eye may be very agreeable, yet, as the prejudice has always run in favor of two, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

Sir A. What a phlegmatic sot it is! Why, sirrah, you are an anchorite! A vile, insensible stock! You a soldier! you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on! Odds life, I've a great mind to marry the girl myself!

Capt. A. I am entirely at your disposal, sir; if you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the aunt; or, if you should change your mind, and take the old lady,—'tis the same to me, I'll marry the niece.

Sir A. Upon my word, Jack, thou'rt either a very great hypocrite, or—but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie. I'm sure it must—come, now, hang your demure face, come, confess, Jack, you have been lying—ha'n't you? You have been playing the hypocrite, hey?—I'll never forgive you, if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

Capt. A. I'm sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

Sir A. Hang your respect and duty! But come along with me, I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the Promethean torch to you—come along, I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back, stark mad with rapture and impatience—if you don't, 'egad I'll marry the girl myself.

From "*The Rivals*."

THE DEATH OF CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

SHAKESPEARE.

SCENE.—*London*.—*Cardinal Beaufort's bed-chamber*.

Enter KING HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and others.

The CARDINAL in bed; Attendants with him.

K. Henry. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Cardinal. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible!

Warwick. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial, when you will.

Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—

O! torture me no more, I will confess.—

Alive again? then show me where he is;

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Salisbury. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—

He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation.

From "*King Henry VI.*"

KING LEAR'S RETURNING SANITY.

SHAKSPEARE.

SCENE.—*A Tent in the French Camp.*—LEAR on a bed, asleep; Physicians, Gentlemen, and others, attending.

Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

Cordelia. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o'er-paid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipped, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—How does the king?

[*To the Physician.*]

Physician. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up,
Of this child-changed father!

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be governed by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he arrayed?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him ;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.

Cor. O my dear father ! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips ; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made !

Kent. Kind and dear princess !

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be exposed against the warring winds ?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder ?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross-lightning ? to watch (poor perdu !)
With this thin helm ? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire ; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In shorty and musty straw ? Alack ! alack !
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes ; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you ; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord ? How fares your majesty ?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave :—
Thou art a soul in bliss ; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me ?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know ; When did you die ?

Cor. Still, still, far wide !

Phys. He's scarce awake ; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been ? Where am I ?—Fair day-light ?—
I am mightily abused.—I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands :—let's see ;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assured
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me :—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me :
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward ; and, to deal plainly,

I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
 Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
 Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
 What place this is: and all the skill I have
 Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
 Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;
 For, as I am a man, I think this lady
 To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not:
 If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
 I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
 Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
 You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
 You see, is cured in him: and yet it is danger
 To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
 Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
 Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:

Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.

[*Exeunt LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician, and Attendants.*]

Gentleman. Holds it true, sir,
 That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said,
 The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,
 His banished son, is with the earl of Kent
 In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.
 'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom
 Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrament is like to be a bloody.
 Fare you well, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
 Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.

[*Exit.*]

From "King Lear."

THE ENLISTMENT.

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

Enter SERGEANT KITE, *followed by* THOMAS APPLETREE, COSTAR, PEARMAIN, *and the Mob.*

Serg. Kite. If any gentlemen, soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve his majesty, and pull down the French king; if any 'prentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents, if any servants have too little wages, or any husband too much wife, let them repair to the noble Sergeant Kite, at the sign of the Raven, in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment. [*Drums beat.*] Gentlemen, I don't beat my drums here to ensnare or inveigle any man; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honor: besides, I don't beat up for common soldiers; no, I list only grenadiers, grenadiers, gentlemen. Pray, gentlemen, observe this cap, this is the cap of honor! it dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of a trigger, and he that has the good fortune to be born six feet high was born to be a great man—sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your head? [To COSTAR.]

Costar. Is there no harm in't? Won't the cap list me?

Serg. K. No, no, no more than I can. Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Cost. Are you sure there be no conjuration in it? No gunpowder plot upon me?

Serg. K. No, no, friend; don't fear, man.

Cost. My mind misgives me plaguily.—Let me see it—[*Going to put it on.*] It smells woundily of sweat and brimstone. Smell, Tummas.

Thomas. Ay, wauns does it.

Cost. Pray, sergeant, what writing is this upon the face of it?

Serg. K. The crown, or the bed of honor.

Cost. Pray now, what may be that same bed of honor?

Serg. K. Oh! a mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great bed at Ware—ten thousand people may lie in it together and never feel one another.

Cost. But do folk sleep sound in this same bed of honor?

Serg. K. Sound! ay, so sound that they never wake.

Cost. Wauns! I wish that my wife lay there.

Serg. K. Say you so! then I find, brother—

Cost. Brother! hold there, friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet. Look ye, sergeant, no coaxing, no wheedling, d'ye see—if I have a mind to list, why so—if not, why 'tis not so—therefore take your cap and your brotherhood back again, for I am not disposed at this present writing. No coaxing, no brothering me, faith!

Serg. K. I coax, I wheedle! I'm above it, sir: I have served twenty campaigns—but, sir, you talk well, and I must own that you are a man every inch of you; a pretty, young, sprightly fellow! I love a fellow with a spirit; but I scorn to coax; 'tis base! though I must say that never in my life have I seen a man better built. How firm and strong he treads! he steps like a castle! but I scorn to wheedle any man—Come, honest lad! will you take share of a pot?

Cost. Nay, for that matter I'll spend my penny with the best, he that wears a head, that is begging^d your pardon, sir, and in a fair way.

Serg. K. Give me your hand then; and now, gentlemen, I have no more to say than this—here's a purse of gold, and there is a tub of humming ale at my quarters—'tis the king's money and the king's drink—he's a generous king and loves his subjects—I hope, gentlemen you won't refuse the king's health.

All Mob. No, no, no.

Serg. K. Huzza then! huzza for the king and the honor of Shropshire.

All Mob. Huzza!

Serg. K. Beat drum. [*Exeunt.*]

From "*The Recruiting Officer.*"

A CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIANS IN PARIS.

MOLIÈRE.

SCENE.—*The Doctors seated together in an apartment.*

DR. DESFONANDRÈS and DR. TOMÈS.

Dr. Desfonandrès. Paris is a very extensive city, and with such a practice as mine, one must make long journeys in a day.

Dr. Tomès. Well, that is true, but I have so easy and excellent a mule that I am unconscious of the amount of my travel.

Dr. D. I have a wonderful horse; an indefatigable animal.

Dr. T. Do you know what my mule has done to-day? I went first to a place opposite the arsenal; from the arsenal to the Faubourg Saint Germain; from the Faubourg Saint Germain to the end of the Marais; from the end of the Marais to the city gate of St. Honoré; from the gate of St. Honoré to the Faubourg Saint James; from the Faubourg Saint James to the gate Richelieu; from the gate Richelieu I came here, and from hence I must yet go to the Place Royale.

Dr. D. My horse has accomplished all that, and I went besides to Ruel to see a patient.

Dr. T. Apropos of that, what part do you espouse in the quarrel between the two physicians, Theophrastus and Artemius? for that is an affair which divides our respectable fraternity.

Dr. D. I am for Artemius.

Dr. T. And I also. It is not because his advice, as we have seen, did not kill the patient, and that that of Theophrastus would not have been better assuredly; but it is dangerous and disagreeable to differ from one's old and respectable authorities. What do you think?

Dr. D. Undoubtedly, the formalities must be guarded, whatever happens.

Dr. T. As for me, I am severe as possible, unless it be among friends. We were assembled one day, three of us friends, and one from a distance, for a consultation; in which I stopped the whole affair, and would not permit an opinion to be expressed, unless it were done in due order. The people of the household were doing what they could for the sick man, and the malady was pressing; but I would not recede, and the poor fellow died bravely during our dispute. A man dead is only a dead man, and that is of little consequence; but a formality neglected brings great prejudice upon the whole body of physicians.

[*Sganarelle enters precipitately at this point of their conference.*]

Sganarelle. Gentlemen, my daughter's oppression increases; let me beg that you will tell me what you have resolved upon.

Dr. T., addressing Dr. D. Well, sir!

Dr. D. No sir, speak if *you* please.

Dr. T. You are making sport of me.

Dr. D. I *will* not speak first.

Dr. T. Sir!

Dr. D. Sir!

Sgan. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, leave these ceremonies, and remember that every moment increases the danger.

[*Now they both begin to speak at the same time.*]

Dr. T. The sickness of your daughter——

Dr. D. The general opinion of the faculty in this case——

Dr. Macroton. Af—ter, having well de—lib—erated——

Dr. Bahis. To reason upon this——

Sgan. Gentlemen, speak one after another, if you please.

Dr. T. Well, sir, we have deliberated upon the malady of your daughter, and my opinion is that it proceeds from a great heat of the blood: so I conclude that she ought to be bled as soon as possible.

Dr. D. And I say that the malady is an abscess, caused by too great repletion: so I propose to give her an emetic.

Dr. T. I maintain that the emetic will kill her.

Dr. D. And I, that the bleeding will cause her death!

Dr. T. You are a pretty fellow to set up for a skilful physician.

Dr. D. Yes *I*, indeed! I can beat you at any *kind* of learning.

Dr. T. Ha! Do you remember the man you killed by mal-practice a few days ago?

Dr. D. Do *you* remember the lady you sent to the next world three days since?

Dr. T. [*To Sganarelle.*] I have told you my opinion.

Dr. D. [*To Sganarelle.*] I have given you my advice.

Dr. T. If you do not have your daughter bled immediately, she is a dead person. [*Exit.*]

Dr. D. If you let her be bled, she will not be alive in a quarter of an hour. [*Exit.*]

“Original Translation from L’Amour Médecin.”

THE END.

why dont he sell sea shells.

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